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Lake County Number. Vol. 3, Nos. 1 & 2.

The NORTHERN CROWN



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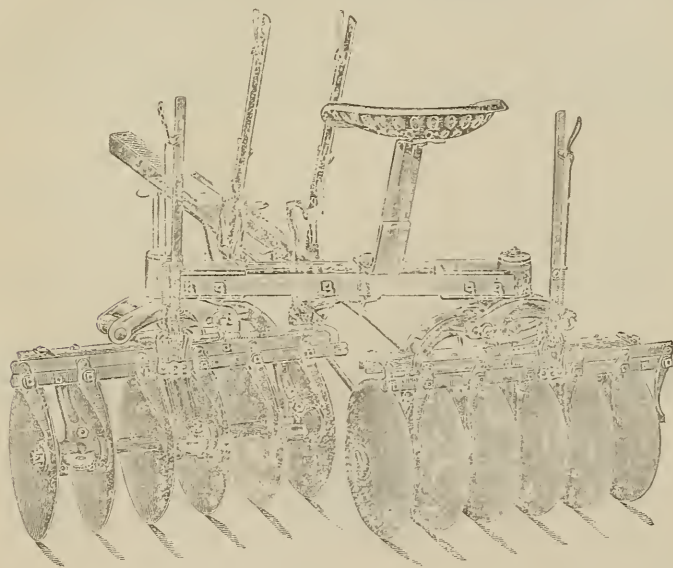
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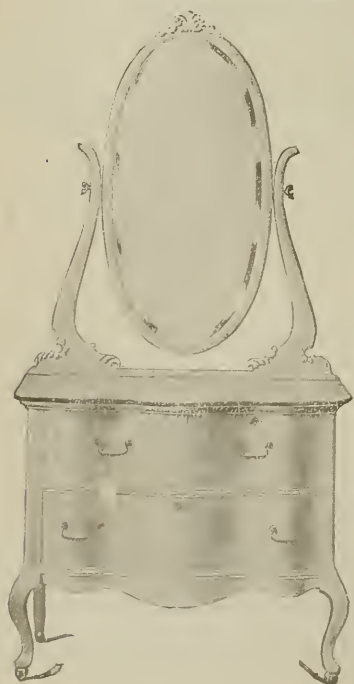
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






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



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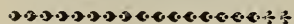
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The Treatment Rooms are equipped with all necessary apparatus for electrical, thermic and hydrotherapeutic treatments. We give every treatment known to be of value.

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We do not trust our patients to inexperienced girls as do most city hospitals. Our institution is a pleasant home for invalids where the most modern treatment and expert care is given. We have the best equipped sanitarium on the Pacific Coast.

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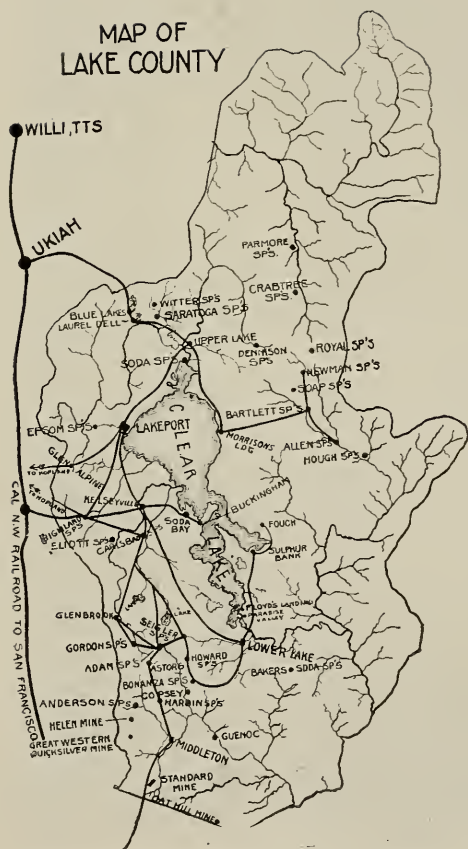
WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY because we own our building; we do all our own work; and we have our own nurses.

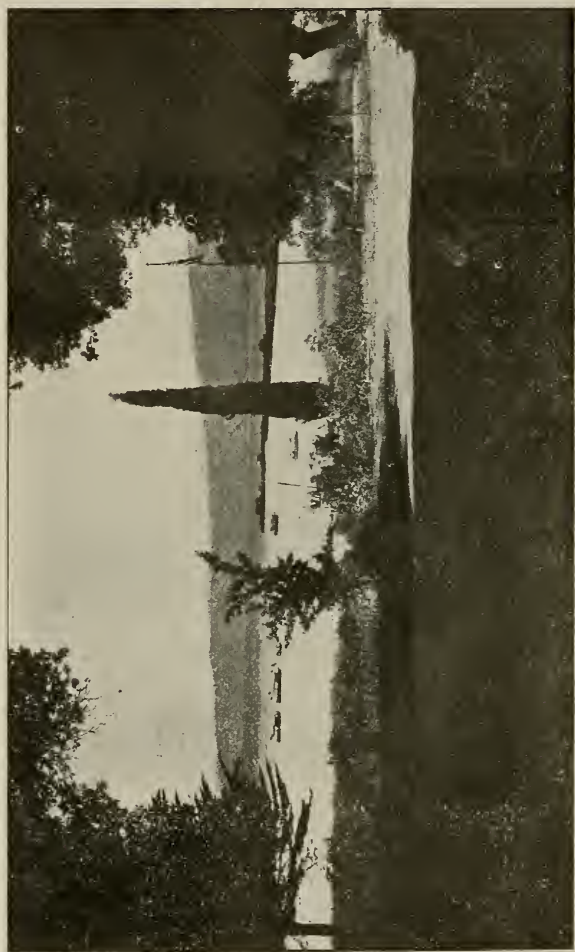
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MAP OF LAKE COUNTY

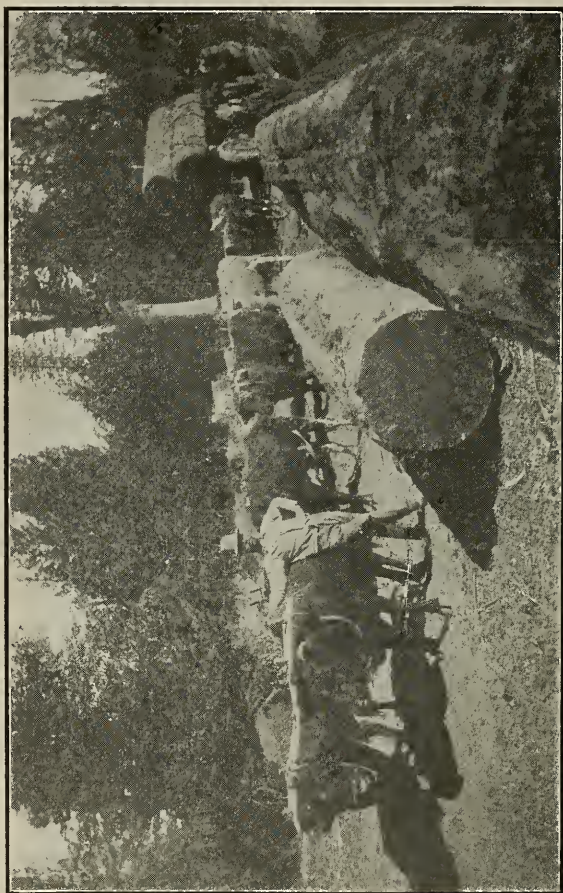




Soda Bay On Clear Lake, Lake County, California.



One Of Lake County's Waterfalls.



A Logging Scene in Lake County.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL., JULY & AUGUST, 1906.

NO. 1 & 2.

Lake County, California

LAKE County is 100 miles north of San Francisco, 50 miles from the coast line, and bounded by Mendocino, Colusa, Yolo, Napa and Sonoma counties. To reach it, leave San Francisco by the California Northwestern railway, and take stage at Hopland for Lakeport, or take Southern Pacific route from Oakland Pier to Calistoga, then by stage to Middletown, Lower Lake and Lakeport.

The area of Lake county is about 2,200 square miles including Clear Lake.

CLEAR LAKE.

Clear Lake is the most beautiful sheet of water in America. It is almost the center of Lake county. It is a body of water clear, pure and fresh, 25 miles long and 9 miles wide, with an average depth of 40 feet. It is the natural basin of all mountain drainage in the county, and navigable for all inland water craft, to all its borders. During the rainy season it raises its mean summer level some eight feet. Its many miles of shore line contains hundreds of beautiful sites for attractive homes.

Clear Lake is so situated that it will be the theatre of aquatic sports for all the coast, as it has ideal reaches for sail and rowboat racing, and inland yachting. It is swarming with all sorts of fresh water fish, notably catfish, black bass, trout, pike and perch, and is a paradise for the angler from boat to shore. At the outlet of the lake in the head of Cache creek, at the southern end of the county sufficient water power lies dormant to run electric roads.

and furnish lights for the whole county. Nature has made this lake beautiful beyond description. Free from storms, rocks, shoals or sands, with excellent landing facilities everywhere, it is one of the most inviting localities, and the most charming body of fresh water in America.

INDUSTRIES OF LAKE COUNTY.

Hop raising, Lake county has the best hop land in the state. Horses, cattle, sheep and hogs are raised in large numbers, especially hogs, thousands of which are sold annually. Fruit and vegetable canneries, cheese and butter factories, saw mills, great mining enterprises, all these are among the active and profitable industries.

CROPS.

Wheat, barley, corn, oats, peas, beans, alfalfa, potatoes and broom corn, lead in cereals and vegetables, while hops form a staple crop, for which Lake county is famous. Grapes can be raised in all sections of the county. The annual rainfall has averaged 26 inches for the past 25 years, and is evenly distributed over the seven months of the rainy season, from October to April. Lake county is some 1,500 feet above the sea level. A mean of 50° Fahrenheit for all the year, with occasional extremes of 30° and 107°, in winter and summer tells the story of a remarkably healthy and bracing climate.

UPPER LAKE

At the natural junction of Bachelor valley and Gravelly valley, at the northern end of Clear lake, lies Upper Lake, a live and prosperous town, growing rapidly. It commands the business of the whole upper end of the county. It has excellent schools, churches, stores and business places. A cheese factory, two canneries, and nearly 1000 inhabitants. It has a daily mail and daily communication with Lakeport, and the railroad at Ukiah. The future of Upper Lake is bright, with the promise of the development of countless resources, and business activity there is increasing daily.

LOWER LAKE

Lower Lake is the business center for the great quick-silver mining district, situated at the southern end of Clear Lake. It has about 700 in population, a weekly newspaper, stores, shops, stage stables, hotels, and general accommodations. Mining supplies are shipped and labor

largely engaged through this town. Some of the finest school buildings in Lake county are here, as well as churches and public halls. Secret and insurance orders have their home here, and there is a good opportunity here for business men. The surrounding country holds many prizes for the prospector, and oil and gas fields awaits development.

MIDDLETOWN

This is a prosperous town of probably 700 people, in the southern extremity of the county, six miles north of the Napa county line and 16 miles from Calistoga, on the south and Lower Lake on the north. It is the natural business center for the southern end of the county. The town is neatly built, containing schools, churches, a bank, stores, shops and a weekly newspaper. There is a daily mail from all parts of the state. San Francisco dailies reaching here on the day of publication.

KELSEYVILLE

Kelseyville, in geographical location is the most central town of Lake county. Farley, a little settlement near, being in the very heart of Big Valley, the most important agricultural section. Kelseyville is three miles from Clear Lake, and one mile from the west base of Mount Konocti. It is the nucleus of a beautiful city, and will inevitably grow to large proportions. There are lumber mills within easy reach, five of the celebrated springs of the county are near. Shallow wells afford the finest drinking water, and natural gas wells within the limits of the town, will one day furnish light for public and private uses.

Kelseyville is the business center of ten miles square of the most beautiful and productive country in the world, and topographical character adapted to many purposes. Fruit and grain are leading products. Dairying, poultry, pork and other stock raising are very profitable. A settlement of about 400 cluster in the town proper, while nearly 2,000 are scattered through the ten miles square, which centers here.

SUMMING UP

A well written article on Lakeport the county seat of Lake county, which appeared recently in the Lake County Bee, follows these few facts. And taken all together, will give the reader a brief, but comprehensive outline of truths about Lake county, whose healing springs, climate,

soil and scenery, are not excelled in all the world.

Its mines have produced millions, and yet with the exception of its quicksilver deposits, are comparatively undeveloped. No other section in the world, holds better inducements for people of brains and capital, the seekers for health, and the lovers of the beautiful.

We predict for Lake county a bright and prosperous future.



Clear Lake from Lakeport, Mount Konocti in the Distance.

(By Courtesy of the Lake County Bee)

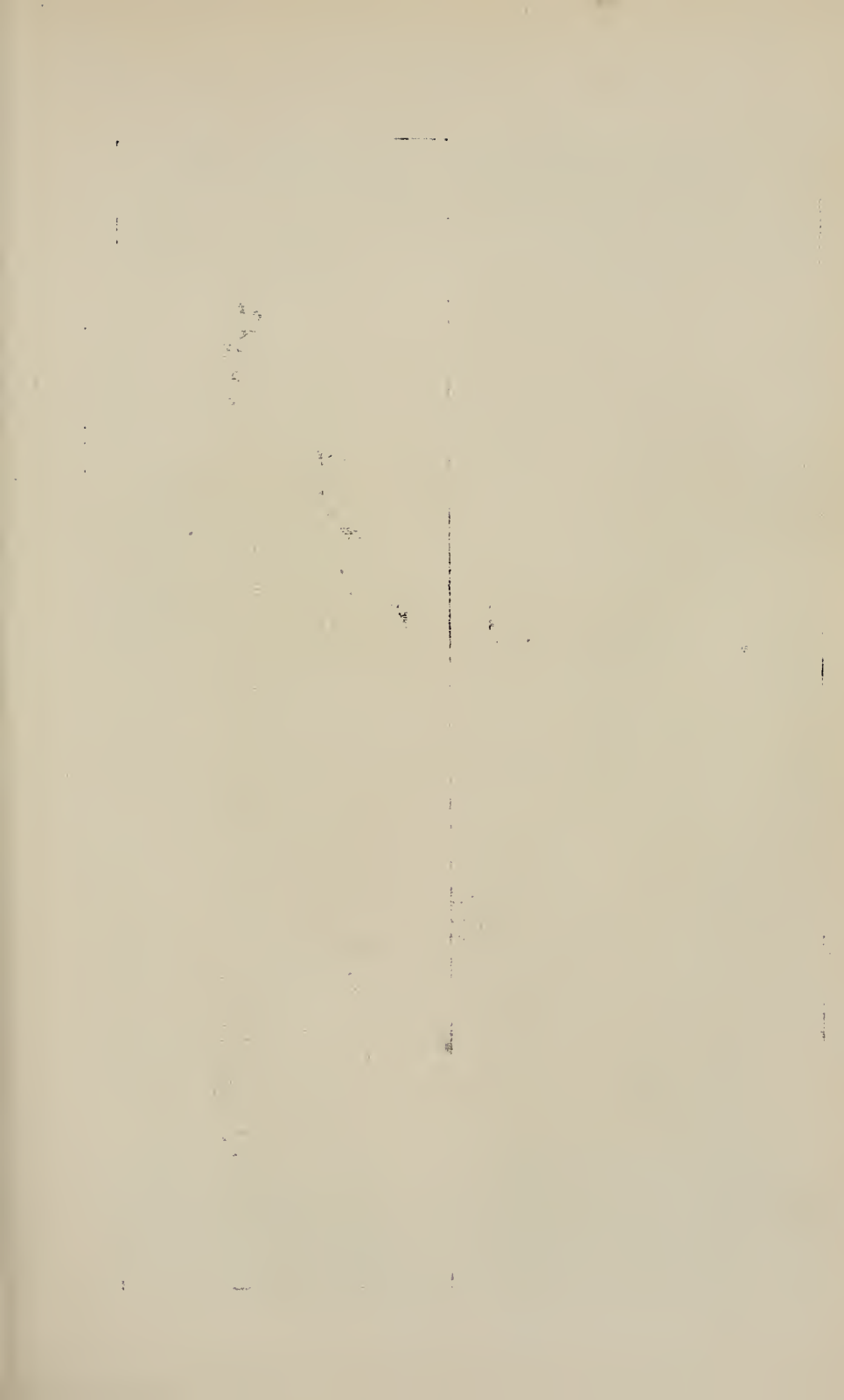
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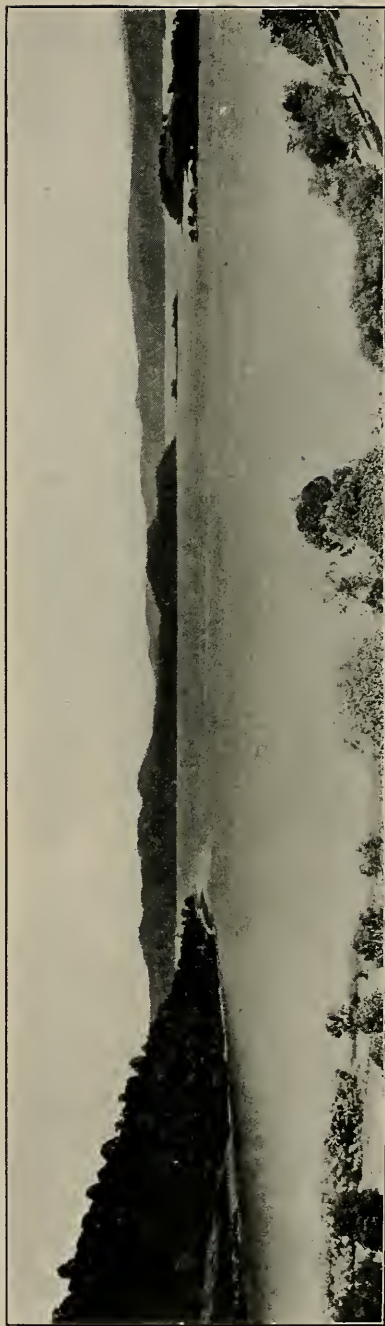
A Bustling Town In An Ideal Locality

LAKEPORT is the commercial center and is not far removed from the geographical center of Lake county.

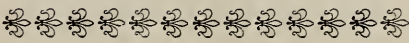
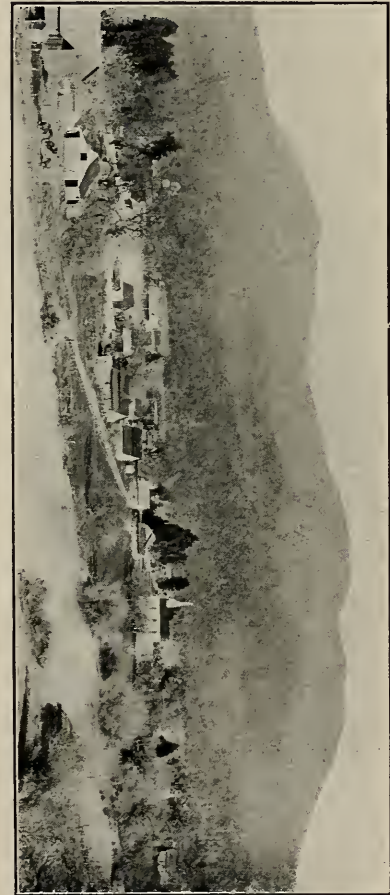
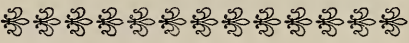
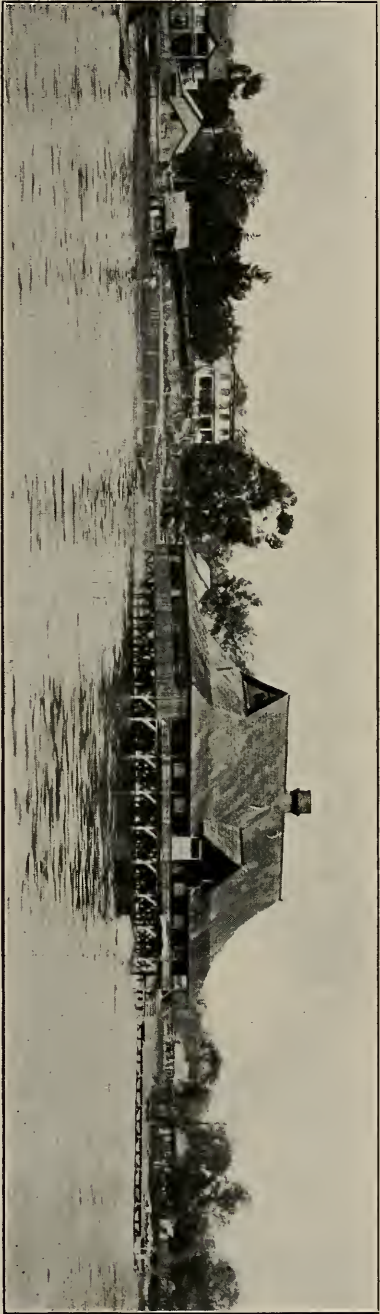
It is about 100 miles north of San Francisco and 118 miles therefrom by the route usually traveled. It is not a railroad town, being 20 miles from Hopland, the nearest railroad station, on the California Northwestern railway. Passengers over this route leave

San Francisco at 7:30 a. m., reach Hopland in time for lunch, and Miller & Howard's big, easy coaches land them in Lakeport at 4 o'clock. The route, both by rail and stage, is picturesque and interesting, particularly to the lover of nature, and in fair weather the trip is very pleasant. There are other roads to Lakeport but this is the one usually traveled by the new comer.





View From the Clear Lake Union High School. The Narrows Taken from Paradise Valley.



Ben Venue and Pavillion From Clear Lake, and Kelseyville, Lake County.

Lakeport is built on a number of low hills that slope gently down to the shore of Clear Lake, and from which lovely views may be had of one of the finest sheets of water in the world.

Main street, the principal business street, is approximately parallel with the shore line and about 300 feet from the water's edge. Plans are outlined for the reclamation of a part of the land now covered by water, and the opening of another street nearer the lake. On the lake side of this street no buildings will be erected except depot buildings for the electric railway and the ground will be utilized for park, play grounds and promenade, with landings for the hundreds of pleasure boats that skim over the lake.

Not only do the hills upon which Lakeport is built add to its scenic beauty but they have a utilitarian value in that they make the matter of a sewer system easy. A part of the town is now being sewered and the system is so planned that other parts may be sewered and connected as the growth of population requires. The septic tank system has been adopted.

Lakeport is the county seat and has a substantial brick Court House, occupying, with the Hall of Records, an entire block on Main street. The Court House, at this writing, is being remodeled and will be, within a few weeks, an ornament to the town. Bright green lawns and many colored flowers adorn the grounds, and benches, beneath the shade trees offer a resting place to the passers-by.

For some years after the boom of the late eighties the town, like many others lay dormant. But as the adjacent country became more fully developed the town began again to grow and is rapidly building up. From a population of 726 in 1900, it has increased to 1,100. Nearly every house is occupied, some by two or three families, and every mechanic in the town is busily employed in erecting other buildings. The Masonic lodge is putting up a

handsome two-story brick on Main street, and the Odd Fellows are preparing plans for a new building.

During the year a big new planing mill and ice factory have been erected. A corporation has been formed and will instal a system of electric lights and distribute electric power just as soon as the big power plant on Eel river is completed. In fact, this company intends to run electric wires through the whole county.

Beside these institutions the town has a cannery, three boat builders and a brick yard, and within a few miles there is a second ice factory, another boat building establishment and a creamery. All the ordinary lines of business are represented, and the hotels have a wide reputation, outside of the county for excellence.

In the possession of educational facilities Lakeport is fortunate. She has a fine grammar school, employing four teachers, and a union high school employing five teachers. The high school is accredited by the University, its graduates being admitted thereto without examination. Its course of study also includes typewriting, shorthand and other commercial branches.

The principal fraternal societies have lodges in the town, including the Masons, Odd Fellows, Foresters, Native Sons, Workmen, Eastern Star and Rebekahs. The churches include the Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian, Baptist; Episcopal and Catholic. An incorporated Improvement Association Club does good work along many lines.

Lakeport owns its waterworks system, supplying as good water as can be found anywhere at rates just above the cost of furnishing.

Whatever might be said as to business opportunities would be opinionative and of little value. There are no snaps, no gold mines, waiting to be picked up, but there are openings for the wide awake hustler. Anyone who knows the people of the town and their history can point out men who started

here within ten years, penniless, who are now prosperous. He can, as well, point out others who have barely held their own. In this, Lakeport is different from other towns, and the man who can make good elsewhere can make good in Lakeport.

New people are coming in with new ideas, a spirit of enterprise is in the air, a railroad is assured, and those who get in now will have a chance to grow up with a growing town.

To the man of leisure also, Lakeport

has much to offer. There are villa lots and acreage property, covered with magnificent oaks and other trees—ideal sites for summer homes. The lake affords every facility for boating, bathing and fishing. The mineral springs and resorts are within easy reach, and large and small game is abundant in the neighboring hills and mountains.

Add to these a climate that surpasses any between the two oceans and one has nearly all that goes to make life worth living.



Panoramic View of Clear Lake, Mount Konocti in the Distance.

(By Courtesy of the Lakeport Bee.)

Did God Send the Earthquake?

By W. G. Fitch.

MANY mandlin sentimentalists and unethical fingerboards have, in contravention both of fact and reason asserted that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe is the author of the San Francisco earthquake.

Especially is this true of the ministry, who seek to make capital out of the misfortune of the City by the

Golden Gate, betraying an entire lack of appreciation of the true intent of Scripture. We regret, exceedingly, that the free convivialty of the average Californian should resemble rampant vice through the green goggles of the timid easterner.

The very fact that San Francisco has always been reputed a noble and

generous city—ever optimistic in the face of repeated misfortunes—was enough to attract also the “crook” whose way was thus made the easier.

Also, the resurgence of criminal population from those nations whose shores are washed by the Pacific was made a certainty by the laxity of our national barriers. Nevertheless, we confidently assert that San Francisco is not by any means the ultimate pit of iniquity that certain nervous individuals from effete communities imagine!

It is a true saying that “westward the course of empire takes its way.” And so, the course of social and political rottenness! If we are beginning to show the leprous spots of sin, it is because we have received the contagion from thee, Oh Menhettan!

Californians are found foremost in the ranks of Scholarship, Music, Art, Poetry, etc.—they are largely lovers of nature, for she has been bountiful to the sons and daughters of the Golden West, and none are more capable as

her interpreters.

We have a few questions to ask the proponents of the theory that San Francisco was visited by divine punishment.

Why, if God wanted to punish moral laxity in the church-goers of the devastated districts, did he punish equally the sinners on the outside?

Why, if he was after the outsiders, did he reach for the churches—giving them distinctly the worst of it?

Why, if it was the municipality generally that was to be punished, did he include San Jose and Santa Rosa?

Why! why!! why!!! did New York and other centers of scientific graft escape?

The idea that transgression of either moral or civil law receives direct and immediate punishment has no foundation either in reason or the Bible. A time will come when this will be true; but distinctly not now.

W. T. FITCH,

Fort Bragg, Cal., June 26, 1906.



Boating on Clear Lake—Courtesy of Lakeport Bee.

A Birdseye Picture.

IT is the month of August, ten o'clock a.m., the hottest time of the day and the hottest month in the year; yet, as we look at our thermometer we find it registers only 85 and a most delightful breeze fans our brow.

Yonder to the north outlined against the azuresky a glittering monument of perpetual snow with its fringe of emerald shubbery and lower down Northern California's virgin forests, stands grand Mount Shasta its head reared fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is one hundred and eighty miles away, but we are at the top of Mount Konocti and this is Lake county atmosphere.

To the south one hundred and twenty miles, do you see that floating palace with its double column of smoke rolling away to the east as it groans beneath its load of human freight whose staunch hearts beat in unison with the clatter of the workmen's hammer as he rebuilds the greater San Francisco.

Sixty miles to the west between the mountain peaks the ever restless Pacific ocean waves are seen which bear upon their bosom the commerce of two continents.

As we stand four thousand feet above old ocean's waves our bird's-eye view of Lake county is perfect. Away to the northwest and east stretches Clear Lake with its hundred miles of shore line, fish laden, and deep, clear and mirroring back in reflected beauty of softened outline our park-like oak and pine covered mountains, whose sides, crests and gorges are playgrounds for myriads of quail, the nimble footed bunnies and the bounding deer.

Beneath our very feet, to the west-

ward, big valleys sixty square miles of level fertile acres lie, checkered by our thrifty rancher's outline farms. Giant oak trees many of which will yield 60 cords of wood, stand here and there, and in clumps, giving all of the valley a park-like appearance.

Other smaller valleys "fertile as the valley of the Nile" and beautiful as the "garden of the Gods," nestle here and there midst nature's monuments of soil and granite. The soil of these valleys are volcanical, alluvial and sediment. No trace of alkali blight, growing crops or rancher's hopes. Balmy ocean breezes softened by their mountain flight, together with our lake's equalizing power stays mercurys simmering propensities in summer to below the hundred mark, and holds Boreas' icy breath at twenty-five above in winter, therefore, all the fruits of our continent, from lemons to apples and all of the vegetables, berries and flowers are raised within our borders.

This is the home of the Bartlet pear, no better place can be found for the soft shelled walnut, the world's contest premium attests to the delicious flavor of our apples. Our million of medical springs, veritable fountains of youth, brings travelers and tourists enough to consume the products of our fertile soil.

Our rain fall averages 30 inches and is never less than 20. We do not irrigate either fruits or field crops, we do not have the marrow-chilling fogs of the coast counties, and in our rarified mountain air pestiferous insects are almost unknown.

Lake county is free from the twin plagues malaria and mosquitos, flees are remarkable scarce, chigar and red-



Beautiful Blue Lakes.



Courthouse and Hall of Records, Lakeport.



Wharf at Soda Bay.



Middletown.

bugs are unknown.

The rosy cheeks of our lads and lassies verifies the truthfulness of our statments and that health unalloyed is one of our greatest and most valuable assests. Gentle reader what more need we say. There are positively no serious drawbacks to Lake county. If you are seeking a country where the natural environments are ail but perfect, you

will not be jst to your best interests if you do not see Lake county.

Come from San Francisco or Oakland via the California Northwestern Railway, and Bartlett Springs stage (short line) I will be pleased to give free information or meet you here and show you the superb beauties of our grand country.

—CHAS. F. MAY.

A Personal Experience of one of the World's Greatest Calamities.

By Jennie S. Macmillan.

IN days gone by the Editress of this magazine when she was a young and petted wife, shared her prosperity with many, among them being the writer, then a wilful, guileless youngster. She, and the kindly blue eyed companion of her bridal days were wont to do many things to gladden the hours of their frequent childish visitor, in memory of those days the writer contributes this bit of personal experience of one of the world's greatest calamities. I am slow in writing it, the subject may be hackneyed some, yet my tardiness is a practical illustration of the nervous inroads the horrors of the situation made on its participants.

We hear, and we read of those who stayed here, or there, during those moments of terror at 5:15 a. m., April 18, 1906, but with the beginning of that awful rumble and roar that preceeded the shake, I was up wondering what dreadful thing could be the meaning of it all, and before the vibrations were

well under way I had fled terrorstricken to the middle of the street, and alarming the inmates of our household so that they were close on my heels.

We saw the whole quivering landscape before us, falling chimneys and the night robed populace about us, for I do know we were not the only ones in the middle of the street, while the vibrations were still racking property and terrorizing the people. Our location was perfect for view, we had a veritable panorama of the city.

A half hour after the "shakeup" we were at the upper windows confidently secure in our belief in our firemen, looking at the wee fires, the clouds of black smoke here and there and smilingly exultant with confidence at what our firemen would do to them.

We ate a hurried breakfast, with beating hearts and quivering hands, and an hour or so found us at upper windows again, to see what had been accomplished—alas only the leaping,

jumping, curling tongues of flame, had been busy evidently and their sickening power and strength had done so much we were sick at heart. A whole populace of hundreds of thousands of people were in the street now, restlessly moving hither and thither and in every face was written the awful dread; that we were a stricken city.

By noon the homeless thousands of the South side were going west, east and north, and by night the roar of flame, dynamite and the scraping of trunks and every other article of furniture that could be dragged over the pavements, made a pandemonium that beggars description. Everybody stayed in the street that night, a few slept, but the most of us watched the complete destruction of the commerce of the proud Queen of the Pacific.

In the wee small hours of that night when I aroused the others with my first tears and they asked the cause, I said "O! the Merchants' Exchange goes now," and when they walked about to see the latest ashes and latest grand skeleton of what had been San Francisco's pride and beauty, they mingled their tears with mine.

Watching the Palace burn during the afternoon, had been like giving part of your heart's blood, and when the Merchants' Exchange stood so long bidding you feel as long as there is this much life, there is hope, you still had faith, after that went we were utterly hopeless. Not long after it there was a strange rain of cinders so profuse, it aroused the populace with false hope, the heavy swish of the falling cinders was so like rain, it was believed it had come to save us.

So the weary hours went on and at three that morning our mother found a young woman friend on our door step. I mention this as illustrative of what the loneliness and awfulness of some conditions were. Her hotel had burned during the night, so with the few of her belongings she could carry in a bed spread she had come to us, be-

ing for the most part shut off from acquaintances and friends by the flames.

She made one of a party of six that a few hours later were to be driven on by fire and dynamite, as I hope they never will again. We are told of a hereafter of brimstone and should any of this party be so unfortunate as to deserve such a fate, it is to be hoped they may be given a choice of a freezing process, being as they have received all that is coming to them on the firing line, so to speak. You may wonder under such trying conditions, why anyone hoped, "the wish was father to the thought perhaps," so maybe not until every vestage of hope fled, could each locality be made to understand, it must join the moving terror stricken and for the most part, half crazed populace.

Young and old, rich and poor, and representatives of every nation on the earth were driven on, and on, they scarcely knew whither, with little food and less water and the fierce furnace at their backs ever urging them to move.

Whatever your grief, worry, or woe, usually you have the privacy of your own place, however humble, your home, to retire to, and master yourself, but in your miseries' greatest depth here, you were called on to say farewell to every loved object and flee.

Can you think of circumstances worse then being driven to give up all you possess and go? No redress but move and go? Our party closed the doors on all they possessed and started toward the water front, hoping to reach it in the vicinity of Fort Mason, or thereabout. Fire from both sides drove us straight ahead for almost forty-eight hours, and we dragged, pulled and carried what we could, steadily but slowly moving on, night and day; the glare of the conflagration making the former as bright as the latter.

At Leavenworth and Union at 3 a. m., on Friday I met a young man who had drawn out Van Ness Avenue

from Geary Street to a point near where we met, eighteen trunks for the aged and for women. He was a young handsome Englishman proud of the strength that had helped him do his good work. I helped an old lady down a very steep hill and the companion of her life wearily followed on cane and crutch, both well dressed and had every mark of prosperity, but all were leveled by this blow.

When they were on safe ground I returned to the wee horde of my belongings and her farewell in a sweetly modulated voice, decidedly Scotch, was "God bless you gude soul, he is eighty five and I am eighty and we needed a steady arm", ah and "the sanctity of their own home", I thought as I hurried back to my own cross. One night as we rested a while to gather strength for the next move, an occasional moan from some woman brought presently from some members of the crowd, oh take something for it, and stop that noise, etc.

Later the piteous wail of an infant told the story and a sweet voice said in a piteous way, "I will not disturb you further," and the hush of the whole throng was like a benediction to the new arrival and she who had borne it under such sorry trial. On Friday morning at break of day when we gathered our sorry morsels of food together to try and eat we discovered a poor old Chinaman off by himself, with nothing but a can of corn, his rations for about three days as near as we could understand.

We divided bits of crackers and remnants of bread with him and old and weary as he was he kept near us, and at noon managed to improvise an arrangement for a cup of tea which he insisted on sharing with us. About this time we came to a halt after our weary march of hours, we were near enough to the bay to wash cinders, ashes and grime from our faces and hands. What a veritable River of Jordan that water was in its refresh-

ing process, I can never describe. We needed it to repair the waste of the strenuous hours through which we had passed and for the time to come.

About two o'clock Friday afternoon one of my brothers left to cross the bay and get food for us, and that left us one short for the next unexpected move. We were so near military protection and resting on a bare hill some distance from a structure of any kind and presumably safe from fire and dynamite too, for the first time in many weary hours. Presently some minor military attache dashed past with the word "flee for your lives, they are to dynamite this very spot" Men said "for what, you are crazy, this is perfectly bare and safe ground."

But "leave your trash, run for your lives," was the only word, and when presently a dashing officer in an auto came along with more dashing women companions with him, and we begged to know why we might not remain in peace in so protected a spot and so far from danger, "flee for your lives and leave your trash" was ever the gentle consoling command. So we were driven, huddled and urged, no longer like human beings, but one great conglomerated mass of humanity of all kinds and conditions, sizes and ages, the ash man, the coal man, the vegetable man, truck, carriage, automobile and buggy, horseback and on foot and the faithful with the improvised litter and bed on which they tenderly bore the ill and the aged.

Down Bay Steet nearer to military headquarters were we driven, like so many cattle. Could you have seen the sorry throng you would never have known it was the San Francisco homeless you would have thought we were a rabble or a miserable lot of revolutionists. By my side trudged a sweet refined looking woman whose cinder ground braids told the same story of exposure we knew, and her refined face and rustling silk skirts told her station in life.

With her was her husband with an exquisite pair of monogram blankets over his shoulder. He is one of San Francisco's best known bank directors, their home and protection gone, they were two of many such, that were with that driven throng and mass of human beings, whose plunging horses and locking wheels of crowded vehicles no longer were anything, as to the flames that made us all the same, we were all homeless.

I am about to conclude my story, not of theory, but the great calamity just

as it came to me and mine and those about us. We may have had the seamy side, but since we had to have it at all, I am not regretting we received the blow as severely as it was administered, for we know the sufferings of them all, high and low, and although the New San Francisco may be beautiful and great, long will we weep over the ashes and tombs of what was sacred to every proud Westerner, San Francisco as the hardy suffering Pioneers made her, the Queen of the Golden Gate.

My Duchess of Lake County.

By Ma'rie Coan

LAKE COUNTY is replete with the incongruities of human life, as it is complex in Nature's physical expression. I am sheltered in one of the old-time households here and this morning I could exclaim:

Do I dream? Or are the transformation scenes before my mental vision the result of recent illness? No, I have but to brush aside the curtain that answers the purpose of a door to a chimney closet, to behold it again, as it was disclosed to me, in all its rare beauty of exquisite coloring and dainty touch of Parisian skill.

"It" is a gown, in color, a faint admixture of pink and tan enhanced by applied panellings of French design, adjusted as none but a most finished artist could execute. This gown was recently worn by a relative of the President, at one of the grand functions of the White House. It was brought to the daughter of this house

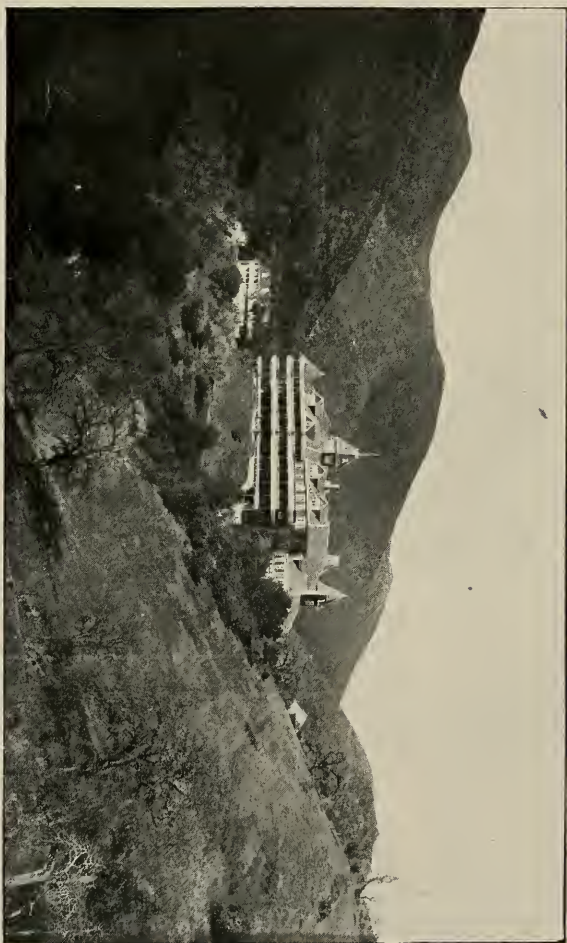
as a souvenir from her friend. And the daughter? As she held the dream-like creation beside her and its yielding folds adjusted themselves to her outlines, a picture, a cameo, was presented me, which while memory lasts, will be as an artists' touch, upon my consciousness.

For, with all deference to the stately dames who grace the White House balls, I can see her, fine, grand of proportion, regal among the regal, my duchess. Well, the rare gown was hung in its accustomed place, and I moved away from the scene as one in a dream. Ten minutes afterward I found my duchess leaning over the wash-tub doing the work on Sunday, because, on all other days she rises at four a. m., and goes to work until five or six p. m., at a public industry two miles from her home.

And her home? It is historie! Her grandfather came to California in



Sailing On Clear Lake, Lake County.



Witter Springs Hotel, Lake County.

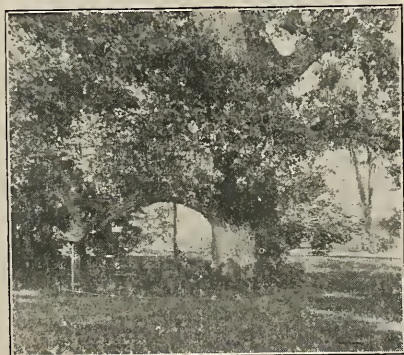
1854, and built the house the same year. Its verandas are sunken, its floors uneven, the wear of time, the dust of decay enmantle its precincts. I wander through its history laden rooms and here and there espy some gem of old-time mechanism, which if properly preserved and fitly presented would bring a fabulous price as an antique. Conspicuous among these old-time curios, is a fire screen of cedar, all carved in open-work design and oblong in shape, standing upon pedestals, and opens like a gigantic book.

The open doors disclose pictures pasted on under glass. Some of these pictures must have been left from the Ark! At all events, there is a picture of Sir Walter Raleigh in all the grandeur of his reputed magnificence and this is surrounded by birds, fish and animals of such crude, grotesque outlines, as to approve their antiquity. There are also, two halves of an immense bamboo pole, about three feet and a half long, of Chinese workmanship, of a rich seal brown color, hand-carved, and upon which are fastened odd shapes of carved ivory and pearl, and deeply cut hideous faces.

Tigers with impossible tongues and claws, and at least, the tail of the proverbial dragon. These pieces were taken from an unknown Chinese vessel wrecked in a California harbor, near Fort Ross, in then possession of the

Russians. Many valuable silk fabrics, articles of virtue, and quaint and wonderful things were divided among those who discovered the wreckage. And then, the "Pepper Box!" Unmitigatedly, irresistibly ugly, 150 years a, old tall ungainly bottle shape, with an excrescence on top, having irregular perforations, the ground, white china with those old time awkward bands of crude brown, green and dutch blue encircling it. Peace to its fragments, when finally rude hands demolish it. The stress and strain of circumstances the work of disintegration that have written disaster and need upon the face of a one time opulence will make many another story. My eye glances away from these saddening incongruities, following the line of demarkation, which ends the broad acres that still appertain to this home, and there stands a beautiful hill, covered with graceful trees whose swaying branches seem to speak of rest in the bending to the will of Nature, for, nestling at its feet, are rude white boards which dot the space here and there, and bespeak "the old, old, fashion—Death."

And if the irony of changeful Fate would embitter, here is a "fashion" which changeth not, but which compensateth all of Earth's children chilled with the weariness of Life.



Giant
Oak,
Floyd
Place
Shore
Of
Clear
Lake,
Lake
County,
Calif.

Middletown.

By Margaret M. Hall.

MIDDLETOWN, with its five hundred and more inhabitants has been fittingly named as it is the central point for the traveling public desiring to reach the various springs for within a radius of a few miles of good mountain roads, all of the principal resorts are in touch with the lively and up-to-date little town. We enjoy the convenience of the near-by cities of the bay, that are reached by picturesque stages. This mode of travelling alone brings a novelty that few locations now enjoy, and that will soon be one of the pleasures of the past as a railroad is steadily approaching.

The scenery around this favored spot is all that can be desired and the geographical lay of the land, sheltered by the ranges of mountains, gives warmth to air and soil thereby producing fruits rich in flavor. Apples although not as large as grown in lower vallies, have a flavor that cannot be surpassed, and their keeping qualities are something marvelous, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere and lateness in maturing. And where else are grapes grown that can be compared to this locality. The culture of the vine so far is in its embryo state, almost, and wine men have predicted long ago, that this county will in time, when aroused to its natural advantages, be the leading county for the vine, as the soil is peculiarly adapted for the needs of the grape.

Most of the mountains are of a volcanic nature thereby rendering the soil soft and easily tilled. Not many years will have passed before the rugged brown slopes will be covered with the beautiful tender green of the grape,

that the eye will turn to from the glittering sunshine.

Contrary to the opinion of many that this year would be unprofitable in the line of business, so far a very fair showing has been made in this location. An activity is displayed in all lines of trade. Many strange faces appear on our streets, and the hotels are registering new names among the old regular visitors. The stages continue to dump their dusty loads of humanity and baggage into the cool and pleasant waiting room of the Lake County House and they receiving old time hospitality, fatigued mothers and fretting babies are waited upon and refreshed to continue their outing trips.

The various resorts are comfortably filled by those who are fortunate enough to leave the dust, and ruins of our once fair Queen of the Pacific behind, for even a brief period, and while we can enjoy the freshness of pines and palms daily, drinking deep at wayside streams and springs distilled by nature, yet we cannot forget the toiling thousands of humanity amid the dust and ashes of our once fair metropolis.

Their lives are hard, the grind of toil has little to offer at present but their daily bread and man's independence. But success awaits their patient efforts in the future. The wave of activity has been running higher and steadier for the past year in this, our beautiful county. The thinking element are alive to our great advantages and interests. Too long have we slumbered and dreamed the bright days away, satisfied to do as our grand fathers did before us; contented to let the other fellow

think and work, so we were not disturbed, we alone are to blame that home-seekers and tourists of means, seeking change and beauty, are barred out of our county, and we shut in by an antique pole swinging across the road at the summit of Mount Saint Helena.

Why don't we prepare another one? Men will give labor and our women will contribute their mite as usual, towards improvement, and by showing the proper spirit, and independence in the way of helping ourselves, others will come to our aid. Let our City Dads get their shrewd and experienced business heads together and first have a free wagon road connecting us with

the railroad, made with the combined labor of us all.

A little money judiciously used in connection with labor, then we will have made the first progressive steps toward success, and done away forever with the collection of toll. The railroad will follow in time, but while we are waiting for that event, let us take the first steps to free ourselves from such a tax as a toll road: That belongs to medieval ages. Let none say it cannot be done. If our old blood is too weak and sluggish for the undertaking, let young America go in and win. There is a way always if backed up by the indomitable will of man that belongs to him by the great gift of nature.

ELECTION ANNOUNCEMENTS

Hale McCowen

Nominee of the Republican Party, for County Clerk of Mendocino County. Election November 6, 1906.

The Humboldt Standard, has recently and wisely said:

"It is a fact not generally known by the public at large that the office of County Clerk is one of the most difficult to properly fill. The duties of a County Clerk not alone call for a high degree of ability, but also calls for a technical knowledge of legal affairs and judicial procedure requiring a layman years of application and experience to acquire. A County Clerk must combine the proficiency of a competent bookkeeper and man of business with a thorough understanding of legal affairs and judicial procedure. The office of County Clerk is of such importance to the public as a whole, that it should be both non-partisan and non-political in character;—personal integrity coupled with the highest efficiency, should be the determining factors of the eligibility of the occupant, and upon these the public should insist." The heaviest responsibilities borne by any public servant, rests upon the County Clerk, and upon his accuracy and knowledge of the duties of his office, depend the correct finality of every action of the Court. A mistake on his part would be disastrous, and irreparable.

Hale McCowen has been tried and not found wanting, and if the people of Mendocino County are alive to their own interest, they will return him with

an overwhelming majority on November 6. He has earned their support, and the "laborer is worthy of his hire."

Emmet P. Gillmore

Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor from the Fifth District. Election November 6, 1906.

Mr. Gillmore is one of Mendocino County's representative men. Honest, generous and obliging, he will make one of the best public officers that has served Mendocino County for years. He came to this county with his parents when he was but 13 years of age, and settled near Manchester, in the fall of 1857. His father, Hiram Gillmore has been for nearly 40 years identified as one of the leading Republicans of the Coast. Emmett was given a fairly good education, and since he reached manhood, has been regarded as a useful and leading citizen, and always a black Republican. He was road overseer of Ocean Road District for 8 years, and did efficient work in that capacity. In 1888 he moved to Point Arena, and opened a general store, which he ran quite successfully for about 12 years, he then retired from merchandising, and opened the Fashion Stables.

In the fall of 1902 he was elected Justice of the Peace of Arena Townships, he has served nearly 4 years, and by his economical, judicial management, has saved the county much expense. His many friends having often tried to induce him to run for Supervisor, to represent the fifth District, he has at last consented, and was duly nominated for the office by the Republican Convention held at Ukiah, on August 4, 1906. All those who love law and order, and fair-minded dealing, will rejoice at his election, for the interests of the people will be safe in his hands.

John Inman, Jr.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Supervisor, of the Fifth District, Mendocino County. Election November 6, 1906.

John Inman Jr. is a good and honest citizen, understanding the needs of the people, and his District. He was born in Manchester, and has grown up with the District that he aspires to represent. Since his majority he has been a busy, active man, farming, stock raising and teaming, he has been in touch with every phase of honest labor. He was four years Deputy Assessor, in the fifth Supervisorial District, and has been engaged in much practical work. In this District two good men are pitted against each other. Whichever wins out, the people will not suffer, as the difference between them is principally political.

Chas. M. Hammond

Of Upper Lake

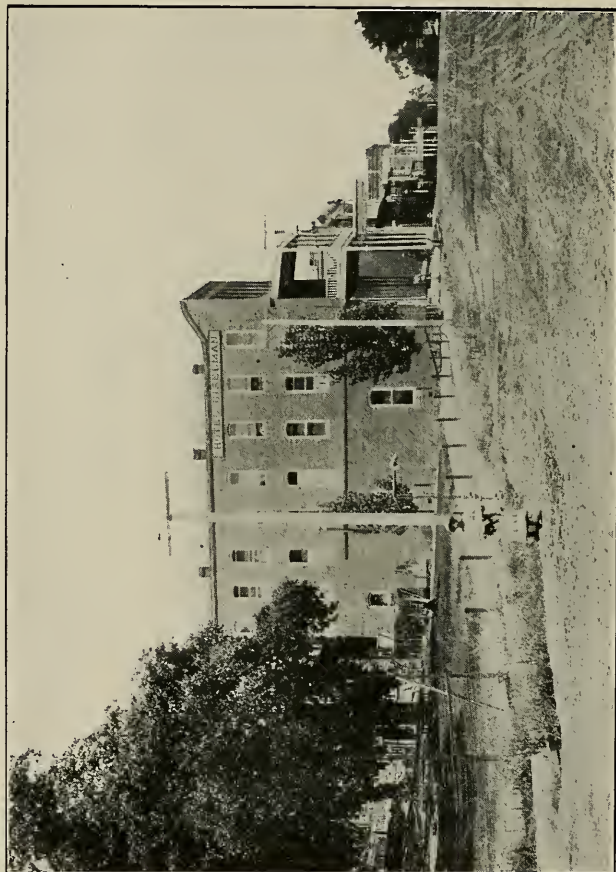
Regular Republican Nominee for STATE SENATOR, of the Fourth District of California, comprising the counties of Mendocino, Lake, Colusa, and Glenn.

A sketch of Mr. Hammond will appear in the September issue of The Northern Crown. Copy and cut having failed to arrive, in time for this number.

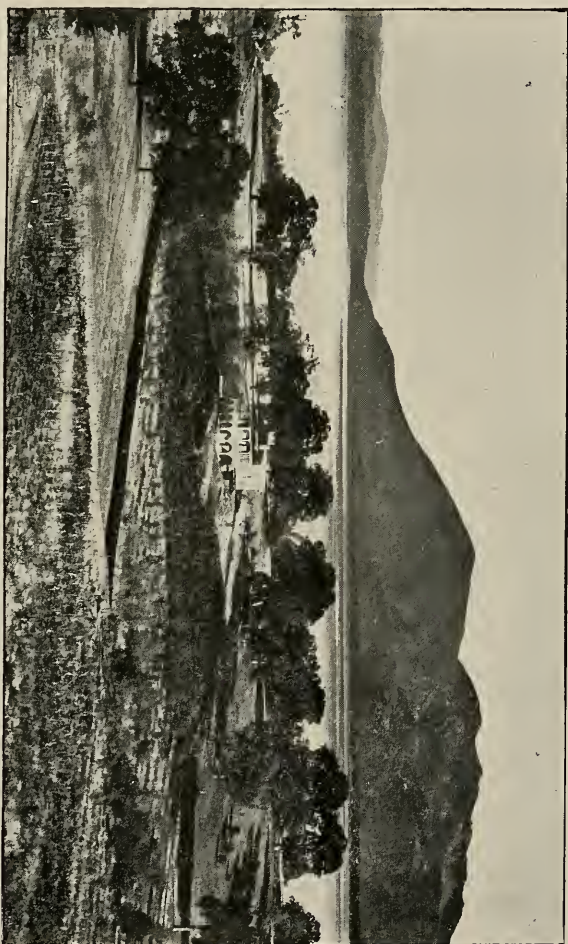
R. E. Donohoe

Regular Democratic Nominee for SHERIFF Election November 6, 1906.

No more popular man with party and people could have been nominated, than Emmet Donohoe. He will carry the party standard with honor, and



Hotel Giselman, Lakeport.



Clear Lake and Mount Konoei.

probably to victory. Like his father before him, he possesses traits that make up the scholar, the gentleman, and the honest citizen. The interest of the people will be safe with Emmet Donohoe.

J. M. Adamson

Regular Democratic Nominee, and Candidate for re-election, for Supervisor of Lower Lake District Number 2, Lake County California. Election November 6, 1906. A sketch of Mr. Adamson will appear under the head of Representative Men, in the September number of The Northern Crown.

J. N Rea

Regular Republican Nominee For County ASSESSOR of Mendocino County, subject to the decision of the voters on November 6,, 1906.

A. J. Fairbanks

Regular Republican Nominee for SUPERVISOR of the Third District, Mendocino County, Election November 6, 1906.

E. E. Holbrook

Regular Republican Nominee for RECORDER of Mendocino County. Election November 6, 1906.

Ed. R. Wright

Regular Democratic Nominee for TAX COLLECTOR of Mendocino County. Mr. Wright is an efficient officer. One of the best ever elected to a place of responsibility and trust. That he will be returned by a full majority we hope and believe. With no ill feeling for his honorable opponent, but simply that Ed. R. Wright is our choice, we wish here to announce that THE NORTHERN CROWN supports Ed. R. Wright for Tax Collector, and will work for his election which we believe is assured on November 6, 1906.

M. A. Thomas

Regular Democratic Nominee for COUNTY ASSESSOR of Mendocino. The qualifications of Mr. Thomas, for the office he has filled so well are too well known to admit of dispute. His friends are very sanguine of his re-election and are working hard for him. It is a clean fight between him and his worthy opponent, which is more than can be said of some others. And which ever wins, there will be no bad taste left in the mouths of the people.

A. N. Rawles

Regular Republican Nominee for SHERIFF of Mendocino County. Mr. Rawles is the strongest candidate that could have been selected by the Republican party, and no one can deny his excellent qualifications for Sheriff. We have known Aleck Rawles for years, and have always found him a consistent, fair minded citizen and loyal friend. The contest for the office of sheriff this time is a close fight and the people are safe, whichever man is elected.

W. S. Van Dyke

Regular Republican Nominee for the office of TAX COLLECTOR of Mendocino County.

Regular Republican Nominee for the office of RECORDER of Mendocino county.

L. W. Babcock.

Regular Democratic nominee for SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT of Mendocino county.

James Joyce

Regular Democratic nominee for the office of AUDITOR of Mendocino county.

LOUIS GONSALVES

Regular Republican nominee for the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY of Mendocino county.

J. C. Ruddock

Regular Democratic nominee for ASSEMBLYMAN from Mendocino county.

D. M. Gibson

Regular Democratic nominee for the office of TREASURER of Mendocino county. He is well fitted for the position. Faith in his unswerving honesty, makes him a very strong candidate, and it seems the general opinion that he will be elected.



J. H. Carothers

Regular Democratic nominee for RECORDER of Mendocino county. He is well fitted for the position, and if elected will serve the people well and faithfully. After years of faithful service to his party, he deserves a unanimous support for the office to which he aspires, and we believe he will be elected.

Robt. Duncan

Regular Democratic nominee for DISTRICT ATTORNEY of Mendocino county.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Lake County, California.

NATURE has done so much for Lake county, and man so little. For years, with a dog in the manger policy, capital has been taxed and tolled out of the county. When the writer first traversed its length and breadth, the bar of the toll road crossed every entrance to the beautiful region

within its boundaries, and only swung back when the palm of some vigilant and scowling keeper of the gate, had been crossed with silver.

When years ago Alvinza Hayward was cured by the almost miraculous waters of Seigler Springs, he secured the property, and planning the grounds, and position of the buildings, and improvements with rare judgment would have made the resort an earthly paradise, where the use of unlimited means combined with taste, would have become a pet hobby with that prince among mining men, but the lack of interest on the part of the people of Lake, and the excessive tax rate, drove him and his fortune out of the county, to other fields of investment, and Lake county was the loser, as it will be, until the last toll-gate has fallen, and the last mossback has been scraped to a finish, by the hoe of progression.

Speaking of hoes and improvement, suggests the Ladies Club of Lakeport, only in existence a few months. Their taste and energy have already changed the face of things, and if they will now turn their implements upon the Board of Supervisors, and cultivate a few progressive ideas, while they rake away the hayseeds, they may get sufficient help to properly advertise their beautiful county.

Although this reference to the Board of Supervisors would suggest many things, we do not wish it regarded as a sweeping assertion, as there are exceptions, to one especially we shall refer later, as we have found him fair and generous, with the ability to wonderfully serve the county were there more like him to aid in the work.

Cheap, easy, rapid transportation is the great need of Lake county. Picturesque as is the old time four or six horse stage, that you may see drawn up before the Lake County House at Middletown, at almost every hour of the day, not all are able to bear the fatigue of such mode of traveling. And so, Lake county, with its alluring charm, is a closed door to many of taste and wealth, and intelligence, who cannot bear the nervous strain of reckless drives over blood-curdling grades, that are the only entrance north, south, east and west, winding over cliff and scaur, through a pamorama of wild and wonderful sublimity. Notable in a region of surpassing scenic attraction, is the steep way down the Seigler springs canyon, we mean the short cut to Harbin springs. The blue



Palms At Kono Tayee, Paradise Valley.



Harvesting. Threshing and Sacking—One Operation.

sky overhead, the tangle of brush and vine on the narrow walls of the canyon, the sweep and curve, and crystal song of the bright waters of Seigler creek. Along its borders pine, and oak and giant willow, the fronds of fern, green and graceful, wild roses rampant everywhere and wild clematis in festoons and billows of starry blossoms, and the native grape vines in drapery of nature's own fashioning. Down, down, through a whiff of the breath of roses, and the more pungent fragrance of the sweet calacanthus, until we strike the main road to Middletown, and turning to the right, go up the winding grade along Harbin creek, and at last through an avenue of tall, slender black oak trees, such as we have not seen elsewhere, to the far-famed Harbin Springs.

A hundred ways like this, wind through the land of Lakes, through valley and over mountains, along cliffs, and through canyons, across streams of pure cold water, by lake shores, beautiful as the fabric of a dream. These ways end here and there, at some blessed font of healing, where rest, and the wonderful waters, are working every day, some modern miracle of cure. From Kelseyville to Hoberg Resort was one of our little journeys. Here was a forest of balm, innumerable pine trees, with hammocks, and rustic seats, for rest and reading places, a carpet of russet brown underfoot, glimpses of blue sky above, and the song of the forest about us. The sighing of pines, telling all the story of life, to our own interpretation, but always with the undertone of a delicious sadness.

Hoberg's Resort is kept by a family of homelike people, kind and accommodating, we know of no better place for rest and recreation. From there we crossed the hills to Adams springs, a veritable human hive, with nearly 400 guests, clustering about the hotel, and in nearby camps, and all looked after by the genial Dr. Prather.

Then on, to Seigler, where H. H. McGowan, and his accomplished wife, make all most welcome, and duly comfortable. Here one may enjoy a hot iron brew, or an arsenic beauty bath, or the wider delight of a plunge in the swimming tank. The location of Seigler Springs is most ideal, a sloping flat among the mountains, shaded by beautiful oaks, where one can look far; far away to an infinitude of pine-crowned mountain tops, soft with the haze of distance, and the changing lights of morn or evening.

In the calm of a Sabbath morning we drove up, and away a mile, to Bonanza Springs. Here is the place, whose natural location—altitude 2650 feet, among the pines, oaks and alders, air pure and dry—is a positive cure for throat and lung complaints. The owner wisely has made it a camping resort, which gives the benefit of pure air night and day. There are hot and cold mineral baths, five different mineral, and two pure water springs. The camping accommodations are perfect, and within the means of all. This place is destined to be a great sanitarium, where nature herself will effect the cures.

Mr. H. G. Brown, the owner, went over the property with us, and gave us a delightful hour. From the little Pavilion, built over a great rock, hundreds of feet above the Seigler Valley, we looked out at a prospect not excelled in all the world. Then back, by winding paths, along the mountain stream, bordered by calacanthus, and giant woodwardia ferns, from spring to spring, to the beautiful grove where the camp grounds are. Cottages, and tents nestle here and there on the mountain side, and all together make a lovely spot in which to live—or die.

The trip down the canyon from Seigler toward Lower Lake, is beautiful beyond description. We drove down, in the radiance of the early morning, through shade and shine, and a sweet, wild tangle of fragrant things, that border a dashing stream, that we cross and recross, on its winding way. Our next point of interest was Harbin Springs, where J. A. Hays, and his lovely family, make homelike the best equipped resort, for rest and recreation in Lake County. Mr. Hays is a generous, attentive host, the most progressive citizen of his section, if more were like him, Lake County would be in touch with all the world. No effort or expense is spared to make his guests comfortable and entertainment by music, dancing, gymnasium, games and other amusements are provided, so that not one hour of dullness mars the pleasant, restful days at Harbin Springs. The hot sulphur baths are a charm for health and complexion, where the old and ailing are restored, and the young and beautiful made more beautiful still.

Mrs. Margaret Hall's article covers the ground for Middletown, we met this gifted, charming woman and friend of other days, by appointment, at Anderson springs, a lovely resort kept by three gentle ladies, the Anderson

sisters, and passed a day of delight there, with her, forgetting for a few brief hours, the endless work, and effort of our own life, and by the review of pleasant incidents, and the contemplation and discussion of congenial work yet before her, along literary lines, possibly lifted for a little while, the shadow of bereavement and recent grief. She sang for us, a song of other days, we both have loved, and the moments sped all too swiftly, until the parting hour, she to return to her home, beautiful Casa Grande, and we to the unending work before us, from sun to sun, to journey on, in our chosen, unremitting task. Margaret M. Hall has for years been a member of The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. She possesses talent of a high degree, and Lake county has no more loyal citizen. Her work for the Board of Trade, in articles published by the Middletown Independent, has been able, suggestive and to the point. With all the graces of womanhood, she has also good judgment and executive ability of the first order.

Another bright woman, is Mrs. A. E. Noel, editress of the Lower Lake Bulletin since 1893. Since the death of her husband, who was a prominent lawyer, and at one time District Attorney of Lake county, she has unaided, published and edited her paper, doing most of the mechanical work, type setting etc. Such women compare with the best, in the progressive work of developing a new country. The Kelseyville Sun, the brightest paper in Lake county, has also a woman's hand and brain, as principal help, and the work of Mr. and Mrs. McEwen, is one of the strongest factors in the progression of Lake.

In one brief writing no adequate description can be given, of beautiful Lake county. But THE NORTHERN CROWN from time to time, will take up a further recital of its charms and advantages, to which many of its own people have long seemed blind. Blessings near at hand are seldom appreciated, and in that wonderful county, of countless springs of every degree of temperature, and healing and luxurious quality, there are even people who do not bathe. But that fact does not reflect upon its waters, sweet and wonderful and God-given as they are, for man's pleasure and benefit.

So the fact, that we have had but little help in an effort that has been largely unselfish, in this special edit-

ition, advertising the truths about a very wonderful part of the world, and that promised articles and pictures have failed to appear, casts no reflection upon an effort that is its own reward. We have had a delightful trip, successful in material ways, and feeding the soul with better things. We have met delightful people, taken up the broken threads of old friendships, and memories of other years, and woven them again into the golden web that some day will be the finished fabric of an earnest, honest busy life. We have returned helped, hopeful and rejuvenated, which is enough. *The business men* of Lake county have made this undertaking successful along financial lines, and to them we wish to accord full credit. We have found them with few exceptions, public spirited, progressive, generous gentlemen, and the future of Lake county is safe in their hands.



POLITICAL

CONSISTENT with our claims as an independent journal we are supporting two men of opposing parties for public office—Ed. R. Wright, and Hale McCowen. We believe it to be to the best interests of Mendocino county that they be elected.

Hale McCowen is honest, fair minded, generous and perfectly competent. His opponent is none of these. J. F. Barbee has proved himself capable of petty spite and unfairness in more than one business transaction, and ten pages of closely written typewriting, from the reports of the experts appointed to examine the books of Mendocino county, record the clerical errors of one year of his administration. As an instance of these errors we cite the fact that Mendocino county has 114 school districts, and in apportioning the money to the various districts, the apportionment to but two districts was correct. The error in apportioning to one district in particular, amounted to more than \$100.

Mr. Barbee's usual methods are being carried out in making his political canvas, but they will not prevail against Mendocino's most faithful, efficient and obliging official, and the friends of Hale McCowen will return him by a large majority, to the place he fills so well.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

C. W. Mathews

Regular Republican Nominee for AUDITOR of Mendocino County.
Election November 6, 1906.

W. D. L. HELD

Regular Republican Nominee for ASSEMBLYMAN of Mendocino County. Election November 6, 1906.

D. C. Crockett

Regular Democratic Nominee for JUSTICE OF THE PEACE of Ukiah Township. Election November 6, 1906.

George A. Johnson

Regular Republican Nominee for TREASURER of Mendocino County.

Hope for a Tomorrow.

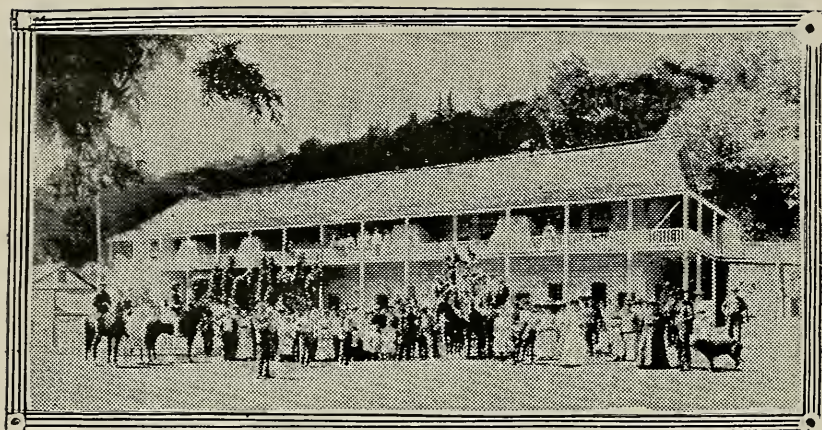
By Vera May Nelson.

Seek not for peace in death,
When life is filled with sorrow,
For, though 'tis dark and drear today,
The sun may shine tomorrow.

The bravest, they that live,
Through suffering, pain and sorrow,
And wait and watch and hope and
pray,
For better things tomorrow.

So smile, and happy be,
And do not trouble borrow,
Though tired of life you be today,
There's always a tomorrow.

—Kelseyville, Cal.



Hotel, Harbin Springs, Lake County, California.

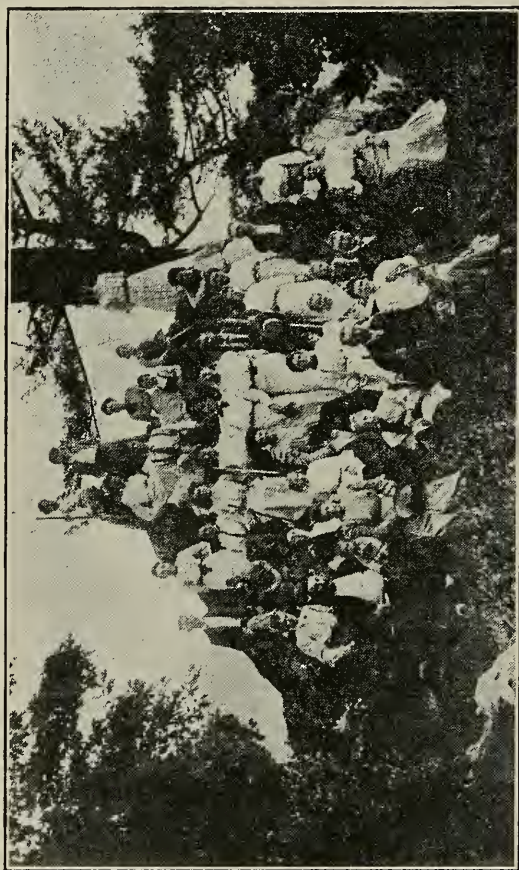
Harbin Springs

LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

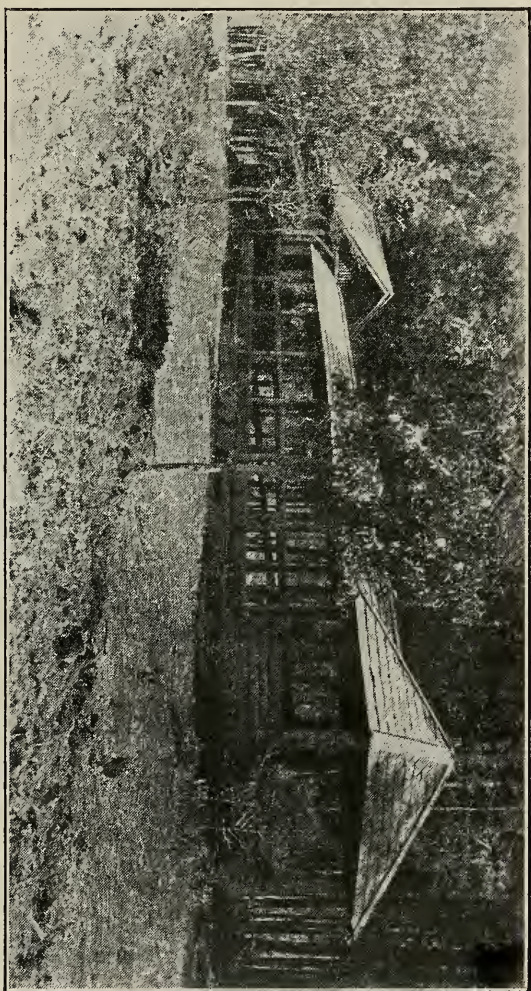
Are you going to the country this season? If so, why not go to the best resort in the world, where you can derive more benefit for less money than any other resort in the state. Elevation 2,000 feet. the temperature of the hottest weather we have is only 86°. Absolutely free from fleas and mosquitoes. All kinds of mineral baths, tub baths, mineral medicated mud baths, natural mineral steamroom, shower baths and swimming tank. Best water in the state for kidney, liver and stomach troubles. A positive cure for neuralgia, gout, dropsy, and skin diseases. Best equipped gymnasium in the state. Fine fishing and hunting close to the hotel. Fine vegetables, garden, dairy and livery stable, all connected with hotel. Round trip to springs at any S. P. office, \$7. Send for booklet.

J. A. Hays, Proprietor.

Harbin Springs, Lake County, California.



Guests On Sunset Rock, Hoberg's Resort, Lake County.



Bowling Alley, Hobergs Resort, Lake County.

This edition of THE NORTHERN CROWN is a double number, on account of delay in securing cuts and other material. Those who understand the circumstances and difficulties that we have overcome, know that we have done our best. And for the opinion of the ignorant, and inconsiderate, we have no respect. Therefore there is no apology for this late appearance.



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Lake Co., Cal.

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California

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Healthiest and best home land on earth.

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at Law, Lakeport Cal.

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❁ Hotel Giselman ❁

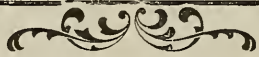

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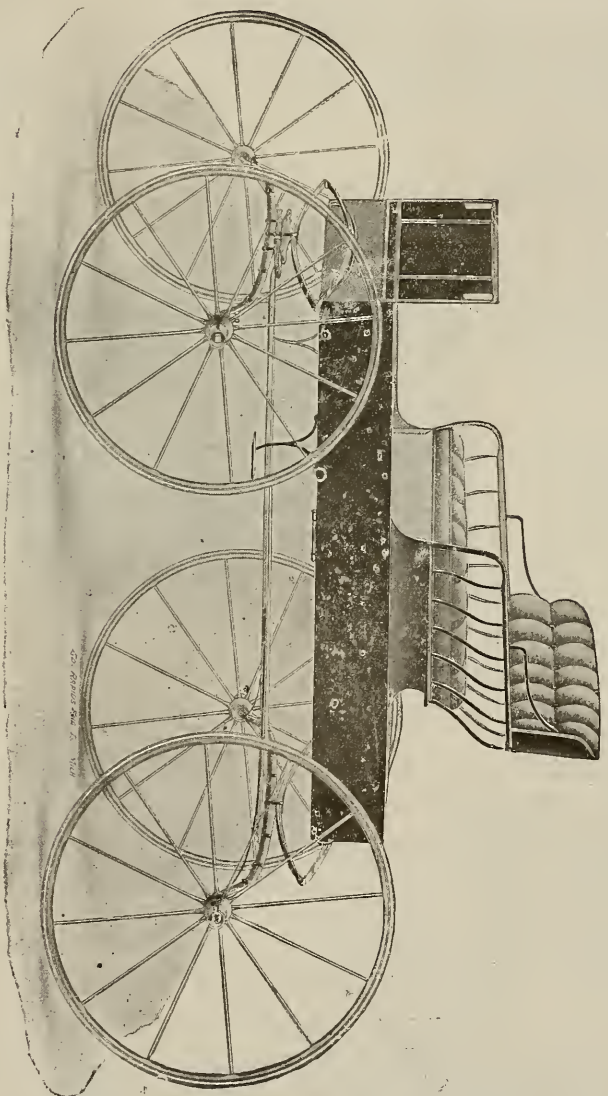
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parties. The finest turn-
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Potter Valley

- - - - -

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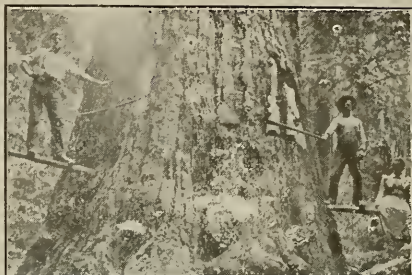
Will Furnish the Trade with Soda and Mineral Waters,
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MENDOCINO COUNTY

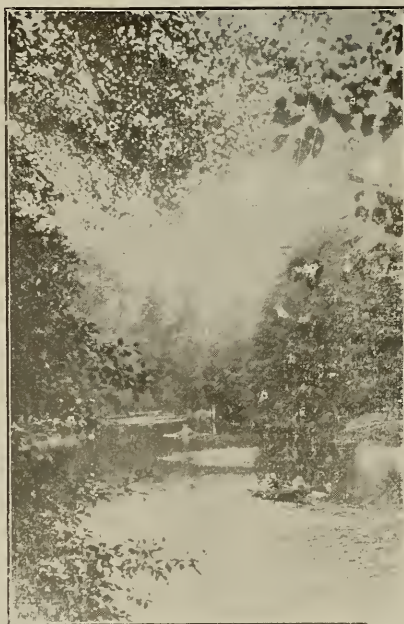


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A COUNTY WHOSE AREA IS NEARLY EQUAL TO THAT OF
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DOLLARS WORTH OF REDWOOD TIMBER.

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capital be-
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J. J. HOWARD

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For State Senator--4th District

J. B. SANFORD

Subject to decision of Democratic Nominating Convention



SENATOR SANFORD is the author of the famous *Monthly Pay Law*, *Ten Hour Law* and *Lunch Hour Law*.

He is also author of the proposed *Graduated License Tax Law* which compels all corporations to pay a License Tax in proportion to the capital stock invested or the amount of business done, instead of all paying the same according to the present law, regardless of their value, or the business done.

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"Equal and Exact Justice to All; Special Privileges to None."

CALIFORNIA
STATE

The NORTHERN CROWN



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UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

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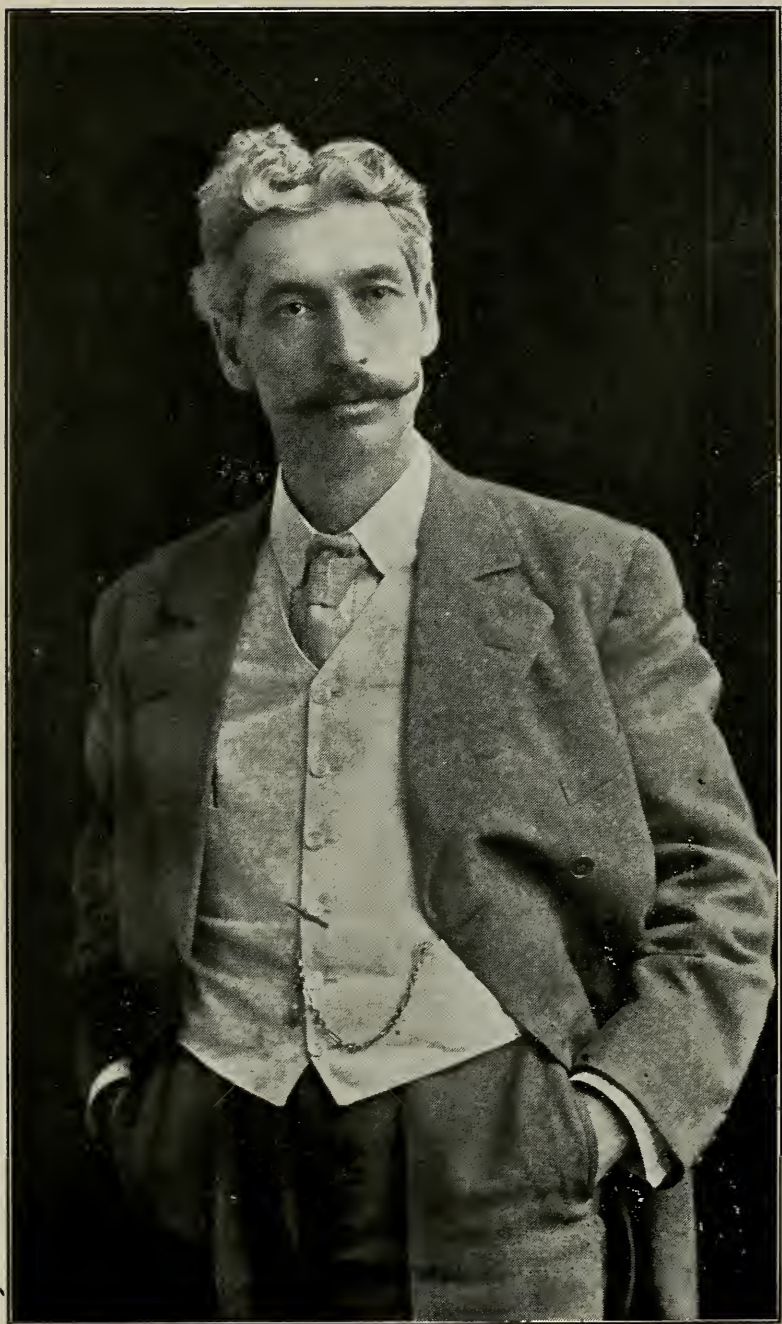
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J. B. SANFORD

STATE SENATOR FROM THE 4TH DISTRICT AND DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL., SEPT. & OCT. 1906.

NO 3 & 4

Hon. J. B. Sanford

A Tribute

By Anna M. Reed

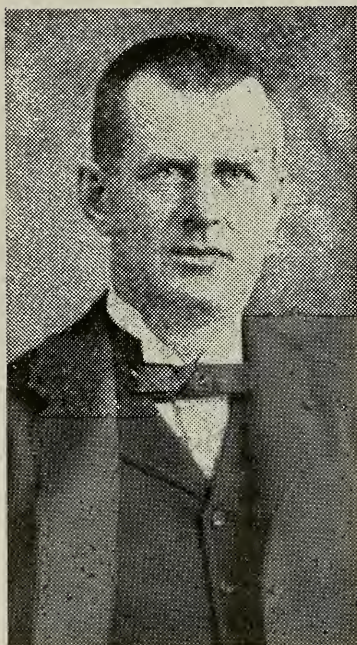
THE true greatness of a country does not exist in its material productions, its fruit and oil and wine, its live stock, its minerals and vegetables. *The people are its greatest product.* These are equally valuable except where the distinction of merit and intelligence marks the individual. When these are combined with profound sympathy for humanity, the highest perfection of character is reached.

In the fact that Mendocino has produced one such man as J. B. Sanford, she has added to the world's true values more than the wealth of her glorious redwoods, great as that may be. A man who has toiled with the humblest, yet early entering the arena of mental life, and in the forum of thought, crossed swords with the brightest and subtlest minds of the state, and always in the righteous cause of the people.

A man, who by the circumstances of his early life was held close to the great, striving heart of humanity, and in his success and prosperity has not forgotten the needs and the aspirations of the people, but is giving his best ability, to ameliorate their condition.

If appreciation, and gratitude exist in the masses, and they do—a popular vote will return him to the office he has dignified. He will go, fitted by his experience; in the fullness of his powers; willing and able to stand for the interests of his constituents; defend their rights; and present their demands, and succeed in the future, as he has in the past.

Chas. M. Hammond



Charles M. Hammond

WE are glad to present a picture and mention of Charles Mifflin Hammond, republican candidate and nominee for state senator from the 4th district, and a representative citizen of Lake, who has done much to develop and beautify that wonderful county. He is an affable, polished gentleman, the product of a finished culture, and would grace any position in the gift of the people.

He will make a clean canvas for their suffrage, and whatever the result, it will be honorably reached. The politics of a country are safe, while

such men interest themselves, and give time and ability to the demands of the people.

Charles Mifflin Hammond of Upper Lake, Lake county, the regular Republican nominee for state senator from the 4th district, which comprises the counties of Mendocino, Lake, Colusa and Glenn was born at Nahant, Massachusetts on August 4th, 1861. After graduating from Harvard university in 1883, he moved to California, apprenticed himself to a vineyardist in Napa county to learn the business, located in Lake county in the autumn of 1884, and since then has been engaged in general farming. He has been a lifelong Republican, and thoroughly believes in all its principles.

He has been closely connected with the interests of the party in Lake county, for the last four years having been chairman of the county central committee. Two years ago he was on the Electoral ticket from the second congressional district, at the time the state went so overwhelmingly Republican. His is a case of the office seeking the man, not the man the office.

In October

By Anna M. Reed

I walk with bland October—
The forest she attires,
With golden leaf, and scarlet leaf,
And russets she admires.
Far down the dusky canyon,
Where all should be so sore,
I catch the gleam of forest fires—
The incense of the year,
Burning before the altar,
Where stands the chalice wine,
Of all the days—the perfect days,
Of your dear life—and mine.

I walk with bland October—
The forest she adorns,
With a thousand shades of evening,
And the light of golden morns,
The quail call from the thicket,
And the wild canaries sing,
Their plaintive song—the dearest
song—
The song of vanished spring.
The year is almost gone, dear-
heart,
But I bless these later days,
While I walk with bland October,
Through all her wondrous
ways.

Glimpses of Old San Francisco

By Nettie Hawkins More.

Madam Artigue

A Sketch from the French Colony

I STEPPED to the street from the car and climbed the tottering stairs until I had gained the summit of the hill. Below, the tall chimneys of the mills belched, their soft, opalistic smoke to be carried out and melted with the bay breeze. I looked again at the address on the card, certainly there was no mistake for the corner lamp-post verified the fact. Madam Artigue, number 10 South Park Avenue. Ancient splendor lingered fondly in the way of latticed doors deep gardens and dormer windows. I paused at number 10, a colonial structure in miniature, clean, superbly clean.

Two stone lions crouched lazily, one on either side of the veranda. The neighbor at the right had hung the family washing on the dividing fence, on the left great signs of "To Let" pasted in every front window assured the declining popularity of the neighborhood. The knocker sounded loudly through the Colonial structure, a maid opened the heavy door.

"Was madam in?"

"Madam was in."

"Card, please."

I was ushered in to a small reception hall, I had stepped in to France, Regal France, Colonial France.

The maid re-appeared, parting the portieres at my right beckoned me to enter and be seated. I sat, but hardly upon the chair for I was in the cherish-

ed salon, the part which made France the brilliant. The walls were hung with paintings of France, Napoleon, in an attitude I had never seen before.

Madame Recamier, the wit, not in that ludicrous reclining pose, but Recamier the beautiful, in a soulful pose. Bits of French landscape, parts of the Garden of Fontainebleau, gay Parisian dames. Here a California sketch but in a French atmosphere. Madame entered, I started, she smiled her small outstretched hand put me at ease, then suspiciously asked, "To whom do I owe this call, what newspaper, what journal, whose magazine?" her eyebrows raised a trifle, a French trick. How journalism pervaded everything, I was sorry I had ever had anything to do with it, and was glad I was out of it.

"None," I exclaimed, "None whatever, only a young man's curiosity to breathe a breath of French air. Do I offend Madam, pardon me if I do." She smiled again, I had sounded the chord, the lone chord in Madam's life, and prepared to play to its accompaniment. "For some biography?" she exclaimed still suspicious. "No, no, you mistake me, for myself alone, let me explain" which I proceeded to do. "You see, Madam, we get tired living our lives and like to live others as well in the third person. I was tired of being American, I wanted something

different. After reading the History of the French Revolution and the Life of Napoleon, I found new life and wondered how a man felt under a Monarch."

"I had never felt any particular feeling for a President for just as one began to trust he stepped back and a new one took his place." Madam laughed aloud, a very well modulated laugh, I had pleased surely. "With my mind fresh with the affairs of Napoleon I wanted to visit France, France the monarchy I visited the Latin Quarter, to find the French Colony, Italianized, reeking with garlic and red wine. The nearby druggist suggested the directory, producing a very ancient volume, there I found a trace of a French Colony at South Park when South Park held the best, before the mills were there."

"I came unexpectedly upon your address, and I exclaimed, here is France, little France." Madam fairly chuckled. "I think I have found my France I said as I swept the walls with a glance, Madam glanced, too." "Yes, you have found dear France." A tear stole lovingly out. The portieres parted, a young lady of a different type entered yet, I fancied a resemblance but was much surprised to hear Madam say. "My daughter, Clarese." How softly she spoke the name "Clarese-ee". Clarese took a chair in the shadow, France wasn't there she was all American.

"This gentleman has stumbled upon us, Clarese, to acquaint himself of our home, my home." She turned to me. "Clarese is a native daughter but has her father's talents." With a swift glance again at the paintings upon the wall, impressions came swiftly, the daughter was an artist, as her father had been an artist, he was part of the French Salon, but Madam was the best part I thought, for her eyes sparkling portrayed her desire to reveal volumes.

We spoke of her home, little scenes here and there, among those upon the wall, they were dear to her so I really lived in a French air.

The maid brought tea, Clarese did the honors most gracefully, Madam supped as a highbred dame does delicately, demurely and precise. Clarese spoke of California, the woods, flowers and fields, the light on the bay, the craft flecked water, were a part of her, as France had been a part of her father. Madam became responsive to my drift of inquiries. "My father" she said "was a corn mander in the French army, loving his country as a good countryman should, he loved his ruler but he always had a desire to be free."

If he could only see France free, he brooded over it until in a frenzy once he cried for freedom, the soldiers took it up, so remember the first cry of Liberty came from the army. "Of course there were whispers of 'traitor,' my father fled, changed his name I followed, I his only child, my mother having died years before, my lover soon traced us, we came to San Francisco, were married, we formed a part of the French Colony here." "My husband followed his profession but his worth was not appreciated, his only legacy Clarese and his paintings, I would as soon see Clarese offered for sale as those."

Father had some property in France which he disposed of through an agent, it is a living for us with Clarese's help." "Come to my studio" Clarese exclaimed during a lull, my thoughts were with Madam. We arose, followed the lithesome Clarese to her den, indeed it was a den, it partook of America as much as the drawingroom did of France. I wondered if her light was hidden under a bushel, she was to American art what her father had been to French art, that clear decision of color. "I am designing an art calendar for a wholesale art house," she

said as she turned several sketches over for my inspection.

There it was again, American art personified, art for the trade. She was a success, her father was not, he worked for art alone, the daughter for the trade.

I promised to call again, after apol-

ogizing for intrusion I bade them good day.

As I paused beside the stone lions, I fancied myself leaving a Gallery of Fine Arts; had taken tea in a French Salon, and criticised Franco-American Art. After all it was France the Independent, I wanted the Regal.

ELECTION ANNOUNCEMENTS

Hale McCowen

Nominee of the Republican Party, for the office of County Clerk of Mendocino county. Election Nov. 6, 1906.

The Humboldt Standard, has recently and wisely said: "It is a fact not generally known by the public at large that the office of County Clerk is one of the most difficult to properly fill. The duties of a County Clerk not alone call for the highest possible degree of ability, but also call for a technical knowledge of legal affairs and judicial procedure requiring a layman years of application and experience to acquire. A County Clerk must combine the proficiency of a competent bookkeeper and man of business with a thorough understanding of legal affairs and judicial procedure. The office of County Clerk is of such importance to the public as a whole, that it should be both non-partisan and non-political in character;—personal integrity coupled with the highest efficiency, should be the determining factors of the eligibility of the occupant, and upon these the public should insist."

The heaviest responsibilities borne by any public servant, rests upon the county clerk, and upon his accuracy and knowledge of the duties of his office, depend the correct finality of every action of the Court. A mistake on his part would be disastrous, and irreparable.

Hale McCowen has been tried and not found wanting, and if the people of Mendocino county are alive to their own interests, they will return him with an overwhelming majority on November 6. He has earned their support, and the "laborer is worthy of his hire."

Hale McCowen is honest, fair minded, generous and perfectly competent. His opponent is none of these. J. F. Barbee has proven himself capable of petty spite and unfairness in more than one business transaction, and ten pages of closely written typewriting, from the reports of experts appointed to examine the books of Mendocino county, record the clerical errors of one year of his admin-

THE NORTHERN CROWN.

istration As an instance of these errors we cite the fact that Mendocino county has 114 school districts, and in apportioning the money to the various districts, the apportionment to but two districts was correct. The error in apportioning to one district in particular, amounted to more than \$100.

Mr. Barbée's usual methods are being carried out in making his political canvas, but they will not prevail against Mendocino's most faithful, efficient and obliging official, and the friends of Hale McCowen will return him by a large majority, to the place he fills so well.

W. S. Van Dyke

Regular Republican Nominee for the office of TAX COLLECTOR of Mendocino County.

A. N. Rawles

Regular Republican Nominee for SHERIFF of Mendocino County. Mr. Rawles is the strongest candidate that could have been selected by the Republican party, and no one can deny his excellent qualifications for Sheriff. We have known Aleck Rawles for years, and have always found him a consistent, fair minded citizen and loyal friend. The contest for the office of sheriff this time is a close fight and the people are safe, whichever man is elected.

J. N Rea

Regular Republican Nominee For County ASSESSOR of Mendocino County, subject to the decision of the voters on November 6., 1906.

It seems the belief of all his friends, that J. N. Rea is sure of his election. From 1891 to 1895, he served the people in the capacity of supervisor. He has been county treasurer for the past 8 years, and did not ask for re-nomination to that office, but the Republican Convention nominated him for assessor. During McFaul's term of office, he had two years experience as deputy assessor, which perfectly familiarized him with the duties of assessor. Wherever Joe Rae is placed, he will be found a faithful and efficient officer.

M. A Thomas

Regular Democratic Nominee for COUNTY ASSESSOR of Mendocino. The qualifications of Mr. Thomas, for the office he has filled so well are too well known to admit of dispute. His friends are very sanguine of his election and are working hard for him. It is a clean fight between him and his worthy opponent, which is more than can be said of some others. And which ever wins, there will be no bad taste left in the mouths of the people.

J. M. Adamson

Regular Democratic Nominee, and Candidate for re-election, for Supervisor of Lower Lake District Number 2, Lake County California. Election November 6, 1906.

A. J. Fairbanks

Regular Republican Nominee for SUPERVISOR of the Third District, Mendocino County, Election November 6, 1906.

E. E. Holbrook

Regular Republican Nominee for RECORDER of Mendocino County. Election November 6, 1906.

Ed. R. Wright

Regular Democratic Nominee for TAX COLLECTOR of Mendocino County. Mr. Wright is an efficient officer. One of the best ever elected to a place of responsibility and trust. That he will be returned by a full majority we hope and believe. With no ill feeling for his honorable opponent, but simply that Ed. R. Wright is our choice, we wish here to announce that THE NORTHERN CROWN supports Ed. R. Wright for Tax Collector, and will work for his election which we believe is assured on November 6, 1906.

George A. Johnson

Regular Republican Nominee for TREASURER of Mendocino County.

L. W. Babcock.

Regular Democratic nominee for SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT of Mendocino county.

LOUIS GONSALVES

Regular Republican nominee for the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY of Mendocino county.

James Joyce

Regular Democratic nominee for the office of AUDITOR of Mendocino county.

J. C. Ruddock

Regular Democratic nominee for ASSEMBLYMAN from Mendocino county.

D. M. Gibson

Regular Democratic nominee for the office of TREASURER of Mendocino county. He is well fitted for the position. Faith in his unswerving honesty, makes him a very strong candidate, and it seems the general opinion that he will be elected.

C. W. Mathews

Regular Republican Nominee for AUDITOR of Mendocino County
Election November 6, 1906.

R. E. Donohoe

Regular Democratic Nominee for SHERIFF Election November 6, 1906.

No more popular man with party and people could have been nominated, than Emmet Donohoe. He will carry the party standard with honor, and probably to victory. Like his father before him, he possesses traits that make up the scholar, the gentleman, and the honest citizen. The interest of the people will be safe with Emmet Donohoe.

Emmet P. Gillmore

Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor from the Fifth District. Election November 6, 1906.

Mr. Gillmore is one of Mendocino county's representative men. Honest, generous and obliging, he will make one of the best public officers that has served Mendocino county for years. He came to this county with his parents when he was but 13 years of age, and settled near Manchester, in the fall of 1867. His father, Hiram Gillmore has been for nearly 40 years identified as one of the leading Republicans of the coast. Emmett was given a fairly good education, and since he reached manhood, has been regarded as a useful and leading citizen, and always a black Republican. He was road overseer of Ocean Road District for 8 years, and did efficient work in that capacity. In 1888 he moved to Point Arena, and opened a general store, which he ran quite successfully for about 12 years, he then retired from merchandising, and opened the Fashion Stables.

In the fall of 1902 he was elected Justice of the Peace of Arena Township, he has served nearly 4 years, and by his economical, judicial management, has saved the county much expense. His many friends having often tried to induce him to run for Supervisor, to represent the fifth District, he has at last consented, and was duly nominated for the office by the Republican Convention held at Ukiah, on August 4, 1906. All those who love law and order, and fair-minded dealing, will rejoice at his election, for the interests of the people will be safe in his hands.

John Inman, Jr

Regular Democratic Nominee for Supervisor, of the Fifth District, Mendocino County. Election November 6, 1906.

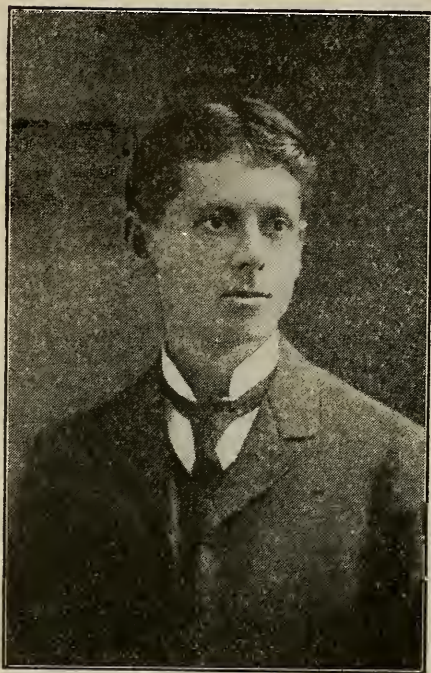
John Inman Jr. is a good and honest citizen, understanding the needs of the people, and his District. He was born in Manchester, and has grown up with the District that he aspires to represent. Since his majority he has been a busy, active man, farming, stock raising and teaming, he has been in touch with every phase of honest labor. He was four years Deputy Assessor, in the fifth Supervisorial District, and has been engaged in much practical road work. In this District two good men are pitted against each other. Whichever wins out, the people will not suffer, as the difference between them is principally political.

J. H. Carothers

Regular Democratic nominee for RECORDER, election November 6, 1906.

Robert Duncan

Regular Democratic nominee for DISTRICT ATTORNEY, Election Nov. 6, 1906.



W. D. L. HELD

Regular Republican nominee for ASSEMBLYMAN from Mendocino county. Election, Nov. 6.

W. D. L. Held has fulfilled the expectations of his party and his friends, in the way that he has represented Mendocino in the state assembly. And they believe that he will be returned, and are faithfully supporting him to that end. Mr. Held is a young man, who deserves much credit for the advancement he has made in life, which he owes to an indefatigable industry and natural pride of character. He has the good will of the people, and their confidence, which we believe he will always deserve.

D. C. Crockett

Regular Democratic Nominee for JUSTICE OF THE PEACE of Ukiah Township. Election November 6, 1906.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE BY THE NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING COMPANY

TWENTY miles from Ukiah. In the redwood belt, near the banks of the south fork of Big River, 320 acres, 60 acres field and cultivated. The scenery most beautiful, open hillsides, with background of dense forest. About \$3000 worth of virgin timber, 25 room house. Hot and cold water. Acetylene Gas. The whole place well improved. The public highway runs by the door. Price \$10,000. Write THE NORTHERN CROWN.

Valley, Ukiah and Potter Valley roads join at this place. 200 acres, fine farming land, balance range, good timber and plenty of water, 5 miles of new woven wire fence, 2 good family orchards, splendid mineral springs, good house 15 rooms newly papered and furnished, furniture to go with place, old established wayside Inn, would make fine resort, or hunting lodge, as it is surrounded by best hunting and fishing country. Address Travelers Home Willits P. O. Cal.

For Sale—"Travelers Home" property, 1320 acres, 12 miles from Willits, Round

For Sale. A property on immediate coast. Store building with well estab-

lished business, good will. Modern dwelling house with every convenience. One and one half acres of land. To sell, with or without stock of merchandise. For terms address THE NORTHERN CROWN.

For Sale. A fine property 15 miles from the coast, 2 miles from the railroad, 211 acres, 50 under culture, good orchard. Good dwelling house, a store, barn and out buildings. Fine stand for public house, 3 horses, 3 wagons, 20 head of cattle. All kinds of farm implements and household furniture. Redwood timber sufficient for 20,000 ties. For reasons not connected with business, the owner wishes to go to a distant country. Price \$6000. Address THE NORTHERN CROWN.

For Sale. A magnificent property, four miles from Hopland. 700 acres of land, 400 suitable for grape planting, 26 acres now planted in wine grapes, vines bearing. About 8 acres in family orchard, 150 acres cultivated to hay and grain. Comfortable house of 7 rooms, barn and out-buildings 10 cottage bedrooms fully equipped for summer boarders. Dining hall 22 by 40. Parlor 20 by 22. 14 head of horses, 30 head of cattle. A variety of the finest mineral springs in California, on the property. Price \$26,000. Write THE NORTHERN CROWN.

□ 10,000 acres fenced and cross fenced with redwood posts and barbed wire, together with improvements consisting of two good dwelling houses, barns, corrals, blacksmith shop, outbuildings, private bridge across the Humboldt river and dam in the river at the easterly or upper end of the ranch. This ranch extends along the Humboldt river for a distance of six miles, one and one half on each side of the river, and about 6,000 acres is river bottom land, which will grow alfalfa or nearly any agriculture product. Forty acres was set to alfalfa two years ago as a test, and it is an entire success.

Alfalfa can be cut three times a year, after the second year, averaging three

tons of hay per acre each cutting. Every acre of this land in growing alfalfa can be sold at any time for \$100 per acre, and the Central Pacific railroad company is now selling bottom land, unimproved and without water, at from \$10 to \$15 per acre.

Ditches from the dam in the Humboldt river carry an abundance of water down through the bottom land. The water right that goes with the place is perfect.

About 1,000 head of Durham and Hereford cattle, 60 head of saddle and work horses, together with harness, wagons, plows, harrows and all necessary implements, go with the place.

This property is on the main line of the Central Pacific railroad, 300 miles away from San Francisco. Shipping corrals, railway station, express and telegraph office at Mill city three miles distant. Winnemucca the county seat is thirty miles east.

This property, which is known as the Home ranch, controls a winter and summer range about 50 miles square. On this range there are good wells, horse pump, stock house, corrals etc., fenced in.

Twelve miles southeast of the Home ranch there are 160 acres patented and four sections fenced in, some government and some railroad lands, on which there are: good dwelling house, barn, blacksmith shop, corrals, etc. This is known as the Willow Creek ranch, and it also controls a fine summer and winter range.

There is also 2400 acres, all fenced, on the Humboldt river eight miles east of the home ranch, which is known as the Southerland ranch. Good dwelling house, barn, corrals and out buildings there on.

Anyone with sufficient money to handle this property can make it worth \$200,000 in five years. Price \$100,000 includes everything. There is enough land in these different properties to support fifty or sixty families. Address The Northern Crown.

In Memoriam.

John Ignatius Cunningham

Born May 3. 1874. Died September 12. 1906.

Requiescat In Pace.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM was one whose whole life refuted all the fallacies of lesser men. Born at Ukiah, a comparatively obscure place, the child of industrious, honest parents, he had no opportunities, but those created by industry, loyalty to duty and faith in God. His education in books consisted of a few terms at the Sacred Heart Convent of Mercy, and a business course at night school in Ukiah. As he grew older he lifted the burden of toil and responsibility, from those older and younger than himself, and by good judgment and good management brought order and prosperity to all his worldly affairs.

He made no apology for his beliefs or principles, but lived so true to them, that he emulated perhaps unconsciously, the majestic humility of the master of men. He was a member of no secret order. He never held office, or aspired to public position, he never sought recognition of his excellence, or worth, as a model citizen, yet he possessed all the qualities that make up the competent, alert and charming man. And he who had never sought public or private recognition of what he was, held the admiration and profound respect of all who knew him. Rich and poor, the young, the old, the entire people, gathered beside his bier, to join in the last sad rites, of long farewell.

And it must comfort those who loved him best, to remember, that the only tears, he ever caused were those that fell over his coffin. A man may mature spiritually, as well as physically and mentally. And the only attribute necessary to spiritual perfection, is absolute goodness. We believe that John Cunningham was fit, and ready, for better things, than the corrupt strife and traffic of human affairs. And let us not wonder, or rebel, at his strange and sudden passing, but believe that even God, in the infinity of His grace and power, may sometimes *need* such men as John Cunningham.

ANNA M. REED.

Sometime.

By May Riley Smith.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plan goes on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He needed not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow

Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend you love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart.
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

POLITICAL

Theo. A. Bell Should Be Elected Governor Of California

DON'T forget *not* to vote for J. F. Barbee, the man who wrote a circular letter to the Clerks of the Mendocino county school districts, instructing them *not to keep an honest, legal* contract signed by them, thereby insulting

their intelligence, and assuming the position of autocrat of their transactions.

The man who gave a Record Safe to us to sell to Frank Strong of Calpella, for the use of the school trustees. A record safe, that was a "holdover" sample from Mr. Rhodes' term of office. A record safe, that Mr. Barbee stated was without owner, and without price. But in fact, as was afterward ascertained had been paid for by M. B. Gibson, who left it at the shrine of Mr. Rhodes' favor, probably as a propitiatory sacrifice, to the "powers that be," before venturing into the dubious ways that lead to an order for school supplies.

This record safe, destined to become historical, was delivered to us in the presence of J. W. Eversole. We reviewed its interior furnishings, they were ideal, we hastened to Calpella, intent on the pleasant reflection, that Mr. Barbee had *repented* of the *circular letter*, and intended to do his part in permitting us to live. We delivered the record safe to Mr. Strong, in good condition, receiving an order for a warrant for \$12.50. We returned to Ukiah, cashed our order and in the first flush of our prosperity, met Mr. Barbee in front of the postoffice. We again inquired if he was aware of any claim against the record safe. He was not. We were welcome to it. As it was of no use in the office—history unknown.

But this little act of generosity rankled in the craw of Mr. Barbee's reflection. In October 1902, he entered upon the part of "Informer." He wrote a letter to The Whitaker & Ray Co., telling them that we had "taken" a record safe from the superintendent's office. He did not say that we had *sold* it, although he had approved the order for the warrant, and *knew* that it was cashed, as we held the \$12.50 in our exultant hand when talking to Mr. Barbee in front of the postoffice. In a letter to us The Whitaker & Ray Co., said: "We do not know whether you have sold the safe or not, but we do know that you *took* from the superintendent's office a clerks' record safe that belongs to us, at least we have the superintendent's assurance to this effect, and we have no reason to doubt him." Alas! delivered thus to the guillotine of their cupidity, my profit was to be cut off, but not without a struggle.

We scorned the claim of The Whitaker & Ray Co. After a period of correspondence more caustic than comprehensive, a man was sent to interview us. We stated

our case. He was appeased, he agreed to lay the unquiet ghost of that unhappy record safe, and for a brief while silence reigned. Then something "drapped." In April 1904 another man came up, and called us on the telephone, indignant at the revival of an unjust and unnecessary annoyance, we hung up. The claim was put in the hands of a firm of collectors, and we received the following:

"The Whitaker & Ray Co., of San Francisco has placed in our hands for collection an account against you amounting to \$8.75. The company informs us that it will furnish us the evidence necessary to sustain an attachment against the Excelsior Press &c., &c., and so on.

Yours very truly, Mannon & Mannon."

Shades of mixed metaphor and Masonic brotherhood!

The terrorists had gained their point although the claim was outlawed. But we did not pay The Whitaker & Ray Co., or Mannon & Mannon. But we paid *Mr. Barbee*, and hold his receipt, dated April 16, 1904, for one clerks record safe. And we have been *safe* ever since, and Mr. Barbee is now *safe* from the county clerkship, and this is a true *record* of the whole affair. Told to show the calibre of the man. For the record safe was also a ballot box, which on election day, will be full of votes for Hale McCowen.

The article in the Dispatch Democrat of October 12, 1906. Under the heading: "Says County Has No Great Register, Law Said to Be Ignored In a Matter of Great Importance." And signed "Citizen". Is a falsehood, and unworthy of honest journalism. We know that it appeared during the absence of the Editor of the Dispatch Democrat, and we believe that he is not responsible for it in any way, or this dastardly attack upon the official veracity of our County Clerk, by this modern ananias "Citizen." Call at the clerk's office for verification of this defense.

From a reliable correspondent from Jackson Valley, we learn that the school near Haun's Mill, has a daily attendance of 2 scholars, with an average for the term of 4. We know positively that at present there are two schools in the county with but a daily attendance of 2 scholars. How do the tax payers relish the keeping up of two such schools, with 2 scholars each, at the expense of \$70 per month for each teacher, to make solid political influence

in the Districts for Mr. Barbee. Mr. Barbee's administration as superintendent has been neither competent nor honest, and we have no reason to believe it would improve as county clerk.

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TO EAT AND DRINK

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Donohoe

@ Ganter

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DR. FRANCIS E. REA

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Second block west of P. O.

Ukiah, Cal.

The Eagle Stables

H. A. Eldred, Prop.



Greatest Care Taken of Transient Stock.

State street two blocks north of Courthouse

Rigs for Campers or Tourists to any point at Fair Prices
PHONE 161

Ukiah Cal.

O. E. MEDDAUGH

CHEMIST and DRUGGIST

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Receipts Carefully Compounded, Yerba Santa Cough Syrup, Eastman Kodak
Agent, A Full line of Camera Supplies.

Lakeport

Cal.

CALIFORNIA
STATE

The NORTHERN CROWN



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ANNA MORRISON REED,
EDITRESS.
ISSUED MONTHLY AT THE
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THE NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING CO.
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

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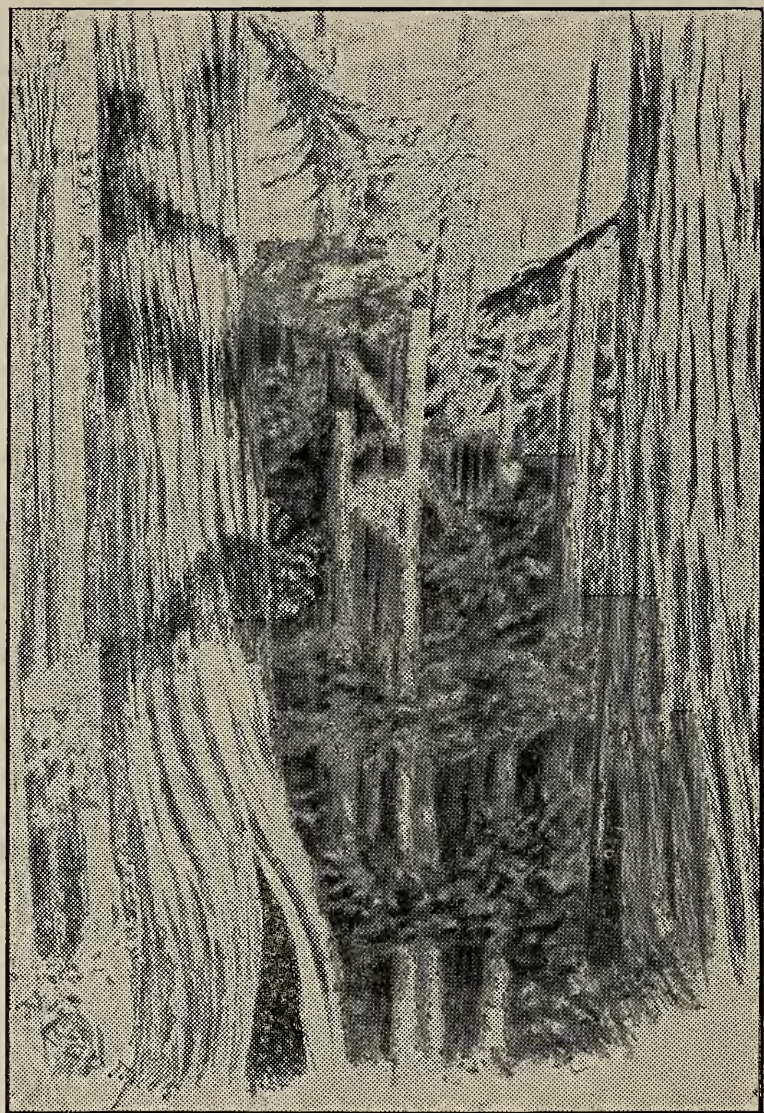
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**"The trees in their glory,
Renowned in story."**

**The Trees of Mendocino.
—F. C. Fulton.**

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL., NOVEMBER 1906.

NO. 5.

The Trees of Mendocino

What They Said.

By Frances C. Fulton.

Illustrated By G. A. Loomis

Afar in the woods on a bright summer day
I listened, and listening I heard the trees say

The trees in their glory,

Renowned in story,

"We want to rebuild San Francisco."

"Our brothers and sisters are now on the way
To build up the city that sits by the bay,

The bright, cheery city,

That has the world's pity,

We'll help to rebuild San Francisco."

The pines bowed assent to the redwoods'
remark

And the oaks wished the "peelers" would take
off their bark.

The firs in a flurry,

Wished "choppers" would hurry,

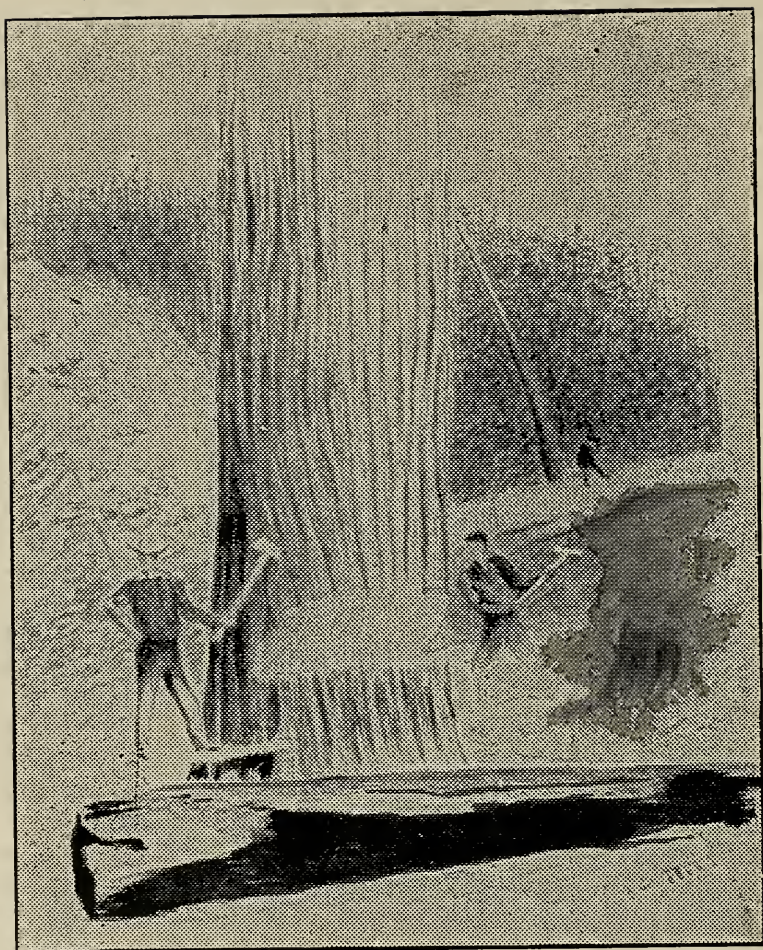
So they might help rebuild San Francisco.

The breeze volunteered the kind offer to tell
To those who could further the project quite
well.

The oaks peeled so quickly

The pack train looked sickly

Through, working to aid San Francisco.



"Fell rejoicing to aid San Francisco."

"The Trees of Mendocino"
—F. C. Fulton *

The "choppers" were ready, their axes were
bright,

There ne'er in a forest was seen such a sight,
As when redwoods and pines

(Worth far more than the mines)

Fell, rejoicing to aid San Francisco.

And soon through the forest the fire-king held
sway,

To get out the logs there is no other way.

So the brush being cleared

Lo! the "swampers" appeared,

And thus helped to rebuild San Francisco.

And then came the "sawyers" the logs to pre-
pare,

The logs were so long they made everyone
stare,

The "donkey" was able

(He ne'er saw a stable)

To help to build up San Francisco.

The logs were so eager the "landing" to make,
They "dugged" them together for harmony's
sake.

The skid-road" was ready—

Those "swampers" worked steady—

To help the trees aid San Francisco.

But when at the landing, the logs were dis-
mayed,

And said to each other—"I'm sorely afraid

They never can lift us,

So how can they shift us?

We ne'er can help build San Francisco."

But soon to their rescue a little "jack screw"
Was seen to be "pushing" without much ado.

The logs' laugh was mellow

To think such a fellow

Could help to rebuild San Francisco.

But such was the fact as they very soon found
For onto the "trucks" they went with a bound.

—They thanked Mr. "Jack Screw"

For helping them get through
In time to rebuild San Francisco.

Then far down the road an engine was seen
A-puffing and blowing and getting up steam.
I am sure you'll agree
That the logs laughed in glee.
To think they'd soon reach San Francisco.

As out of "the woods" went the log-train with
speed
To aid the fair city that's greatly in need,
I heard such a shouting—
I trust none are doubting—
"Hurrah, we'll rebuild San Francisco!"

Now this is the tale of the trees far away,
They gave of *themselves*. Does it *pay*; do you
say?

Yea, 'tis *love* the world *needs*—
Love that *blossoms* in *deeds*
Which is helping re-build San Francisco.



"As out of "the woods" went the log-train with speed."

"The Trees of Mendocino." —F. C. Fulton.

A Story of an Unique Character.

By Alberto Brontia.

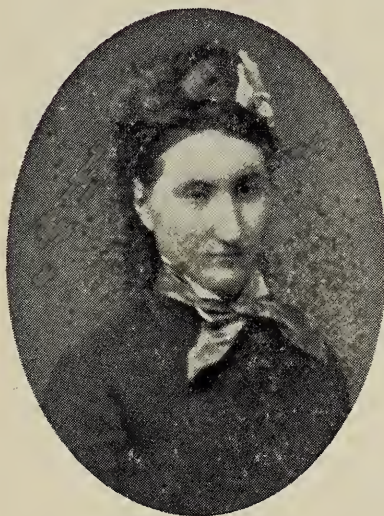
NOTE.

ON October 25, 1906, at Oroville, Butte county, died the most unique character in California.

A partial sketch of her life appeared in THE NORTHERN CROWN of September, 1904.

Euphrasia Chevalier, a woman who prized honesty and virtue above life itself, yet lived in the garb of man, apart from all her kind and emulated man in all except his vices. We believe that the romance—and tragedy, of her life equalled any fiction ever written.

—EDITRESS



Euphrasia Chevalier.

"French Woman"

(Photograph taken in Paris 22 years ago.)

THE press dispatches telling of the death of Euphrasia Chevalier, the "new woman" rancher of Hurleton, in Butte county, interested one person in Greenville who is probably the only man in North America who ever had the confidence of "Frenchy" to the extent of being told by her the secret of her early life. The death of the peculiar woman removes the obligation to withhold part of the story which veiled the woman in mystery.

J. J. Guentherodt, a miner and prospector, and sometime newspaper man is the individual who enjoyed "Frenchy's" confidence. "Frenchy" was known to everybody who ever had occasion to travel the road between Hurleton and Forbestown where the "Chevalier" ranch was passed. Guen-

therodt, in the capacity of a consulting mine expert had occasion to meet E. C. Knight, which was the business name assumed by Mrs. Euphrasia Chevalier, professionally several times during the past three years.

On one noon-day visit "Frenchy" told her history, first demanding secrecy "until her funeral." Hence the revelation to the correspondent today.

Though "Frenchy" dressed as a man on the ranch she did not do so as a disguise, but for convenience in performing the work about the farm. But the habit, to wear male habiliments, was acquired when she was quite young.

"Frenchy" in her younger days was a male impersonator in a theatre in Paris and in Rome, Italy. Her favorite character was a "chevalier," a gay,

gallant, dashing fellow which the sprightly young French woman could take off with perfection, for she was stately in her early teens, as well as handsome. On the stage she met an actor who fascinated her with stories of life in South America and held up to her the great possibilities that a woman of her talent could achieve on the stage in the "diamond fields" of Brazil. She married the actor, an Italian several years her senior, and together they sailed to Buenos Ayres. She made her appearance upon the stage there for a period but in a few years retired for a short time and went to Rosario to live. Up to that time she and her husband were happy and anticipated greater joys. However there came a cloud, she having reason to suspect his fidelity. She therefore did some detective work in the disguise of a man, a piece of work which she could do to perfection through her previous experience as a male impersonator upon the stage. She was successful in confirming her fears. The shock brought on a severe and long illness, and on her recovery her husband sought a separation. She in her jealous rage, attempted to revenge herself by attacking the other woman in the case, and gave her a severe beating. The young actress had to flee the country to avoid prosecution, and she did so by going into the service of a sail vessel, disguised as a young man. The rigors of the voyage were too much at first for the young woman, weakened and debilitated as she had been by her illness and troubles, and the captain taking compassion on the "young man" installed her as cook. At this she did well, and the voyage on the salt water served to restore her to good health. Her sex was never discovered on board ship, and she finally arrived in New York with a fat roll of bills as her wages, and with the resolve to lead a new and useful life in a new sphere. She invested in the wardrobe of the natural

garments of her sex, on landing, and went out into domestic service. She dared not to go upon the stage, for fear it would lead to her identity. From that time on her life was not out of the ordinary, and she finally drifted to San Francisco. There she engaged in a small restaurant business in the tenderloin district and also manufactured cigars in a small way, having half a dozen chinamen in her employ rolling the leaf. About 10 years ago she concluded to retire from the city and selling out her restaurant and cigar shop, bought the ranch in Butte County. There she resumed the garb of a man but never concealing the fact that she was of the gentler sex. That in brief was the story of her life as told to Guentherodt.

Meanwhile "Frenchy" had become a confirmed man-hater, the result of her early matrimonial experience, and what with hard work and struggles she lost her grace and became masculine in visage and action. As a "bachelor farmer" she worked hard and had the esteem of her neighbors.

"Frenchy" gave evidence to Guentherodt of her early experience on the stage by reciting portions of the plays in which she had been a leading character, and also in rehearsals of such parts. She also sang the songs she used to sing, in French, in the long ago. She was also well read. In English, however, her fluency was developed principally in a wide and varied collection of "cuss words," an accomplishment acquired as a salt water sailor, and at which she had become so expert that she could move the most balky mule to action.

The strenuous life of the ranch, and the disinclination, through parsimony, to provide comforts for herself, finally undermined her health, and she had been failing for the eight months previous to her demise last October in the Butte County Infirmary.

While the rough school of life she had passed through had hardened her

towards mankind of the male persuasion, and made her suspicious of men generally, in business dealings "Frenchy" had generous impulses. She was always ready to lend her neighbors a hand when the latter needed help about their farms, and she was kind to her live-stock, and lavished her affections upon her pet dog, a white fen air hound.

"Frenchy" encouraged no intimacy among her neighbors. She did not delight in needle work or any of those refinements that go to make up the

womanly character but she was an adept with the pen, and often amused herself with fancy penmanship. She was an artist in that line.

The name "Chevalier" was an assumed one, suggested to her by remembrance of her girlhood profession on the stage. Her maiden name or family name is unknown but she sometimes spoke of her sister who lived in France, and always whenever she did make mention of her family she was sure to speak of "my dear old mother."



A Last Farewell.

By Nita White Thrasher.

Come, let us lay our dead Love out
And close his vacant eyes,
That once shown with the light
And hope of Paradise.

Sweet, take my hand again,
Though we be parted wide
And for a moment's space
Go softly by my side.

While once more as of old—
A common pain we brave,
And bear our dearest dead
Together to the grave,

The Hive of the Wild Bee



"Then went Samson down, and his Father and Mother, to Timnath, and came to the vineyards of Timnath: And behold a young lion roared against him.

And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

And after a time he returned * * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES, AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating, and came to his Father and Mother, and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE



*In bitter cups of life's forbidden flowers,
She leaves the poison, but she takes the best,
From dawn 'till dusk, through summer's fragrant hours,
Working, she wanders, in a sweet unrest.
She weaves the sunbeams into amber streams,
With perfume subtle as the thought of dreams,
Heaping together, with her song's caress,
The wild, sweet treasure of the wilderness.*



Of all natural characters, that of the wild bee is most admirable. Lawless, and without the restraint of more domestic things, she is a law unto herself. Brave to desperation, yet without aggression. Destroy her hive, and she lives in the air, until she finds another home, in rock or tree, or anything, where she may store her treasury.

She is honest, and earns by ceaseless industry, every drop of her golden store, yet her work is one long revel of delight, as she finds the heart of everything and from the source and core, takes but the best. The result is the garnered sunbeams—the perfume of a thousand flowers, and the intoxicating flavor of all things beautiful and wild.

Had I to live in some form less than human, I would choose to be a wild bee.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

The Defense of the Bridge.

Consistent with our policy: "A setting forth of truth, for the defense, relief, and benefit of the people," and pursuant to our arraignment, sometime ago, of the honesty and advisability, of devoting thousands of dollars of the public funds, to a needless change in the Potter Valley and Lake County grade, we take pleasure in presenting the petition now before the Board of Supervisors, as it verifies the soundness of our judgment, and the fact that we were

awake to the interests of the people even before they themselves had realized the magnitude of the imposition foisted upon them, through the design of personal interest.

The petition explains the situation—a situation that was inevitable as an outcome of the conditions brought about by the change

The Williams ditch seepage causes slides that render the grade absolutely impassable in winter, therefore a scheme is on foot *to burden the taxpayers again, in order to keep the travel in the desired direction, by bridging the river once more*, at the point opposite Cleveland mill site, as the river there, fordable in summer, is impassable in winter. Let public protest be made, against this contemplated wrong to the taxpayers, and the *old bridge* be repaired as they request—the bridge that has carried us over—the bridge that has outlived the bad name so unjustly given it, to further selfish interests—the bridge that in spite of being labelled and libeled “dangerous,” has since continued to discharge its duty to the perfect satisfaction of the traveling public.

“Now who will stand, on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?”

PETITION

BEFORE THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, COUNTY OF MENDOCINO,
STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

The undersigned petitioners, being taxpayers of the County of Mendocino, or patrons of the road hereinafter referred to, respectfully request your Honorable Board to replace and rebuild the old bridge on the old county road, leading from Ukiah to Potter Valley and Lake County, being the bridge a short distance north of the old Cleveland mill site. Your petitioners respectfully represent that the new road constructed Southeast of said old bridge on the East side of the Potter Valley branch of Russian River, is impassable in the winter time on account of slides, was impassable for a long time last winter, and is nearly sure so to be every winter; while the road crossing at said old bridge, and coming down upon the west side of the river, is passable at all times, and is now still being used by mail carriers, stage drivers, teamsters, and nearly all the traffic

is going that way, and over said old bridge, in spite of the fact that said bridge has been declared dangerous to travel.

And your petitioners will ever pray:

L. Johnson	R. W. Lamb
J. W. Hudson	C. Hofman
J. F. Burris	W. J. Slattery
John Taylor	Samuel Neil
Edwards Bros	N. B. Cleveland
John Mewhinney	S. W. Fisher
J. B. Clifford	L. P. Grover
E. L. Maze	R. L. Spencer
C. L. Hopkins	Silas Blake
O. R. Street	O. F. Day
Z. L. Bransford	Jas. E. Booth
A. D. March	Lee Goodrich
Chas. Frasier	R. L. Cleveland
Robt. McFarland	E. M. Maze
O. B. Washburn	U. L. Frasier
J. A. Pickle	J. H. Hill
John Metzler	John Garvin
J. E. Wattenberg	N. A. Barnett
L. L. Grover	W. B. Hopper
H. C. Smith	



We have a tender thought this year about Thanksgiving weddings. We wish those who have on this day launched out upon life's troubled sea of matrimony, fair sailing, and a happy voyage, across the waves of time, to safe harborage on a better shore. Our thoughts follow them prayerfully. We ask that they may weather every storm, that when clouds of mourning hover, the blessed light of faith may rend their gloom, and give each one a silver lining, that their strength may be equal to their burdens, and Hope ever the abiding angel of their home.

All this we ask and more—because a bride that we have known since babyhood, went out from our own door Thanksgiving Day, like a little gray dove, over the uncertain billows. Followed she is by the benediction of our thoughts, while in the gallery of recollection hangs another picture, framed in memory and garlanded by sweet remembrance.



J. A. Cooper has been elected to a high office, by the people who did not know him.

This does not change the fact, that he has secured much of his fortune by methods barely within the pale of the law. That in the County of Mendocino, which was his home for more than twenty years, he left a record that would damn any man, here and hereafter.

The placing of such people upon high tribunals, makes a mockery of Law and Justice, and an irony of human affairs. But some of the people *know* this man, and by those who do know him, J. A. Cooper is relegated, in thought, to his proper place.

The Ukiah Stables

W. H. MILLER, PROP

Stages for Blue Lakes, Lanrel Dell, Saratoga Springs, Witter Springs, Upperlake. Pomo, Potter, John Day's, Riverside, Jerry Lierly's, Bucknell's, Hullville, San Hedrim and Vichy Springs.

State Street : : UKIAH

The Electric Dying Works

All Work Called for and Delivered. Hats Cleaned, Stiffened and Blocked. Dry Cleaning Neatly Done.

Clark Bailey, Prop.

West of P. O., Ukiah, Cal.



Lakeview Hotel



LAKEPORT, CAL,

Best Accommodations
Courteous Treatment



T. O. Garret, Prop.

REAL ESTATE


FOR SALE BY THE NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING COMPANY

TWENTY miles from Ukiah. In the redwood belt, near the banks of the south fork of Big River, 320 acres, 60 acres field and cultivated. The scenery most beautiful, open hillsides, with background of dense forest. About \$3000 worth of virgin timber, 25 room house. Hot and cold water. Acetyline Gas. The whole place well improved. The public highway runs by the door. Price \$10,000. Write THE NORTHERN CROWN.

For Sale—"Travelers Home" property, 1320 acres, 12 miles from Willits, Round

Valley, Ukiah and Potter Valley roads join at this place. 200 acres, fine farming land, balance range, good timber and plenty of water, 5 miles of new woven wire fence, 2 good family orchards, splendid mineral springs, good house 15 rooms newly papered and furnished, furniture to go with place, old established wayside Inn, would make fine resort, or hunting lodge, as it is surrounded by best hunting and fishing country. Address Travelers Home Willits P. O. Cal.

For Sale. A property on immediate coast. Store building and well estab-

 Real Estate Continued on the Next Page.

✓ ORR'S HOT SPRINGS. ✓

One of the loveliest places in the Coast Range, for hunting, fishing, rest or recreation.

The Springs are too well known locally to need recommendation.

The bath is a luxury, and the cures effected by the waters, almost miraculous.

Situated 15 miles from Ukiah, on the headwaters of Big River.

Address J. L. ORR Orr's P. O. For pamphlet, and particulars.

GENERAL HARDWARE

W. H. LONG, PROP.

Cloverdale

Cal.

Hotel Windsor

J. M. Rushing, Proprietor.

Fort Bragg

Cal.

lished business, good will. Modern dwelling house with every convenience. One and one half acres of land. To sell, with or without stock of merchandise. For terms address THE NORTHERN CROWN.

For Sale. A fine property 15 miles from the coast, 2 miles from the railroad, 211 acres, 50 under culture, good orchard. Good dwelling house, a store, barn and out buildings. Fine stand for public house, 3 horses, 3 wagons, 20 head of cattle. All kinds of farm implements and household furniture. Redwood timber sufficient for 20,000 ties. For reasons not connected with business, the owner wishes to go to a distant country. Price \$6000. Address THE NORTHERN CROWN.

For Sale. A magnificent property, four miles from Hopland. 700 acres of land, 400 suitable for grape planting, 26 acres now planted in wine grapes, vines bearing. About 8 acres in family orchard, 150 acres cultivated to hay and grain. Comfortable house of 7 rooms, barn and out-buildings 10 cottage bedrooms fully equipped for summer boarders. Dining hall 22 by 40. Parlor 20 by 22. 14 head of horses, 30 head of cattle. A variety of the finest mineral springs in California, on the property. Price \$26,000. Write THE NORTHERN CROWN.

10,000 acres fenced and cross fenced with redwood posts and barbed wire, together with improvements consisting of two good dwelling houses, barns, corrals, blacksmith shop, outbuildings, private bridge across the Humboldt river and dam in the river at the easterly or upper end of the ranch. This ranch extends along the Humboldt river for a distance of six miles, one and one half on each side of the river, and about 6,000 acres is river bottom land, which will grow alfalfa or nearly any agriculture product. Forty acres was set to alfalfa two years ago as a test, and it is an entire success.

Alfalfa can be cut three times a year, after the second year, averaging three

tens of hay per acre each cutting. Every acre of this land in growing alfalfa can be sold at any time for \$100 per acre, and the Central Pacific railroad company is now selling bottom land, unimproved and without water, at from \$10 to \$15 per acre.

Ditches from the dam in the Humboldt river carry an abundance of water down through the bottom land. The water right that goes with the place is perfect.

About 1,000 head of Durham and Hereford cattle, 60 head of saddle and work horses, together with harness, wagons, plows, harrows and all necessary implements, go with the place.

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Anyone with sufficient money to handle this property can make it worth \$200,000 in five years. Price \$100,000 includes everything. There is enough land in these different properties to support fifty or sixty families. Address The Northern Crown.

THE NORTHERN CROWN



HOLIDAY COPYRIGHTED 1904 NUMBER

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UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

California Northwestern Railway

The Picturesque Route of California

An ever-changing Panorama of Scenic Beauty

Across the Bay and Marsh—
Through the broad and fertile
lands of Sonoma Co.—Along
the beautiful Russian river and
far into the Coast Range moun-
tains—The Mecca of the Photo-
graphic Artist—A Sportsman's
Paradise and the Homeseeker's
Promised Land — Tiburon to
Sherwood : : : : :

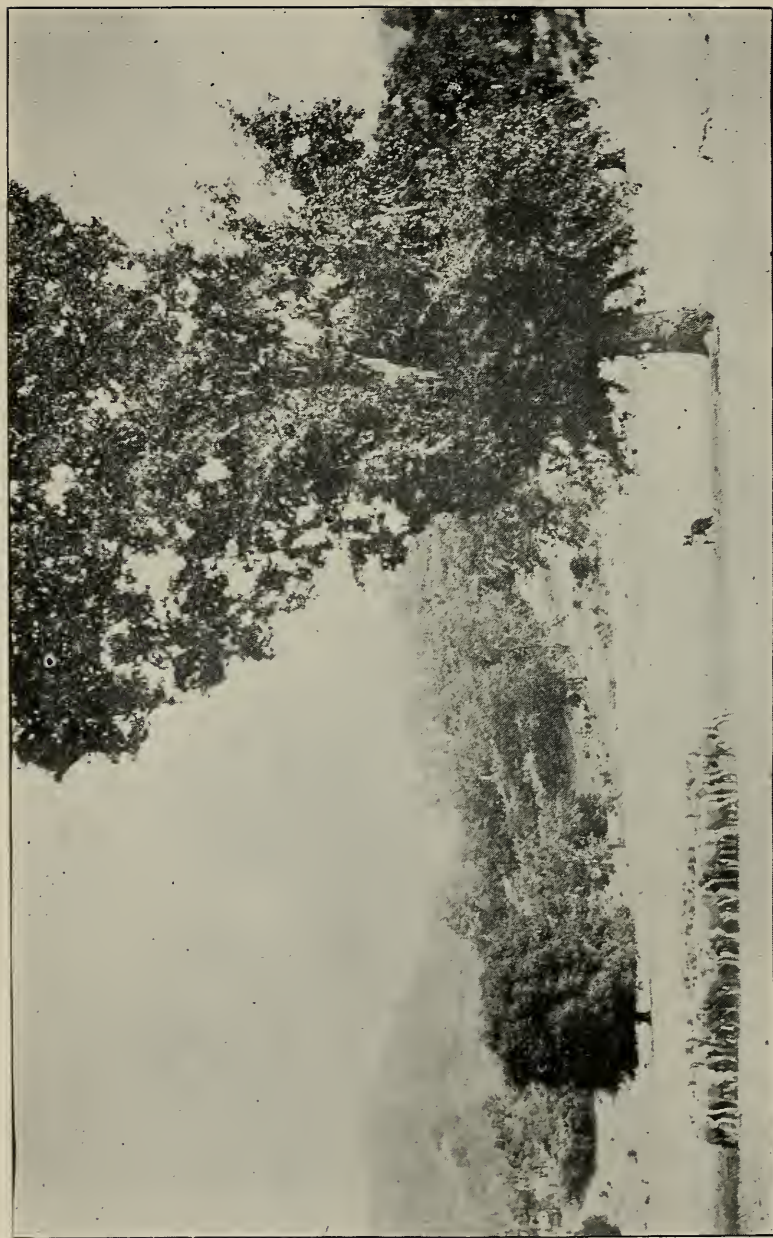
Take Boat at Tiburon Ferry.

Main Office

Ferry Building
San Francisco.

Jas. Agler, General Manager.

R. X. Ryan, General Pass. Agt.



"BUNCHEd." McDowell valley, four miles from Hopland, Mendocino County, California.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL., JANUARY 1907.

NO. 6.

Faith In Mankind Must Not Be Lost

By The Rev. William Rader

IT is a misfortune to lose faith in humanity. This faith, like a ship in a storm, is often severely tested. Wave and wind combine to test the strength of every plank and spar and chain. Men's opinions respecting men indicate, not alone the character of the men upon whom estimates are made, but they reveal the character of the men who make them. Man has never understood himself, hence his faith in himself has wavered like the magnetic needle.

"Who are you?" asked an angry pedestrian, who ran against Schopenhauer on the street. "Ah," replied the philosopher, "if you would tell me that if you would tell me who I am, I would give you all I possess in the world." What low opinions some have had of mankind. Voltaire described the multitudes as a mixture of bears and monkeys, while Diogenes hunted through every street in Athens for an honest man. Thus, man has been described as "a shadow less than shade, a nothing less than nothing."

"Have I said anything wrong, then?" asked Placion, when the mob applauded a passage from his lips. Pyrrho, the atheist, described men as a herd of

swine rioting on board a rudderless vessel in a storm, while similar estimates of democracy may be found in writings of Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson and Kipling. On the other hand, literature, sacred and profane, is replete with noble estimates of man, as for example, that of Novalis: "Man is the true Sheehmah, or glory light of God. We touch heaven when we lay our hands on that high form." "What is man?" asks the Psalmist one night, as he looks along the starry sky filled with the unsearched wonders of solar light. "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, thou crownest him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things under his feet." Man is a ruin—a palace in ruins, as Horace Bushnell has described him, or in the words of Shakespeare, "How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a God!"

It is a great advantage to any life to enjoy an unadulterated confidence in humanity. To doubt humanity unsettles faith in God. It removes the wheels from the chariot since all com-

merce and civilization, all social progress and industrial development depend upon an unwavering faith in humanity. To doubt friendship, love, honesty, loyalty, affection; to question the emotions which run out through the arteries of practical deeds like rivers of pure blood; to suspect motives questions actions, and analyze the ideals and aspirations of others, is to stand on shifting sand and to live in an atmosphere of uncertainty. Two men in ancient history believed that no man was pure, and by "man" woman was included. Who were these men? Emperor Nero, the bloodiest monster of all history, and Emperor Heliogabalus, who belongs in the same class with Nero. By what standard shall mankind be judged? By Guiteau or Garfield? By Nero or Marcus Aurelius? By Booth or Lincoln? By the public thief or the private man of unquestioned honesty?

It is good to find good in others and to be able to distinguish between the glow worm and the emerald. It is good to see the sacred qualities in our brother, and to cherish the belief that

there is good in everybody. It is well to read again and again of the great brave, strong souls who went down into bloody trenches to sleep always; who have not flinched in the crisis and been true. All along the history of man may be seen standing the sentinels at their posts, who having done all stood as did the Pompeian guard. Bad men not only destroy themselves, but they destroy faith in humanity. Disastrous, indeed, would be the act of a man who would go into the harbors of the sea and smite the ropes which bind and cut away the anchor chains which hold. But such is the iconoclastic faithlessness in humanity, such is the work wrought by the doubts we have of one another. Unhappy is he who doubts genuineness in man, unfortunate is he who repudiates chastity in woman, and virtue in all humanity. Religion itself does not find room on which to rest in such an attitude to life. If we are anxious to see the good in others, we will find it. If we seek for the evil, we shall not be disappointed. We find what we are looking for.—S. F. Buletin.

Tomorrow Never Comes

By Prof. E. Knowlton

Not one "Tomorrow" ever came,
Time's heaving surge rolls on the same,
Each coming billow on Life's sea
Down-rolling from eternity
In human speech bears triple name.

Its hither slope, as on it sweeps,
Men call "Tomorrow" in earth's speech,

It's sparkling crest they name "To-day"

Its rearward slope as "Yesterday,"
Breaks, falls and dies along Life's beach.

All our long yesterdays are dead,
No bright to-morrow e'er arrives,
Swift "Todays" forever speeding,
Human prayers or tears unheeding,
Make the sum of all our lives.

Each must live This Day, This Moment,

Must do each Duty that may come.

Never Fear or Trouble borrow,
When we seek to know "Tomorrow,"
Life's Eternal Sphinx is dumb.

So it should be, it is best so,
Once it crosses Midnight's door-sill.
Millions have and millions more will,
Dread "Tomorrow's" bright "Today."

Madonna.

By Katrina Crask

Behold her stand! a woman, yet apart,
A stately virgin, proud, divinely
mild;
And closely nestled to her mother-
heart
A little child.

Amid earth's sorrows, in maternal joy
Victorious she rises, unafraid;
Keeping her gracious guard about her
boy,
Calm, undismayed.

Kings have waged warfare, armies
lost and won,
Tyrants their battle-bolts long years
have hurled;
But lo! the Virgin and her little Son
Still rule the world.



Nestor—One of the horses we have known.

"Jennie"

By

M. Eldridge Clay

A WAY in the heart of the Coast Range, high above a winding, boulder-bedded river stands a little log cabin, long deserted as mutely told by the air of delapidation which prevails.

The chimney has nearly all fallen, the roof no longer keeps out the rain and snow of winter nor the hot sunshine of summer, and when the moon shines on its bare, bleached pine logs with its vacant doorway and sashless windows on either side showing black in contrast one might almost imagine it the skeleton face of some prehistoric monster left mouldering on the bleak mountain side.

Twenty-five years ago there lived in this lonely place one of those not uncommon individuals in this region, comprehensively if not politely termed a "squaw man." The reason that he lives there no longer is best told by himself.

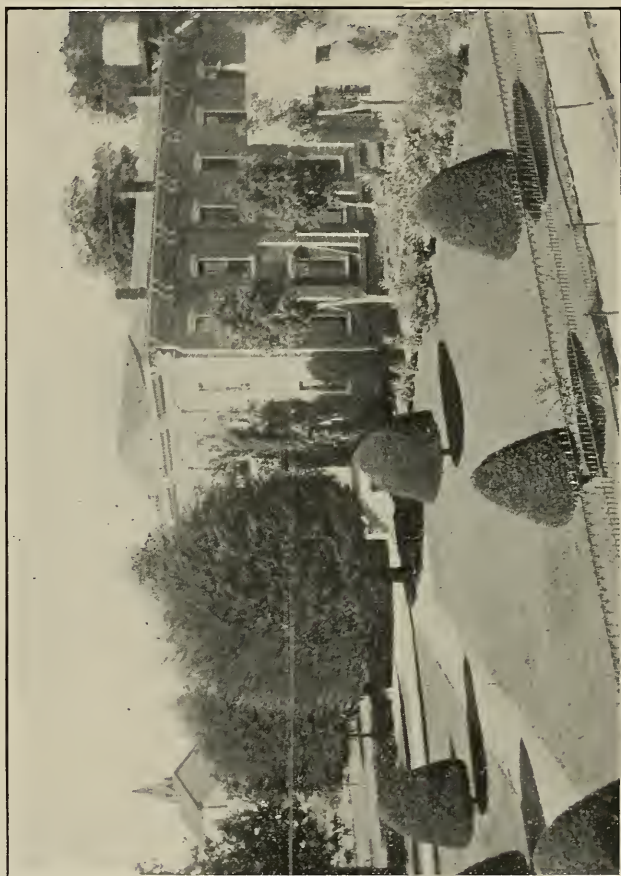
"Yes, Jennie was a half breed, but she couldn't 'a been a more true an' faithful a little woman if her skin had a been white instead of brown, with the red shinin' through on her cheeks like the blackberry leaves in the fall after the frost has touched em. She was pretty an' jolly, my Jennie was

an' made that little cabin up there a home I was always glad to get back to. Somehow I never could stay there after I lost her.

"For two years we lived there above the river that purrs like a dozin' panther cub in its nest, 'till the rains come or the snow melts high up in the mountains, then it wakes up an' growls an' roars, tryin' to tear evry-thing in reach into pieces. Many a poor human that has been caught tryin' to cross its treacherous fords, for there is nothin' for a horse to keep its footin' on, the bottom being covered with big smooth rocks.

"As I was sayin' we lived there for two years happy as could be. Then the man that had a claim joinin' mine brought his wife there. She was a lanky, steel trap jawed, meddlesome piece of calico, that made you scent trouble soon's you see her comin, but a body gets so lonesome up here in these mountains that most any sort o' company is welcome.

Well, 'twasn't long 'fore things began to be different at our house, somehow, nothin' much in particular, only Jennie seemed more quiet like than usual an' often when she thought I



Court House, Lakeport, Lake Co., Cal. (One of the delayed cuts.)



Four Generations in Mendocino.

wasn't noticin' I'd find her lookin' at me in a kind of inquirin' way. I didn't let on, thinkin' she'd soon speak if she had anything on her mind that was worryin' her.

Well, I'd about forgot about it when one evening when we were eating supper I said if it didn't rain in the morning I guessed I'd go to town for a day or so, it bein' quite a spell since I'd been there. Quick as a flash Jennie looked up with that queer look on her face again.

"You comin' back Frank?" she said, an' without waiting for me to answer she leaned toward me cross the table, all the red gone out of her cheeks an' her black eyes glōw'in' likē live coals.

Mrs. Jarvis she say some day you get tired of me an' leave me like Jim Dale left Mollie." She stopped with her hand to her throat like she was chokin'.

I just didn't try to answer her for I see she more'n half believed what that old cat had been tellin' her, so I thought I'd better give her time to think it over so I got up an' left the house. When I come in some time later, she was a settin' by the fire place workin' away at a basket like nothin' had happened.

I was up early next morning makin' ready for my trip to town, for though it had rained hard in the night it had cleared off 'cepten a few clouds in the east. As I rode out of the barn lot Jennie's little buckskin pony nickered an' pawed at his stall askin' to go 'long too, an' Jennie herself stood in the cabin door lookin' lonesome an' didn't pay any attention when I waved my hand.

I jogged along down toward the river which I knew to be pretty high from the roar of it. When I reached it I found it up mor'n I expected an' so muddy you couldn't begin to see the bottom. My horse didn't much like to tackle it but I gave him a dig or two

with the spurs an' in we went the water tumblin' an' sizzlin' round us like in a boilin' pot, 'nough to scare a fellow if he wasn't used to it but my horse was sure footed an' had been across so many times that it didn't bother me any.

Just as we floundered out on the other side I happened to look back an' there was Jennie on the little buckskin pony just goin' into the water on the other side. I hadn't heard her comin' on account of the noise of the river. I yelled to her loud as I could, to go back, for I knew 'twould swim the pony an' he didn't like water any too well anyhow, but she either didn't hear me or didn't care for she kept a comin', then I tried to go an' meet her but my horse had had enough water, an' I couldn't get him in again. I could see that the pony was havin' a pretty hard time of it, the water gettin' deeper on him ever step, it was half way up his sides then.

As I was trying hard to get my horse to go the way I wanted him to I heard Jennie scream. I just caught a glimpse of her as the water went over her, somehow, the pony had got foul of the current and had gone over and Jennie with him. I was off my horse as soon as I seen what had happened an' ruunin' down stream thinkin' the current would carry her near enough to the bank that I could save her I knew that was my only chance for it was no use to try to swim in that rough grindin' water but the undertow must of held her close to the bottom for I never saw her again. An' now I hate to hear the river when it is up for I can hear in the sound of it my Jennie's voice scaming for me to help her.

No, I never lived in the little cabin up there after that. "Becky?"

Well maybe she ain't much for pretty even for an Indian but there ain't no better cook in the county than "Becky." Meanwhile the forlorn little cabin on the mountain side, slowly crumbles to dust.



William Randolph Hearst is a six footer—a fine handsome fellow, with a brain, no doubt, in proportion to his body. But he has never done a days actual work mentally or physically in his life. He has tried to make his money do what only mental and physical labor can accomplish in America. Therefore he is not a success.



When I turn off the electric light, or turn down the gas in the back parlor, *it is economy*, when Hetty Green, whose money earns her ten dollars per minute, does the same thing *it is affectation*.



We all have our own idea about age and growing old, mine is this: No day of absolute self-forgetfulness is counted by Times Good Angel, and she leaves no record of it, in line or wrinkle, on the face of those whose lives are mostly sacrifice for others, in thought and deed.



EDITORIAL

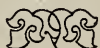
ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

A PROSPEROUS and happy New Year, to the readers of THE NORTHERN CROWN.

Sickness and storm have made this issue late, but those we cannot control, and against the elements, and the common afflictions, the power of human effort is unavailing. Therefore, we make no apology, just an explanation, with the promise of a beautiful February number, with pictures of the coast from Gualala to Needle Rock.

Descriptive articles from all points on the coast of Mendocino, are greatly desired, historical or otherwise. Now is the time to say something good about the land you live in.



THE NORTHERN CROWN

Assemblyman Johnson's Bill Forbidding Games of Chance.

For many centuries women have suffered from the results of gambling—gambling among men. Of all people to be commiserated, in this world of confusion and frequent misery, stands first the gambler's wife. But lo! what has been "sauce for the gander," is now "sauce for the goose," and in the realm of polite society, a loss at cards by feminine gamesters, to large amounts is not infrequent.

The tables have turned, and the check book of "hubby dear" is now frequently touched, by the wife's run of bad luck, to say nothing of the bad temper and nervous strain of midnight vigils, waiting for the return from club, and social function, of fair women who tempt by wager the fickle Goddess, Chance.

Do men meet this new order of things with a spirit similar to the long sufferance of women? No, man lies himself to the halls of legislation with a measure for relief from this new condition. How quickly indeed, does he appeal for a cure for his financial hurt and moral discomfort.

We see, in this, the possibilities of a great gambling reform. Patience has not prevailed—tears have been unavailing—prayers have failed. Why not fight this devil of unrest, with his own weapons? Fire, pitch and brimstone, we are told, are effective with the devil orthodox.

Therefore, ladies, gamble—gaily gamble—at club, and tea, and every function where cards and games are possible. Make reform, by law absolutely necessary, and man to reach your follies and irregularities will pass the measures that at last will cure himself. This Boomerang of Johnson's is most fit. Do not oppose it—but gamble, ladies gamble.

New San Francisco Business Directory.

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Commercial Art Co. Cor. West Mission and Brady Sts. Phone Special 1514.

L. E. White Lumber Co. F. C. Drew Pres. 38 Stuart St. Telephone Temporary 2536.

Union Lumber Company. Monadnock Building. Phone Temporary 2260.

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For Sale—"Travelers Home" property, 1320 acres, 12 miles from Willits, Round

Valley, Ukiah and Potter Valley roads join at this place. 200 acres, fine farming land, balance range, good timber and plenty of water, 5 miles of new woven wire fence, 2 good family orchards, splendid mineral springs, good house 15 rooms newly papered and furnished, furniture to go with place, old established wayside Inn, would make fine resort, or hunting lodge, as it is surrounded by best hunting and fishing country. Address Travelers Home Willits P. O. Cal.

For Sale. A property on immediate coast. Store building and well estab-

 Real Estate Continued on the Next Page.

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The Springs are too well known locally to need recommendation.

The bath is a luxury, and the cures effected by the waters, almost miraculous.

Situated 15 miles from Ukiah, on the headwaters of Big River.

Address J. L. ORR Orr's P. O. For pamphlet, and particulars.

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THE NORTHERN CROWN

lished business, good will. Modern dwelling house with every convenience. One and one half acres of land. To sell, with or without stock of merchandise. For terms address THE NORTHERN CROWN.

For Sale. A fine property 15 miles from the coast, 2 miles from the railroad, 211 acres, 50 under culture, good orchard. Good dwelling house, a store, barn and out buildings. Fine stand for public house, 3 horses, 3 wagons, 20 head of cattle. All kinds of farm implements and household furniture. Redwood timber sufficient for 20,000 ties. For reasons not connected with business, the owner wishes to go to a distant country. Price \$6000. Address THE NORTHERN CROWN.

For Sale. A magnificent property, four miles from Hopland. 700 acres of land, 400 suitable for grape planting, 26 acres now planted in wine grapes, vines bearing. About 8 acres in family orchard, 150 acres cultivated to hay and grain. Comfortable house of 7 rooms, barn and out-buildings 10 cottage bedrooms fully equipped for summer boarders. Dining hall 22 by 40. Parlor 20 by 22. 14 head of horses, 30 head of cattle. A variety of the finest mineral springs in California, on the property. Price \$26,000. Write THE NORTHERN CROWN.

10,000 acres fenced and cross fenced with redwood posts and barbed wire, together with improvements consisting of two good dwelling houses, barns, corrals, blacksmith shop, outbuildings, private bridge across the Humboldt river and dam in the river at the easterly or upper end of the ranch. This ranch extends along the Humboldt river for a distance of six miles, one and one half on each side of the river, and about 6,000 acres is river bottom land, which will grow alfalfa or nearly any agriculture product. Forty acres was set to alfalfa two years ago as a test, and it is an entire success.

Alfalfa can be cut three times a year, after the second year, averaging three

tons of hay per acre each cutting. Every acre of this land in growing alfalfa can be sold at any time for \$100 per acre, and the Central Pacific railroad company is now selling bottom land, unimproved and without water, at from \$10 to \$15 per acre.

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THE
NORTHERN CROWN



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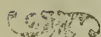
A. D. SCOTT, MANAGER.

Greenwood,

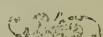
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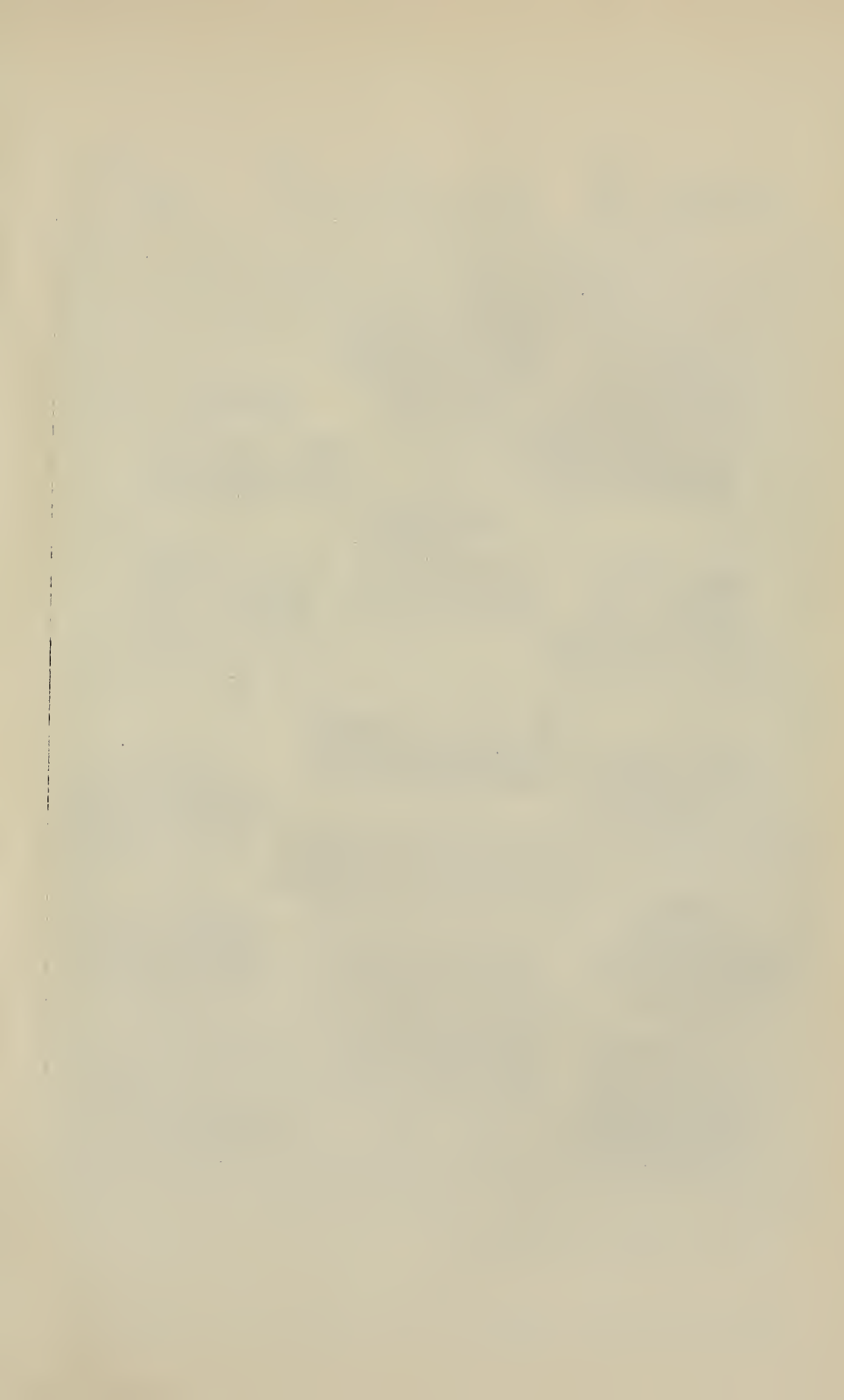
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Port Bragg

Cal.





Photos taken and arranged by W. T. Fitch, of Fort Bragg, Cal.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL., MARCH, 1907.

NO. 7.

Fort Bragg



Mendocino County

A Historical Sketch.

By W. T. Fitch

A TIME there was, of comparatively recent geologic date, when the snow-crowned Rockies looked westward over the Pacific, and saw not the sunny land of California.

The waves of the ocean rolled over what is now the garden spot of North America. A mighty upheaval, which rocked the planet, threw up into the sunlight the Coast Range and still later, another giant earthquake raised the western shore still higher above the sea.

The old beach line is plainly traceable along the Mendocino coast. The boulders and pebbles lie in strata high up on the face of the cliffs just below the soil deposits and are arranged according to size, from the huge boulders at the bottom, graduating upward to the fine sand at the top, the whole cemented loosely together by silt impregnated with iron and other minerals, these results of the age-long beating of the tides of that long ago time, are of the upper igneous strata, which seems to be of volcanic origin, and to have

flowed over the original granite and basalt bed rock of which materials the pebbles and sand of the present beach are composed.

It is a question still in dispute among scientists as to when, and how, the deposits of coal, oil, and metals which so largely contribute to the comfort and progress of man, occurred, but this much we do know, that they lay for centuries hidden from the eye and hand of man waiting for the "due time" to come for the need of them.

Countless ages, was the earth in preparation for man, and it seems that many more must pass ere both the earth as a residence, and man as its occupant, shall reach perfect conditions—if ever. But we see due progress, both in building and in tearing down that which was builded upon an uncertain foundation. So that it does not seem so wild a thought that the golden age, the hope of all created beings, may yet dawn.

This brings us to that greatest and still unsolved riddle of all time—

MAN, and we give it up. We shall take him as we find him and curiously enough, the native specimens that formerly inhabited Mendocino were, and are ignorant of their origin.

However, in their religious beliefs, we find Mono-Theistic tradition which tallies remarkably well with that of the Bible. There can be no reasonable doubt that the American Indian sprang from Mongolian stock, but BEFORE the religion of the Mongols became what they are today. All of which might point to a common origin for all mankind.

In connection with the Mongolians it is worthy of note that Mr. Lyman L. Palmer, in his history of Mendocino County, wrote in 1880 in regard to the forcible ejection of the Indian from his native soil by right of might, and condemning the treatment accorded the helpless native by his powerful oppressor, as follows:

"From the eastern shores of the Mongolian sea of humanity the first rippling waves of the on-coming flood tide of immigration is beginning to lap gently on our strand; but far away down toward the middle of the next century we can hear the full roar of the breakers of that great wave of humanity beating and dashing against the shore line of the Pacific, and the country is deluged and flooded with a race not so unlike the red-man - - - .

Then will our children and our children's children know and feel what we have caused the aboriginal inhabitant of this fair land to feel." Gentle reader, twenty-seven years of the probable seventy-five, has already passed since the above was written, and in the light of the controversy between California and the "Big Stick" over the Jap, and the

efforts of the Golden State to prevent Mongolian immigration, seem to bear out the historian and to mark him as a prophet.

DISCOVERY.

The California coast north of San Francisco, was a "Terra Incognita" up to the year 1775, when a small, dark complexioned gentleman by the name of Lieutenant Juan Francisco De La Bodega y Quadre, sailed into the bay now called Bodega Bay, and who, on his departure left a portion of his name. (Which he could easily spare.)

Beyond the employment of Pit and Whip-saws, to obtain the necessary lumber for the construction of his Hacienda and the omnipresent church, the early Spanish lords of California looked upon the giant Redwood merely as affording shade in which to enjoy a siesta, or smoke a cigarette.

In 1811, the Russian governor of Sitka, Alaska, which country was sterile and illy supported the population, sent an expedition down the coast in search of a place where grain might be grown for shipment to Alaska.

Alex. Koshoff, commanding the expedition, took possession for Russia of all the land lying between Pt. Reyes and Pt. Arena, for a distance of three leagues inland, claiming right of purchase from the Indians. Landing at Bodega bay, a fine harbor, he remained a while, calling the bay "Romanzoff," and the stream now known as Russian river, "Slav-ianca."

Now the King of Spain, a frugal gentleman, of "Trust" proclivities, claimed all the country even unto the Straits of Fuca. And upon learning that the Russians were snugly

housed at Bodega bay and like to remain indefinitely, ordered them to depart. During their residence, the Russians had established farms a few miles inland and built a warehouse, at the bay, in which to store the results of their labor while awaiting shipment to Alaska. Finding that the Spanish, and Indians, offered strong opposition to their project, the necessity for the erection of suitable defenses was considered. A location was found in the present site of Fort Ross which afforded all that they could desire.

A fort, wharf, warehouse, tannery, church and suitable residences were constructed. This was about the year 1820. These hardy Muscovites doubtless produced the first lumber that was cut north of San Francisco. Both pit and whip-saw being employed, and quite a large quantity of lumber cut and shipped, presumably to Alaska.

The Russians also had a small settlement at Russian Gulch, near Mendocino, where they grew wheat. These thrifty Russians also seemed to have grasped the modern idea of "Frenzied Finance," for, finding that they could no longer hold the coast (an understanding having been reached by their government with the Spaniards) they sold the lands and personal property, consisting of all the lands lying between Pt. Reyes and Pt. Mendocino, and one league inland, to Capt. John A. Sutter for \$30,000.

This purchase proved a "gold brick" to poor Capt. Sutter who had imagined himself a multi-millionaire, for the Russian title was, of course, valueless. This incident robs the account of the hasty farewell to Fort Ross, of much of its pathos.

A large and prosperous village was Fort Ross at that time, and the people, some 400 souls, were contented and happy, but a sudden awakening came when orders were received for the entire population to repair without delay, to San Francisco for embarkation for Alaska. The bells in the chapel towers were rung and the cannon discharged this being the usual method of convocating the people for some special purpose.

So everything was suspended just there. The husbandman left his plow standing in the half turned furrow, and unloosed his oxen, never again to yoke them, leaving them to wander at will over the fields. The mechanic dropped his planes and saws on the bench, leaving the half smoothed board still in the vice, the tanner left his tools where he was using them, and doffed his apron never to don it again in California. As soon as the entire population was assembled, Commander Rotcheff arose and read the orders. Very sad and unwelcome indeed was this intelligence, but the edict was official and with autocratic power behind it, which called for instant obedience. Thus were 400 people made homeless by a word. Time was only given to gather up a few household effects, with some of the choicest mementos, and they were hurried on board the ships. Scarcely time was given to those whose loved ones were sleeping in the graveyard nearby, to pay a last sad visit to their resting place. Embarkment was commenced at once. Thus was an Arcady made desolate in an hour. (1836.)

BEGINNING OF THE LUMBER INDUSTRY.

Most of the lumber used in Cal-

ifornia previous to 1843 came from the Sandwich Islands. Some little of it came around the Horn and a little was sawed in California with pit and whip-saws. Lumber was worth at this time \$300 to \$600 per thousand. Although a considerable quantity of lumber was cut at Fort Ross, this was presumably shipped to Alaska and none found its way into the markets of California.

The first mill erected in the redwood belt was built at Bodega bay by Stephen Smith whose ship, the "George and Henry," of New England, cast anchor here in 1840. Smith was a Yankee skipper and not lacking in the world-renowned Yankee trait of far-sighted business sagacity. His speculative eye immediately fell upon the rank on rank of giant redwoods that crowned the hills surrounding the bay, and after landing and inspecting the timber he sailed at once for New England to purchase saw mill machinery. He returned to Bodega bay in 1843 and at once proceeded to erect a combined saw and grist mill. When the plant was completed he, with true Yankee enterprise, invited "whosoever would" to celebrate the event with him.

A large delegation from the Mission of San Rafael and Santa Rosa as well as vaqueros from the ranchos came over the trail to Bodega. Gen. Vallejo and other notables were present and all partook of bread made from flour milled before their very eyes by the wonderful steam engine which also, at the same time sawed the planks which formed the festal board.

Thus began the relentless war of the merciless saw with the unresisting monarchs of the arboreal world—the Sequoia. Although at that early date the weapons of the lumbermen, the gang sash and single circular, were considered almost miraculous, it is interesting to note the advance in the manufacture of machinery which has replaced these by the band and double circular saws, and the cant hook and ox teams with which the logs were handled, with the Donkey engine and steel cable of

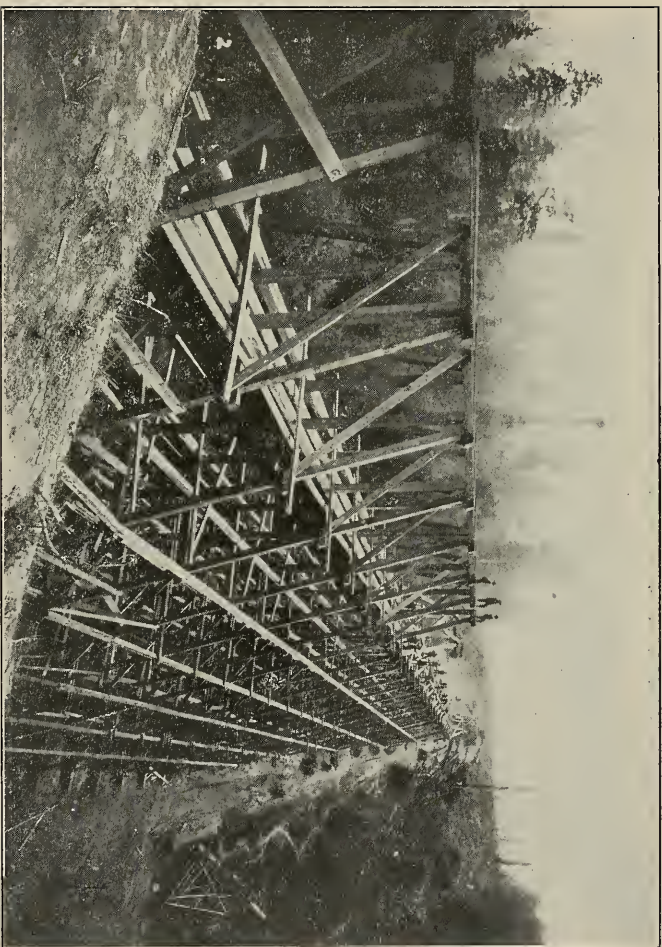
the present.

About the year 1845 an unknown vessel, laden with silk, was cast upon the beach at the mouth of the Noyo river, and when the fact became known at Bodega bay a vessel, carrying a number of people immediately sailed for the Noyo. While there the extensive forests were observed and as a result, Harry Meiggs, with the brig "Ontario" sailed for Noyo harbor. Instead, however, of landing at the Noyo, (in the Indian tongue "Chim-a-le-be-dah" meaning "brush river") he landed at Big river. (The harbor bearing the Indian name of "Bool-dam," meaning blow-holes, of which there were many in the bay.)

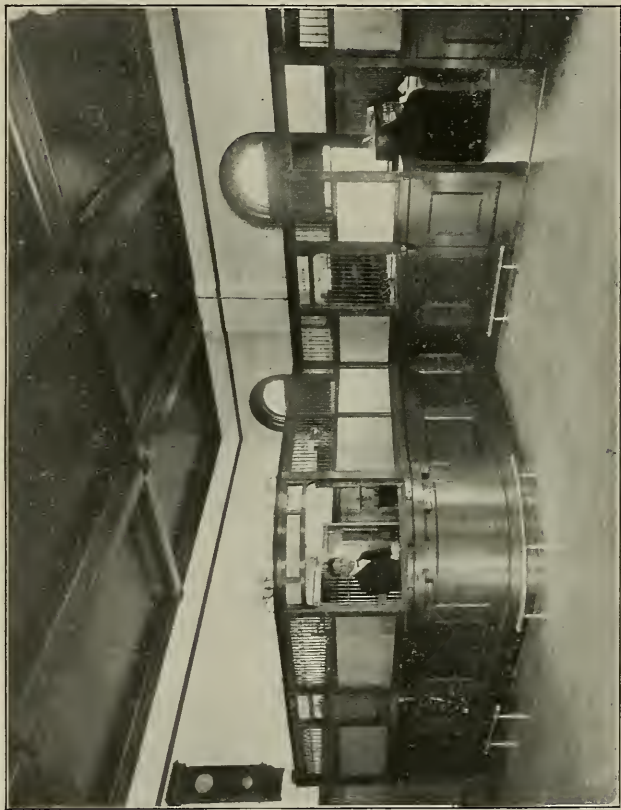
This was in 1850-51, and the mill was erected at the site of the present landing. The present mill site being chosen later. In 1852 George Hagenmeyer, representing Capt. Richardson, landed and built a mill at Noyo three miles from its mouth, but in February 1853, while Hagenmeyer was absent in San Francisco purchasing machinery for his mill, the Indians raided the cabins and the unfinished mill structure, driving the occupants away and annexing whatever pleased them quite in the fashion of their white brothers. Three guns, which were in one of the buildings, were left, the Indians being afraid of them.

In March, '55, Geo. Hagenmeyer returned from San Francisco on the steamer "Water Witch" with machinery, one single circular saw and an edger, and finished the mill, which was run by water power. Capacity, 8,000 ft. daily. This mill run for a few months only, being carried away by a freshet in January, 1854. In 1852 a steam mill was built at Albion, by Capt. Richardson, having a capacity of 1,000 feet daily, and in 1853 this mill was remodeled by Messrs. Dallas, Davidson and McPherson, and its capacity increased to 35,000 feet daily.

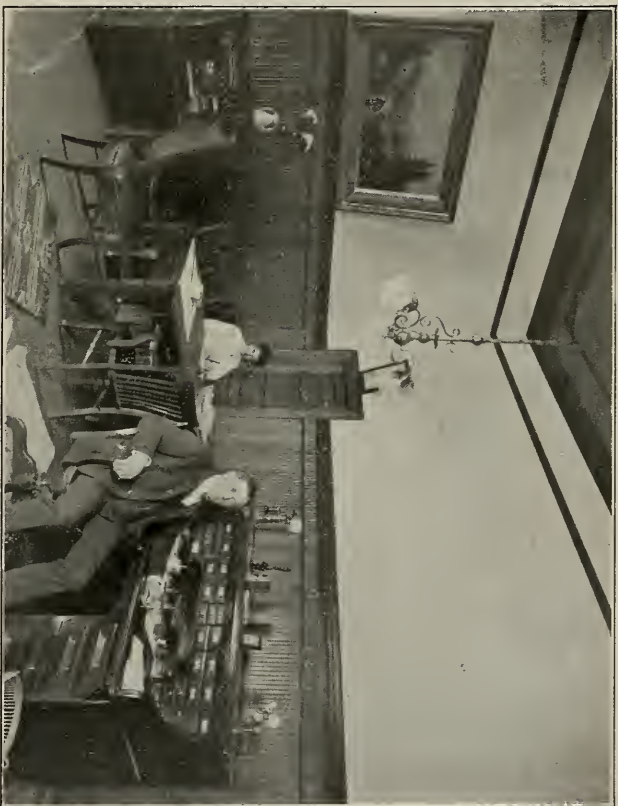
With the Albion mill we have no further concern except to say that in some correspondence between Messrs. Dallas and McPherson, Mr. McPherson, writing from his San



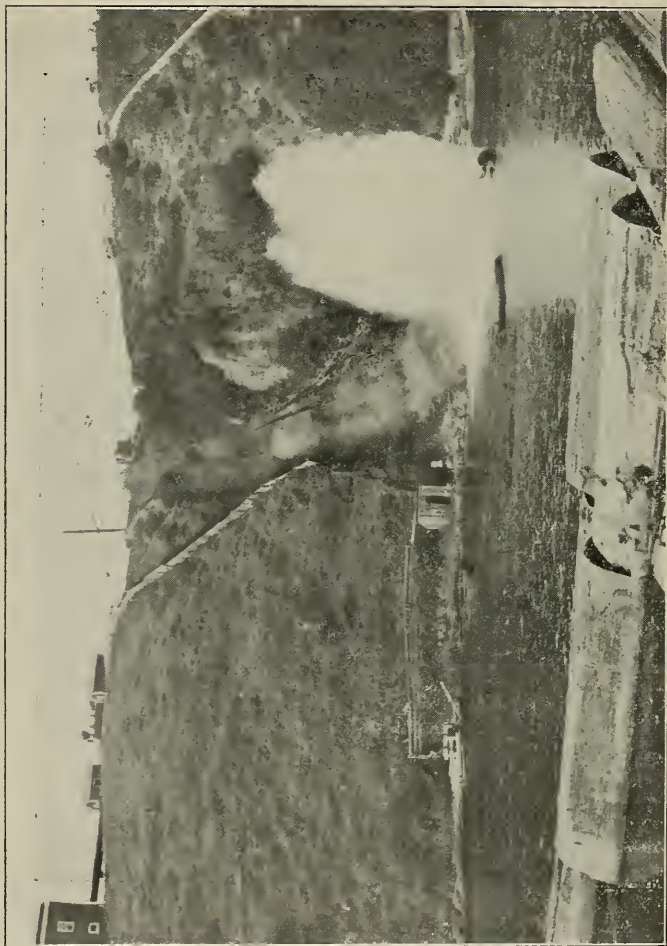
Highest Trestle in Mendocino county, in course of construction, near Caspar.
(Photo by Fitch.)



Interior Bank of Fort Bragg. (Photo by Fitch.)



Office of Pres. H. A. Weller, Bank of Fort Bragg. (Photo by Fitch.)



Log Dump and Pond, Caspar.

(Photo by Fitch.)

Francisco office under date May 31, 1855, spoke of the Albion mill as being the largest mill in California. This was after the improvements mentioned above, were made. Mr McPherson also spoke of the low price of lumber at that time, \$20.00 per thousand. This would indicate that building operations and shipping facilities were on a small scale in those days, although, in 1843, thirteen years before, lumber was worth \$300 to \$600 per thousand. Only a small quantity of lumber being sufficient to overstock the market, while at the present time a great many million feet are cut in Washington, Oregon and California every month, finding a ready sale at good prices, and the world for a market.

In 1858 the mill on the Noyo flat, the site of which is now marked by a few decaying timbers, was built by Mr. A. W. McPherson and equipped with a 20-saw gang sash, and a 72 inch circular. Capacity, 35,000 feet daily.

On a high cliff to the north of, and overlooking the mill and town of Noyo, Mr. McPherson built a beautiful home which still stands, although pitifully decayed and broken down. The large and hospitable rooms, the wide verandas, the spacious grounds, all are eloquent of the past. How many of those that once, in the full tide of life, passed in and out at that door, or essayed the path down the cliff to the river; held revel on the lawns of moonlit evenings, or gathered before the cheerful grate, now know the old home?

The mill, the heart that once throbbed with the life of the little colony, has long been silent. And out on the north shore of the harbor, covered by the vines of the faithful myrtle that has survived where all other flowers have long since given up the struggle, lie the dead of that early day. The restless tides beat against the cliffs at the edge of the forgotten little cemetery. But the slumbers of those that rest there are unbroken. The records on the stones that survive, some lying prone and almost hidden by vegetation, tell of those born in many

lands, but gathered here to lie side by side awaiting the call of the Millennial morning.

THE INDIAN, AND THE LONG ARM OF HIS "UNCLE SAMUEL."

Shortly before the year 1856 Thos. J. Henly, Indian Agent for California, sent out an expedition from San Francisco which followed the coast northward to some point in northern California in quest of a suitable location for a reservation whereon to assemble the various Indian tribes of this section of the state. A complete report of this expedition including a map, is now in the possession of Judge F. A. Whipple of Fort Bragg, whose uncle was once Indian Agent of the Mendocino Reservation.

NOTE.

We are indebted to Mr. George Cortez, F. D. White, H. A. Weller, Mr. Billings, S. S. H. Puck, and Mrs. Emily Bunner, for much of the data contained in this article. We also quote from a history of Mendocino County by A. N. Palmer, (1880.)

The valleys inland, and the favorable locations along the coast, each held its tribe of Indians. The U-kies a peaceful people, held sway from the Sanel valley northward to Eel river, or near the Humboldt line, eastward to the watershed of the Sacramento, and west to the ocean.

All tribal names within this territory were subdivisions of this tribe. The Sanel-pomo (pomo meaning people) at Hopland, below Ukiah; the Yo-kai-ah's of Ukiah valley; the Cul-pa-lau pomo, at Calpella; the She-bal-ne pomo in Sherwood valley (called by the Indians "Che-hul-e-kai" North valley,) the Cal-a-yo pomo, of Little Lake ("Ma-tom-ki meaning Big valley,) also of Mendocino, on the coast, the Wy-lack-ies of Round valley (called "Me-sha-kai" the valley of long grass) the Cah-to pomo (Cah, water, and to, mush, from a muddy lake that was once there) all these and many more were of the "U-kie" tribe.

The streams adjacent to Fort Bragg were called by the Indians as fol-

lows: What is known as Ten Mile river was "Be-dah-to" mush river, from the quick sand at its mouth. Pudding creek, another scandalously prosaic name, was "Noy-o" meaning sand dunes. We now call the "Chim-e-le-be-dah," brush river, Noyo. Big river was called, "Bool-dam," meaning blow-holes, and the Albion river was "Kah-da-to-lah," crooked river.

The above mentioned expedition for the selection of a site for the proposed reservation was but the first step in the annihilation of the Indian. The right of the redman to the lands held by him for un-numbered generations, that of prior discovery and occupation, availed him nothing. The white man required his domain, and having no power of resistance, the Indian must needs yield.

As a result of the report of this expedition, two sites were selected and occupied, the Round Valley reservation, and the Mendocino reservation, the latter located one mile north of the Noyo river, and later called Fort Bragg.

Capt. H. L. Ford was the first Indian Agent, and who established stations at various points over the reservation, which extended from Noyo to Ten Mile river and comprised 24,000 acres. Stations were established at Culle-Bulle, a half mile south of the Noyo, in charge of John Simpson, at Bald Hill, with M. C. Doherty as sub-agent, and at Ten Mile river, in charge of Major Lewis.

In 1857 Lieut. Gibson (now General Gibson, U. S. A., retired) in command of a detachment said to be either the 4th or 9th U. S. Infantry, established Fort Bragg, naming it after Gen. Braxton Bragg, then department commander of California, and later of the Confederate army. Lieut. Gibson at once began the work of gathering the Indians within the prescribed limits of the reservation.

There were at that time about 5,000 Indians in Mendocino County, and of these about 2,000 were gathered on the Mendocino reservation.

There were the Santa Rosas, Chief

Mateo; the Humboldts, Chief Captain Tom; the Klamath and Pitt River Indians; also, nearer home, the Cal-a-yo's, Chief Capt. George, whose home was at Bool-dam (Big River) and who also claimed Little Lake valley during one season of the year; and the Cam-a-lel pomo, Chief Cal-mas, whose home was on the present site of Fort Bragg. The last remnant of this once large and powerful tribe are located at old Chim-a-le-be-dah (Noyo). A remnant, some over a hundred years old, that wait only for that oblivion to which their once prosperous and happy tribe has departed.

We wish to lay special stress on the identity and location of both the Cal-a-yo and the Cam-a-lel tribes, as there are a great many contradictory authorities on this matter, and it may be stated here that whatever may have been published, or whatever statements may hereafter be published in regard to this matter, will, if contradictory to our presentations, be erroneous. In support of our contention we offer the indisputable evidence of the son-in-law of Cal-mas, Chief of the Cam-a-lel's who is a respected citizen of Fort Bragg, and our most efficient night police, Mr. George Cortez.

Mr. Cortez was born in Malaga, Spain, and came to the United States at the age of eleven years, making the voyage in charge of Capt. David McFarland, an uncle of Mr. Austin Lord. Mr. Cortez came to the coast in 1864 and was with the second government survey of the western part of the County, by Mr. Ingalls. This survey was secured through the efforts of Mr. A. W. McPherson.

At the conclusion of the survey Mr. Cortez was united in marriage to "Che-na-ka" the beautiful daughter of Cal-mas, Chief of the Cam-a-lel Indians. Che-na-ka was a princess of her tribe, and of rare beauty and intelligence.

Mr. Cortez then settled on a fine ranch on the south fork of the Noyo, where he engaged in cattle raising, hunting and trapping, being an expert in the latter. With his later history, and with his children, who

are respected citizens of Fort Bragg, all are acquainted.

Chief Cal-mas was a tall, broad-shouldered, and very handsome Indian, and a friend of the white man, being of great assistance to Agent Whipple in detecting and punishing evildoers, either white or Indian. He died at his home on O-be-dah creek (the small stream south of Newport.)

To return to the founding of Fort Bragg, we beg to cite no less an authority for the location of the various buildings comprising the Post, than Mr. S. S. H. Puck who was a soldier in Co. A, 9th U. S. Infantry, Capt. Fairfield, who was stationed here in 1864. Mr. Puck is a respected citizen of Fort Bragg and kindly gave us the facts in regard to the location of the government buildings comprising the Fort.

The parade ground lay between the west side of Main street, and the east side of Franklin street; south to the Grand Hotel site, where the officers quarters were located, that being the south side of the quadrangle. The hospital stood on the knoll north of the U. L. Co.'s store, where Mr. C. R. Johnson's residence now stands, later being moved down the hill to the west and is now occupied by Mr. L. Feider as a residence. The guard house, that drear place of repentance, still stands in the rear of the Company's store. The U. L. Co.'s barn east of the round house was the Quartermaster's barn and the corral attached thereto was used for the Officers mounts; while the old barn which stood near the railroad track just north of the lumber yards, and the barn west of the depot, gave shelter to the bovine members of the community.

The Fort and Reservation was abandoned about 1867, the Indians being removed to Round Valley.

From 1874 to 1884, McPherson & Wetherbee of Noyo, used the present site of Fort Bragg as a ranch, there being some 200 acres of land available hereabouts for farming purposes. Mr. Ed. Barnett was foreman of the ranch, and still con-

tinues with us, being located at Noyo.

After the abandonment of the Noyo mill, the machinery of which was moved to Albion, the Ten Mile River Co. removed to Fort Bragg about 1885, and re-organized under the name of the Fort Bragg Redwood Company, building a mill at Fort Bragg.

Many citizens of Noyo had been from time to time moving up to Fort Bragg, especially after the Noyo mill was abandoned, until quite a settlement was formed.

Foreseeing what was to come, Mr. D. Cory was employed to survey and plat a townsite here, the place growing rapidly.

With the rise of Fort Bragg, others of the towns on the coast, began to wane. From the first, sound business methods, combined with great enterprise, marked the Fort Bragg Redwood Co. as an exceptional concern. And when, about 1890, the Noyo and Fort Bragg companies consolidated to form the Union Lumber Co. under the efficient management of Messrs. C. R. Johnson and Calvin Stewart, there was left no doubt about its future.

Since its organization, the Union Lumber Co. has passed through many trying periods such as have wrecked many other such enterprises.

Throughout the business depression of 1896-97 which wrecked scores of large companies and hundreds of lesser ones throughout the United States, the Union Lumber Co. continued operations. Some 500 persons were given employment, enabling them to live comfortably through the hard times, while all other mills on the coast were shut down.

That was a death grapple for the U. L. Co., but its president, Mr. C. R. Johnson, and superintendent, W. P. Plummer, were of the sternest stuff and never for an instant gave ground. Their troubles were not over with the return of good times, however, for, after a few years devoted to enlarging their plant and rendering it more effect-

ive, they were involved in a strike both in San Francisco and Fort Bragg that cost their Company many thousands of dollars. After winning this struggle at such cost, they still continued to make extensive improvements in their plant, which is now one of the finest in the world.

When, last April, fate dealt them another blow in the shape of an earthquake, it truly seemed that their troubles never were to end. This catastrophe damaged the Union Lumber Co. heavily, but President Johnson and Superintendent White were hard at work making repairs almost before old mother earth had recovered from her chill.

Since that time extensive improvement work has gone steadily on, until at this time there is no better plant anywhere. Last year, 1906, in spite of the shut-down caused by the earthquake, the Union Lumber Co. cut about twice as much lumber as any mill in Mendocino County.

In 1902 the Union Lumber Co.'s plant was the largest redwood manufacturing plant in the world; but since that time some larger mills have been built in Humboldt County. However, the Union Lumber Co. stand third in the list of redwood mills, cutting about five million feet of lumber per month.

The management of the Union Lumber Co. have ever been distinguished by their consideration for the interests of their employees. Many who have met with accident while in their employ, have received assistance commensurate with their needs, and it has always been noteworthy that Mr. Plummer, Mr. Johnson, or Mr. White have been among the first to assist in accident or sickness. Logging at its best is a dangerous business, and many a poor fellow has been made glad even on a bed of pain, by the quiet word to the hospital physician: "Take the best of care of him, and charge it to the Company."

From its organization to the present time, the U. L. Co. have always paid the highest wages consistent with the price of their product. They have had but one difficulty

with the employees, and in that the question of wages was never raised. They have always raised wages with the market, and that voluntarily. In addition to their extensive lumber transactions, the Railroad, under Supt. French, equipped with six oil-burning locomotives, and operating over 20 miles of track, not only supplies the logs to the mill, but runs a passenger train which yields a handsome yearly profit.

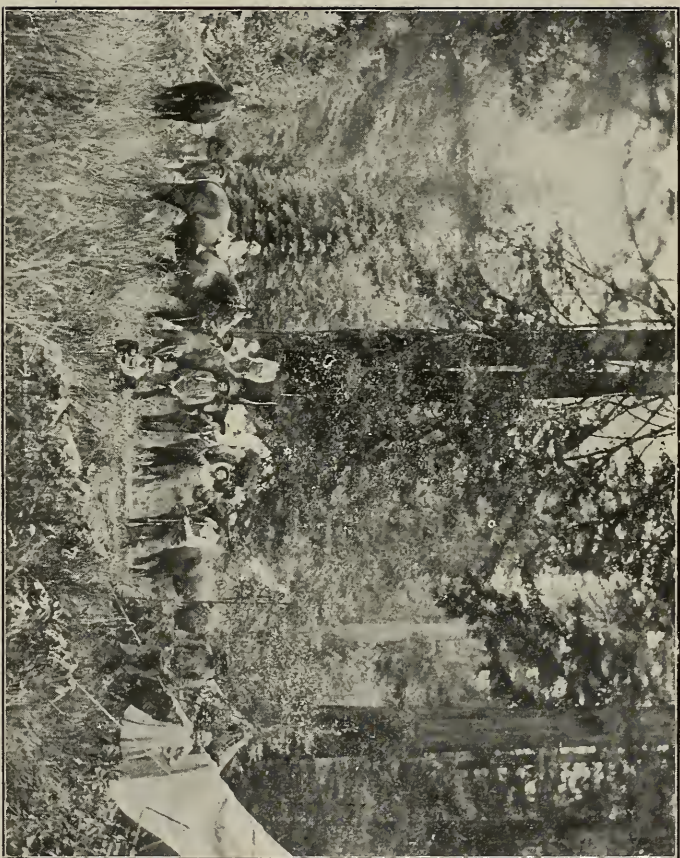
The mercantile department is under the management of Mr. W. F. Fuller, and is easily first in point of volume of business over any house in Fort Bragg.

The bank of Fort Bragg, under the management of the President, Mr. H. A. Weller, our Pioneer Banker and Real Estate Dealer, and the Cashier, Mr. J. W. E. Weller, is a "safe, sane and conservative" place to put your money. A photo of the bank accompanies this article. This institution has grown with the town until it is now a model of what a bank should be.

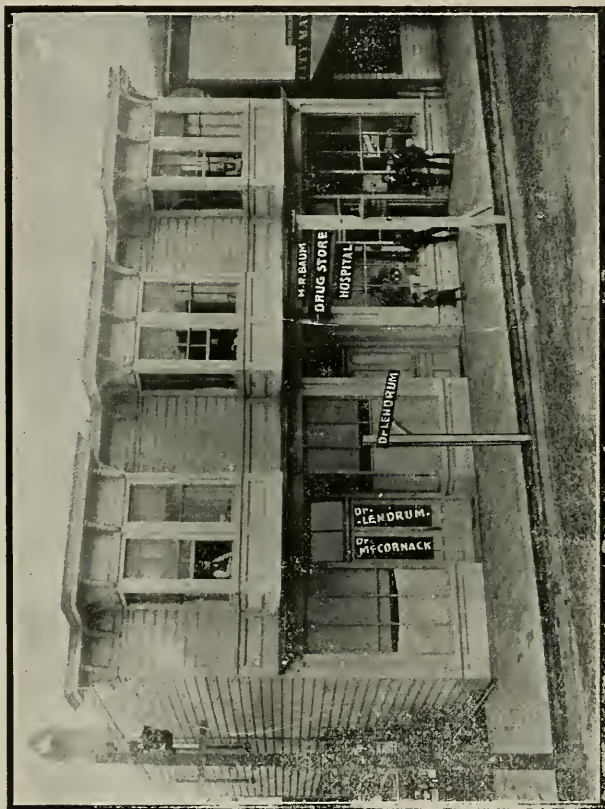
The postmaster, Eri Huggins, whose popularity has kept him right at the old stand for the past 16 years (with the exception of Cleveland's second term, and who has just been appointed to succeed himself) grinding out the daily grist of letters, papers and parcels to the anxious throng who daily put the same old question: "Anything for me?" thousands of times over, until if it were not for the lock boxes, of which there are 500 in the office, the poor man would now be in the "Nut College" at Ukiah. He reports that during the month of December, 1906, he handled 1200 registered packages, sold \$412.00 in stamps and \$17,711.00 in money transfers. 2500 people get mail at the Fort Bragg postoffice, which is a sufficient indication that there is "something doing" up here in the woods.

The assessed valuation of our personal and real property is \$500,000.

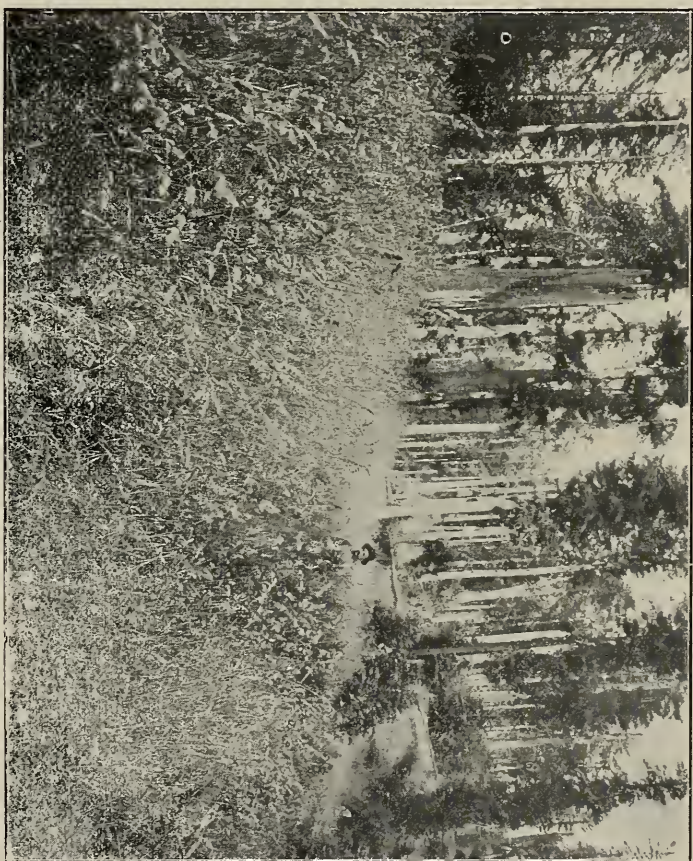
Dr. B. A. Lendrum, owner and physician in charge of the Fort Bragg Hospital, has made himself and the hospital famous. The doctor is an able and conscientious practi-



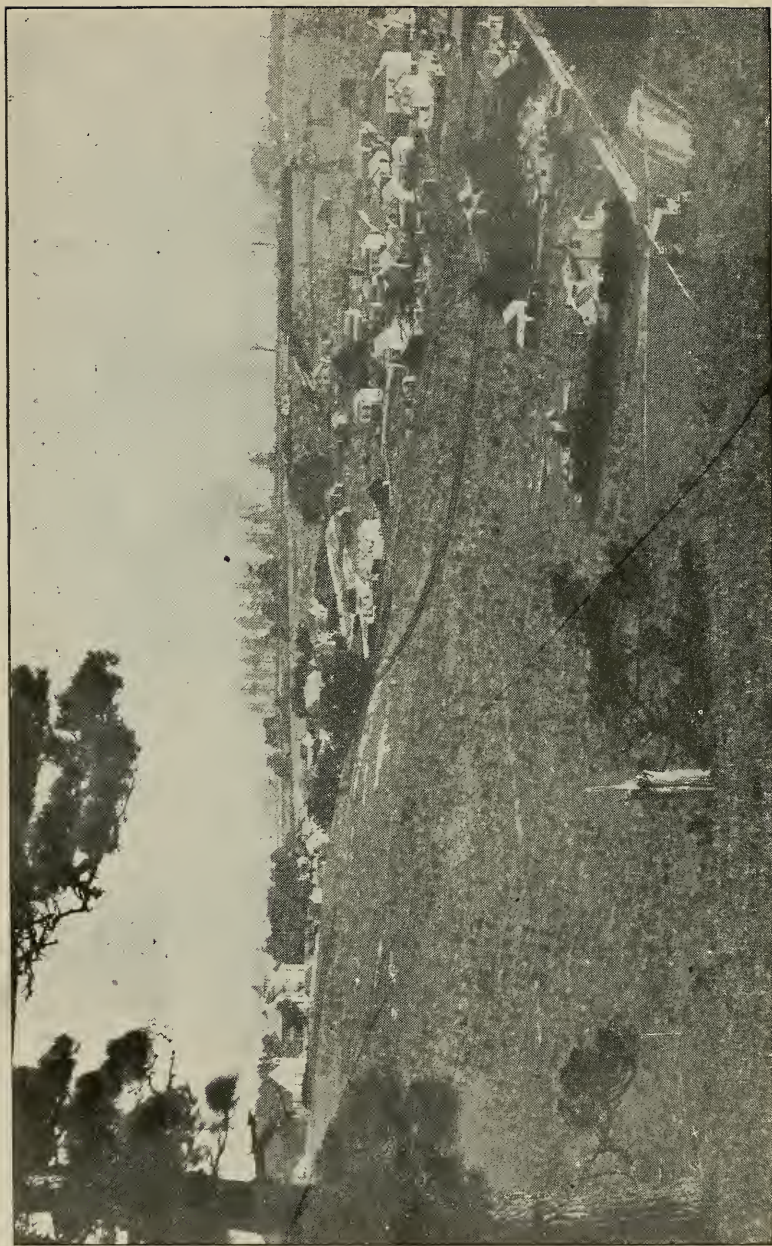
Mountain Park in Mendocino, on extension of the California Northwestern
R. R., Sherwood valley.



Fort Bragg Hospital.
Dr. Birney A. Lendrum, Supt.



Orchard Grass on the Lands of the Union Lumber Company, Fort Bragg, Cal.



Town of Point Arena.

(Photo by Fairbanks.)

tioner and a thorough gentleman. Beside Dr. Lendrum there are also four other physicians and three dentists located here.

H. R. Baum owns and directs the Fort Bragg Drug Store. This is another business house we are proud of. Mr. Baum is a graduate chemist, pharmacist and optician, and so energetic and successful that he comes as near being in three places at once as lies in mortal flesh to do.

Shafsky Bros., who began business here about 12 years ago, with a small stock of merchandise, have made every man, woman, child and yellow dog, in western Mendocino County their friend. The earthquake destroyed a two-story brick store for them, and on the first anniversary of their loss finds them installed in their new building which is the finest on the coast.

Mr. Peter Hardell is another man who lost a two-story brick store building. He too, has rebuilt and looks as serene as ever.

Should any cry, "A Horse! A Horse! my kingdom for a Horse!" Mr. George Switzer, one of our pioneers, a gentleman who is well and favorably known from one end of the county to the other, would supply the distressed one at a relatively nominal figure from his well stocked livery stable.

Mr. George Smith presides over a large stock of furniture such as is not commonly found even in small cities.

But we should have the reader on the run, or sound asleep, if we continued with the long list of deserving business houses, therefore, for your better information we will put the matter more briefly. If you are interested in knowing our resources just glance over the following:

Fort Bragg has a 6,000-light, elec-

trict light and power plant, the property of the Union Lumber Co.; complete water and sewerage systems; cement side-walks and well graded streets, lighted by electricity even to the remotest settled districts; 2 general merchandise houses; 1 exclusive grocery; 3 grocery and meat markets; 2 bakeries; 2 hardware stores; 3 tailor shops; 3 clothing and 2 drug stores, all exclusive; 1 furniture store, 1 shoe shop; 4 blacksmith shops; 15 hotels, American, Swedish, Finnish, Italian; (3 restaurants); 8 confectionery and notion stores; 6 churches; 2 Grammar and 1 High schools; 2 bottling works; 1 hospital; 1 gun and bicycle shop; 3 livery stables; 2 jewelry stores; 4 millinery and ladies furnishing establishments; 1 theatre, seating capacity 1000; the largest and best equipped photograph gallery between San Francisco and Eureka; 1 sash, door, moulding and box factory; 4 barber shops; and enough saloons to guarantee that no one shall go thirsty, and more lodges than you can count.

We get through mails from San Francisco every day, and our railroad, The California Western Railroad and Navigation Co., expects soon to complete its line into Willits, when we will have the best possible railroad facilities.

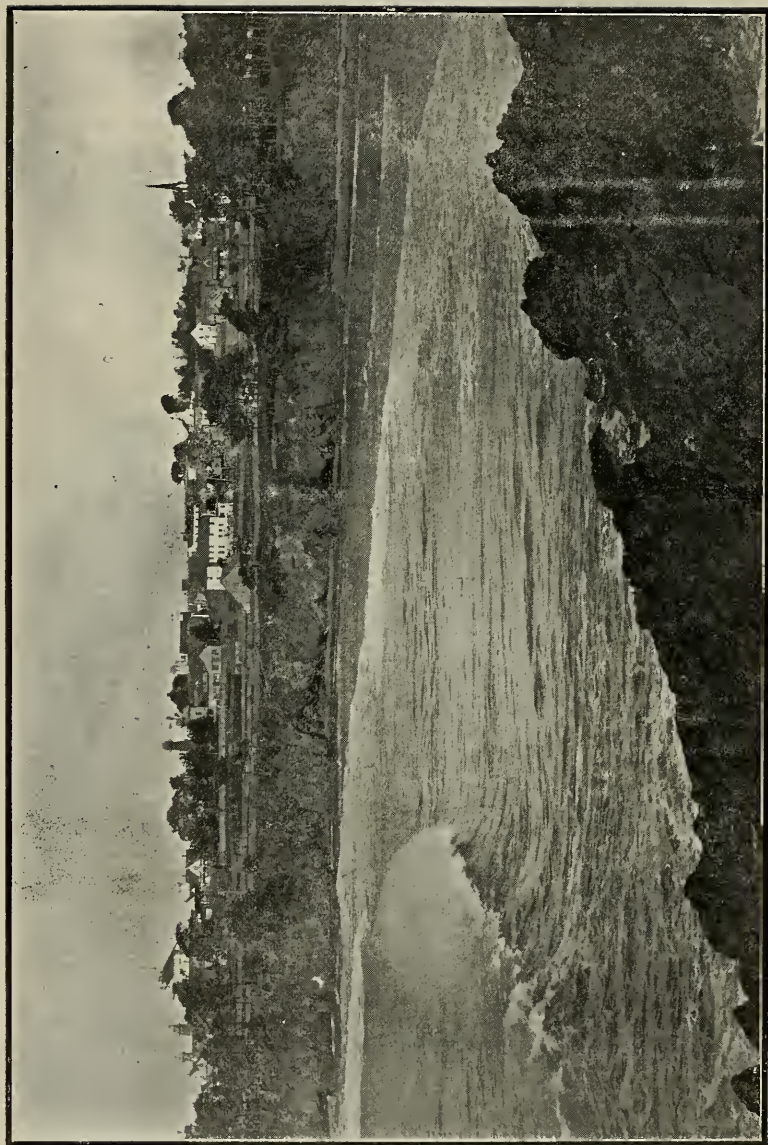
The country surrounding Fort Bragg is fast settling up and will one day support a large population.

The names of our streets appear at each corner and all houses are numbered.

In conclusion, it is pleasant to be able to say that Fort Bragg has been from the first a live town, thanks to our greatest industry, the Union Lumber Company.

And as to our future, just watch our smoke!





View of Mendocino. (Courtesy of the Mendocino Beacon.)

The City of Mendocino

By Frank W. Beach.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as
free,

Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!

—Byron

SEUOIA Sempervirens! What a name to conjure with. The monarch of the forest. One cannot think of the City of Mendocino without thinking of the thing most typical of its grandeur—save and always excepting the grand old ocean. The two make Mendocino, together with an ideal location, probably the most picturesque town on the coast from San Francisco to Puget Sound. Situated on the Mendocino bay, the largest from Eureka to San Francisco, where the waters from the ocean lap its very doors and where the waters of Big river empty, safely sheltered from the winds of the north, no more ideal spot could well be chosen for a commercial center and as a place of residence.

Mendocino is acknowledged to be the queen of coast towns. It is not the most populous, the Federal census giving us some 1,100 people, but it possesses so many unique features of advantage that the stranger is at once impressed with it. And many who have seen these advantages for successful commercial pursuit, which have been lying unutilized all the years since its foundation, believe that the day is not far distant when capital and enterprise will join to exploit them and undertake to extract some of this apparent virgin wealth. The waste materials from the redwood products alone will, it is believed, someday

make a number of important industries pay handsome dividends and go far toward building the town and help to make it a center of greater industrial activity.

There is a large sawmill here which in its various departments, furnishes employment to three or four hundred men, but there could easily be auxiliary factories for the manufacture of by products capable of employing a thousand more. Such modern adjuncts as a lath mill, box factory, tank factory, barrel factory, excelsior and furniture factory, sash and door factory and shingle and shake mill, could be operated here at the seat of the raw material, cheaply and with great advantage to all concerned.

Mendocino is the home of many of the early coast pioneers from the State of Maine and elsewhere, who have prospered on land and sea and are here ending their days amid pleasant surroundings. They occupy comfortable residences and help to make the society of the place desirable. There is a splendid public school employing four teachers. A county high school with a faculty of five instructors, and a building and equipment second to none in the county.

There are two Protestant church organizations, Presbyterian and Baptist, both occupying splendid buildings. This is the center of Roman Catholic activity on the coast, the Franciscan Fathers having their central mission located here, with a magnificent church and monastery. The Very Rev. Marianus Fiege is the Superior of the mission, and its influence extends from the north to the south line of the

county.

Fraternal societies flourish here as elsewhere the following having representation: Masons, Odd Fellows, Workmen, Redmen, Foresters, Woodmen of the World, two Portuguese lodges and all with their auxiliary lodges.

There are two other points worth noting, there is an electric light plant located here which furnishes superior lights for Mendocino, Albion and Caspar, a population of about 2,300. Arrangements are now under way to secure current from Fort Bragg, the company of that place having recently greatly enlarged its plant for that purpose.

And lastly, there is a splendid opportunity here for a man of energy and perseverance to engage in the fish business. Men have engaged in that business along the coast from time to time in a desultory way but the supply has rarely equalled the demand. There is a population in the county of 26,000, and it is safe to say that four-fifths of the people eat salt fish when any are eaten. Yet this entire population can be kept supplied with all the edible varieties which may be caught off shore from this point and taken to the housewife fresh from the sea. And as Col. Sellers said, "there's millions in it."

Wilds of California.

By Gertrude Aileen Baxter.

O, I long to be where the wild winds blow,
Where the fleet deer hides in unlearned roughs,
Where the banks pile up with drifted snow,
And the red hawk screams from the scraggy
bluffs.

Where the air is fresh and joyously keen—
Ah, it makes the life within me thrill,
Yes give me back that rugged scene;
The ragged rocks and timbered hill.

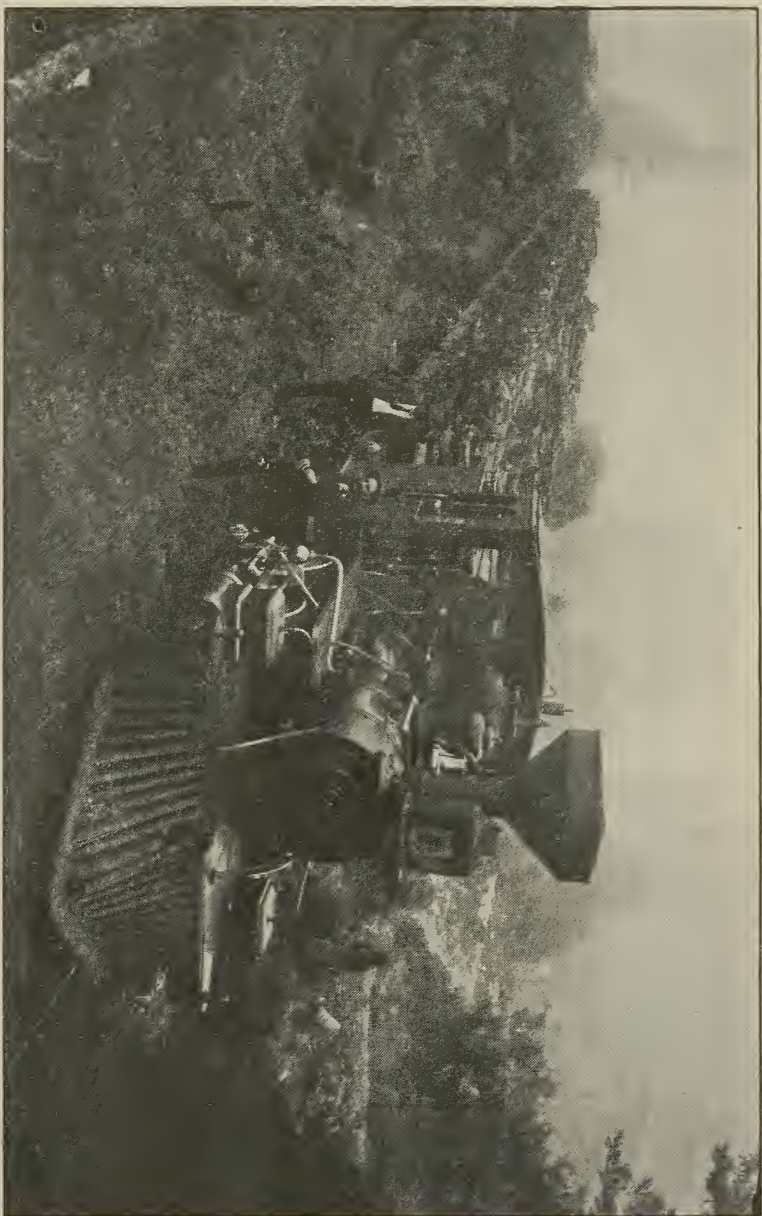
The creek that goes bounding with mad delight,
Over boulder, and down over fall, after fall;
'Till it comes at last all foamy and white,
To a mightier stream that swallows it all.

The noble rock with head reared high,
Where the eagle rests on his weary way;
Where the bear in deepest caverns lie,
And wildcats in wooded canyons stray.

Where the lone owl hoots and the coyote yelps;
Ah, that is the haunt where I long to be.
Where the panther plays with her tawny whelps;
Come on, old comrade, and roam with me.



Mill and Lumber Yard of the Union Lumber Company, Fort Bragg, Cal.



Train Load of Bark on the way to the Landing from Gualala.

Gates Ajar.

In Memory of Anna Rodrigues Armas Gonsalves.

BORN—At Flores, Azore Islands, March 15,
1851.

DIED—At Oakland, California, Feb. 4, 1907.

Beside a grave where stands the "Gates Ajar,"
I looked today beyond the pain and grief,
To that fair land where Angel Mothers are,
Safe, in the promises of fond belief.

To visions of all things that are divine,
And much, that here, is never understood,
Cross of the saint, and e'en the martyr's crown,
And all the virtues of sweet womanhood.

And someway there was borne upon my heart,
Conviction, that she knew all things like this,
And knowing, passed beyond the pain, to find,
Peace, and the fullness of immortal bliss.

The flowers exhale their fragrance on her grave,
And from the hedge, the thrush his love-note
sings,

But she has slept between the "Gates Ajar,"
To find the meaning of all better things.

—ANNA M. REED.



"Then went Sampson down and his Father and Mother, to Timnath and came to the vineyards of Timnath; and behold a young lion roared against him.

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned * * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating and came to his Father and mother and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE.



The Honey-comb.

TAKE heart. Youth, strength, genius and beauty, forceful as they may be, are not necessary to *success*.

Will—*free will*—because it is God-given, united with tireless energy and ceaseless work, is beyond all these.

The most successful woman in America today, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, foundress of the Christain Science religion, was the child of a poor farmer, an invalid for all the years of her youth and early middle life. At the age of 55 she was an *unknown dependent*.

At 85 she is rich and great. Her principal work has been done since she was 61 years old. She is not alone one of the richest women in America, but she is the most powerful *personal influence*. She is more talked and written about than our most beautiful actresses or most cele-

brated literary women.

Through *force of will* and *tenacity of purpose*, she has become the *individual* of the age, and the center of observation. This woman—*this old woman*—who attained success *after she was old*, stands in the limelight of the world's regard, the wonder and the marvel of the day.

And it is no credit to those concerned, that malice and cupidity are trying to disturb the peace she has attained.

Her doctrines are founded upon truth. She has put to practical application many of the teachings of our Lord, and is a living fulfillment of the promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."



The Sting of the Wild Bee.

We speak of a man as we find him. And we have found Dr. F. H. Sanborn of Fort Bragg, a blackguard and a ruffian. Particulars will be given to those who desire them. His past and present will not bear investigation. It is always best to "let sleeping dogs lie," and not arouse them by premeditated insult to decent people.

"Brainstorm" is only recognized among the very wealthy and drunkenness is no excuse for anything, so we must conclude that his temper is warmer than *carbolic acid* or *tamales*, both of which have crossed the plane of his life in a marked degree. Next!

Life.

We live in deeds, not years;
 In thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a
 dial.
 We should count time by heart-
 throbs.
 He most lives who thinks the
 most, feels the noblest, acts
 the best.

—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.



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A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

GOD rules the universe after all--back of the weather the elements--back of the elements the power which created, and controls them.

Man harnesses the wind and water, but alas! they kick over the traces and the harness does not amount to much. Upon the weather--*temperature*--depends our physical comfort, health, success, as upon disposition--*temperament*--depends all happiness, social, domestic, and otherwise.

In these, as in all other things, history repeats itself continually, and yet we do not heed and are surprised that all our plans "aft gang alee."

Thirty odd years ago, on one thirteenth day of December, we first saw the stormy coast of Point Arena. There for seven long weeks we were stormed in. There the gay party of young people at Lyman's hotel, laughed and sang, and danced the hours away, to the music of J. T. Mills' violin. Pretty, dainty Ada Lyman, and many

more, her mother, charming and seemingly almost as young. Handsome John Barrett, genial as the day, before the shadow of reproachful years, had touched his curly head. And LeGrand Morse marked by the gentle dignity that was his to the end of life. We remember that he was postmaster, at the time of which we write, and after the blockade of the storm was broken, and mail service was resumed, he brought our letters and papers in a market basket, to the hotel, we having the distinction of receiving the largest delivery, our personal mail filling the basket.

Only a few days prior to this writing, after the storms of a tragic, yet successful life, he was brought back to Point Arena, to be laid beside his kin, and today the rains beat over his grave as I am writing, and I remember many others who have laid down the burden of life, beside the sea, since that stormy winter of long ago.

On that memorable trip, we visited Gualala, staying a few days with the family of Mr. Robinson, whose new hotel was just being finished.

With other happy youngsters we went canoeing up the beautiful Gualala river, into a then unbroken forest, and came back laden with ferns and blossoms, and lovely things, that still make up the perennial beauty of our Mendocino woods.

In February of that season, we found ourselves again stormed in at Navarro Ridge. Haskett Severance kept the hotel. Over its comfort and homelike hospitality, presided his wife. No more capable and intelligent woman was ever numbered among the pioneer women of our county. We are proud that from that early time, we gained and kept her friendship to the end of life, our last meeting with her, being when the representative women of our county gathered in convention at Ukiah in 1890.

But dearest and best are our recollections of her, connected with our enforced, yet pleasant stay at Navarro, and those afternoons in the parlor, whose windows looked toward the ocean, and the glorious gold and crimson of the west, where with reading and music, we whiled the hours away, in most congenial company—Mrs. Jerome Moore, and sweet Mary Wintzer, whose gentle spirit seemed too frail for earth, and years ago went out to

solve the mystery of that sunset land, over which we had marveled together.

Now, after all these years, we are, at this writing in the grasp of another great relentless storm. Here at Greenwood, another merry party of ten young people are storm bound, after an attendance of the celebration of St. Patrick's day, by the local Parlor of the N. D. G. W. In song and dance and play once more the hours go by, while the rains are beating over many graves, where lie the happy hearts of long ago.

North of us the Navarro bridge has yielded to the stress of wind and wave, and drifted out a wreck upon the angry sea.

South, the Garcia bridge has also succumbed, and so, water-bound we are for some days yet to come.

Slides innumerable are everywhere, the very face of things changed by the force of the pitiless storm.

This brings us to the thought of

ROADS AND HIGHWAYS.

Now is the time to correct many an abuse of the public funds, and make the changes and improvements in our roads that will be permanent, and best serve the needs and conveniences of the traveling public. Let the Navarro grade be changed as it should have been years ago. Let some of the slides of broken stone that have suggestively pushed themselves along the way be utilized on the road-beds here and there, as it was intended they should be, where nature has provided this material with a lavish hand.

If this natural broken stone was used, in place of the annual application of brush and mud, our roads would become permanent, and the political patronage dwindle accordingly.

When men are honest, their opinions are worth something. One of that kind said to us: "You will never have decent roads in Mendocino County until the county builds the roads herself, through an honest commission, and the political patronage is no longer in the hands of selfish, narrow-minded, incompetent supervisors."

And he is probably right. But we once knew an exception. Honest Johnnie Flanagan, who made the best roads we ever traveled on the coast. Was he returned

to office? Why not? You people who vote, compare the financial outlay on roads and bridges during his term of office with that of later terms, and draw your own conclusions.

It takes a stream of the taxpayers' money to lubricate the wheels when there are political axes to grind. But sometimes there's a catch in the cog, the axe slips, and the wrong turkey loses his head.

There are none so blind as those who will not see, and meanwhile we plod through dust and mud, and groan, "How long O Lord—how long?"

THE DAIRYING INTEREST

Is one of the most important on the coast of our county. We had expected to be able to present separate articles upon the subject, but the storm, and other things have made it impossible, but a liberal space in the NORTHERN CROWN will be devoted to this later.

Some months ago we had the pleasure of visiting the Point Arena Creamery, then under the management of R. Hathaway. The Point Arena Creamery was the first to be established in Mendocino county, and for that reason is of especial interest, as there, was solved the advisability of taking up that industry.

To many, even of our own people, the possibilities and beauties of our coast section are but little realized. Here we have a separate domain, with different products, climate and conditions, and the world at large is discovering this, and the time of its development is beginning.

Fort Bragg, its principal city, has ideal location and surroundings, public spirited business men, beautiful and intelligent women, and lovely children.

If you wish to meet one of the most generous men, good citizens, loyal friend, and all around white man, stop with Joe Rushing at the Windsor.

One other distinction has Fort Bragg—the very best band ever organized in Mendocino county.

THE REDMEN'S BAND,

Under the direction of Prof. Edgar Alfred Ball, is a credit to his management and the talent of its members, we have never heard the trombone soloist equalled, nor one of the

clarinet players excelled. We requested, and received from Prof. Ball, a list of the names of the members of the band, but unfortunately have mislaid it, and will have to give them later.

We wish here to thank the business and professional men of the coast, who have made possible by their patronage this creditable issue of the NORTHERN CROWN, and may their kindness and generosity return to them a hundred fold.



Motherhood.

By Nita White Thrasher.

My whole life long I've dreamed you'd come to
me,

Waking—at midnight or at noontime play;
A child, a maid, a woman grown to be,
Always I've dreamed you'd come to me some day.

And I have lived hoping to see your face
And in my heart for you have made sweet room,
That you might find a warm and ready place —
That day of all my days when you should come.

Come to me little babe, sign of sweet love!
She has not tasted Earth, she will miss Heaven—
To whom the great almighty God above,
Hath not a little child lent or given.

To Anna.

By E. G. C.

A land of corn and wine and oil,
This land beside the western sea,
From out her bounteous store she sends
A greeting fair, today, to thee.



Shipping Point at Needle Rock. (Photo by DeBuhr.)



Point Arena Lighthouse—west.

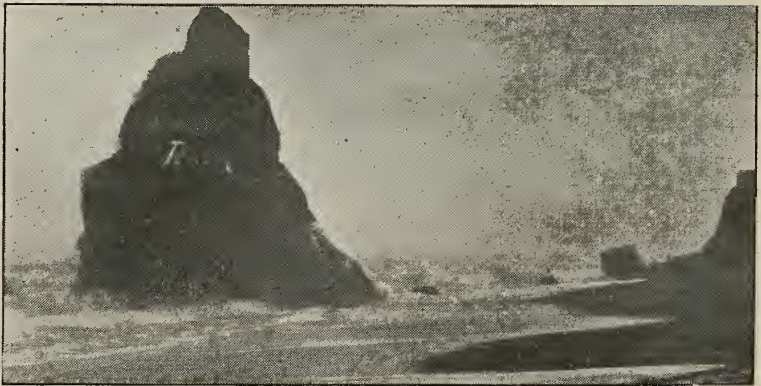
—Point Arena Views by Fairbanks.



Point Arena Lighthouse—east.



Point Arena Harbor.



Needle Rock.



Primitive Stable near Wendling.



Mill at Greenwood.

New San Francisco Business Directory.

Albion Lumber Company. 1031 Monadnock Building.

Commercial Art Co. Cor. West Mission and Brady Sts. Phone Special 1514.

L. E White Lumber Co. F. C. Drew Pres. 36 Steuart St. Telephone Temporary 2536.

Union Lumber Company. Monadnock Building. Phone Temporary 2260.

SLATTERY

The Shoe Man

I have increased my stock of Ladies' and Men's Shoes until it is the
Most complete line ever shown in Ukiah.

State St.

Ukiah, Cal.

F. O. STRONG

General Merchandise

Telephone and Post Office.

Calpella

Cal.

Bank of Point Arena—J. C. Halliday, Pres. C. J. Buchanan, Vice Pres. P. W. Haggreen, Cashier.

Money loaned, deposits received and general banking business done.

A. D. Pitts, M. D. Office, Point Arena, Cal.

John C. Lane, Sr. Surveyor and Notary Public. Office, Manchester, Cal.

The One Price Store, Phil Lobree, Prop. Opposite Point Arena Hotel, Point Arena, Cal.

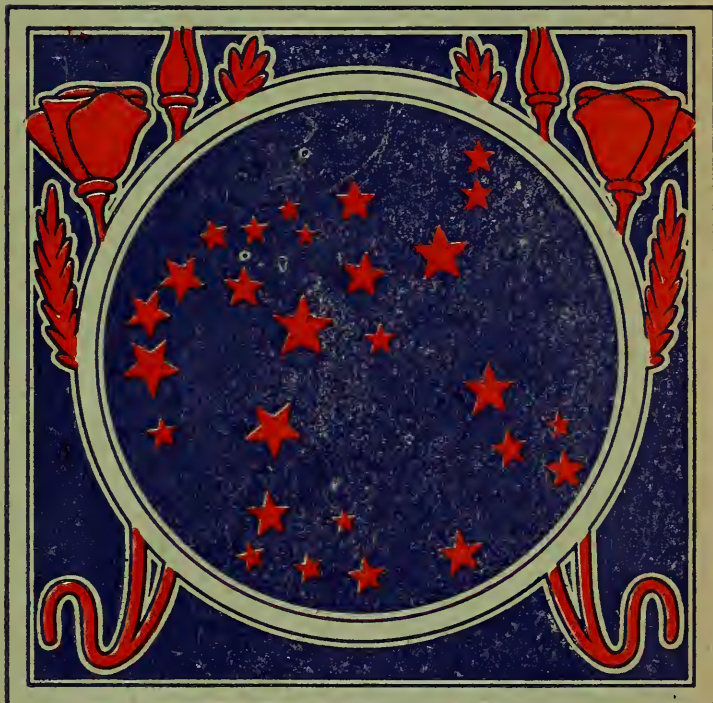
Halliday & Howe, Hardware, Point Arena, Cal.

Albert Andrae, General Blacksmith and Horseshoer, The old shop, Point Arena, Cal.

W. E. Foster, Groceries and Provisions, The Morse Building, Point Arena, Cal.

W. R. Gaine, Proprietor of the Grand Hotel, Sets the best table on the lower coast, stop there and see. Point Arena, Cal.

THE NORTHERN CROWN



Grape Culture in Mendocino.

PER COPY, TEN CENTS.

PER YEAR, ONE DOLLAR.

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EDITRESS.

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PRINTING OFFICE OF

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UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

Northwestern Pacific Railroad

The Picturesque Route of California.

An ever-changing Panorama of

Scenic Beauty

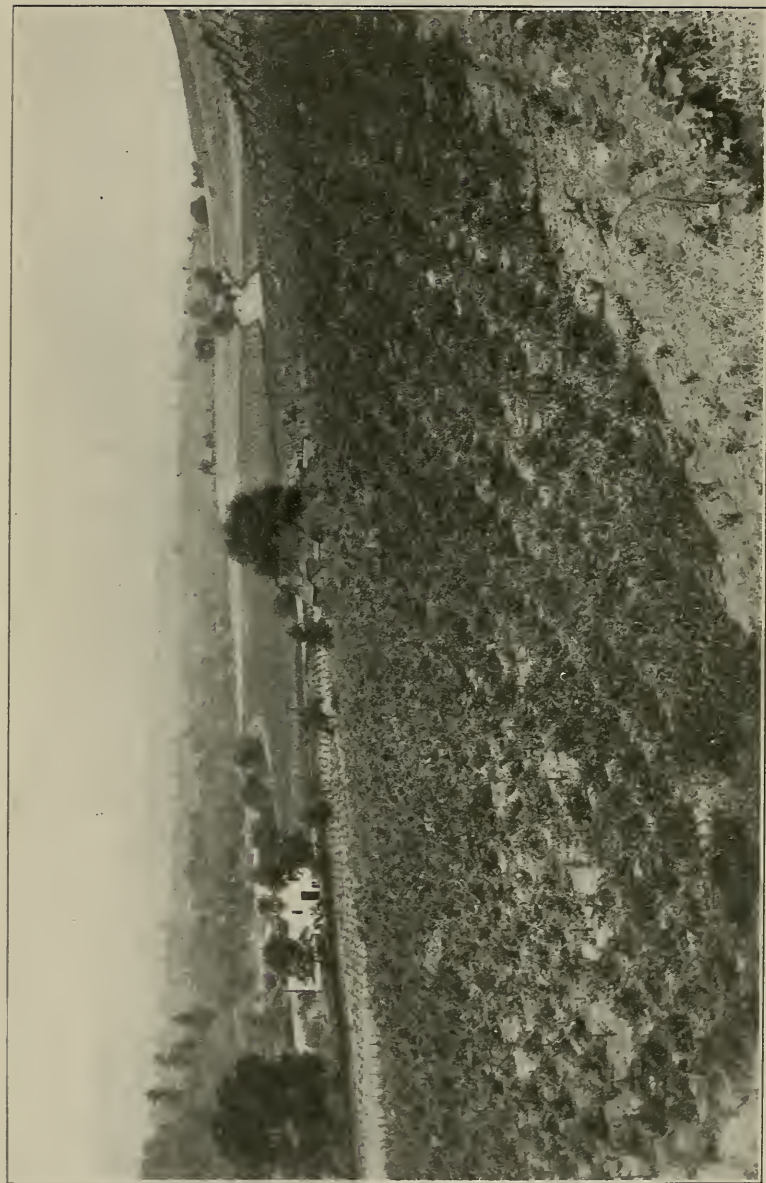
Across the Bay and Marsh—
Through the broad and fertile
lands of Sonoma Co.—Along
the beautiful Russian river and
far into the Coast Range moun-
tains—The Mecca of the Photo-
graphic Artist—A Sportsman's
Paradise and the Homeseeker's
Promised Land—Tiburon to
Sherwood : : : : :

Take Boat at Tiburon Ferry.

Main Office

James Flood Building
San Francisco.

Jas. Agler, General Manager
J. J. Geary, General Pass. Agt.



The Quinliven Place, Near Calpella—Looking Toward Ukiah. [Photo by Carpenter.]

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL., MAY, 1907.

NO. 8.

Wine or Tea. That is the Question.

By A. Sbarboro.

Shall it be wine and sobriety, or shall it be tea and drunkenness?

If the American people could only see the misery that is caused in this country by the curse of drunkenness they would simply be amazed. The millions of dollars squandered in this vice could be tolerated, but the pangs of hunger of innocent babes, the anguish of patiently waiting wives for their drunken husbands is something that should and can be removed. Unfortunately the pernicious habit of intoxication does not merely exist among the ignorant and laboring classes but, alas, it reaches members of the highest class of society—even to the brightest lawyer, and sometimes it reaches the bench itself.

The good people of this country have been trying hard for the past fifty years to remove this evil. They have formed Temperance Societies to which the people have contributed millions of dollars and years of hard work, but it must be admitted that all of this has come to naught. The percentage of drunkenness is as large if not larger, in the United States today than it was fifty years ago.

There is a remedy for the cure of this curse of drunkenness and that it has not been tried before is simply inexplicable. The American people are enterprising, bright, intelligent and wide awake. They are not like the people of Venice, which when I first visited them, supplied their city with

water by taking it from the foot of the Tyrolese Mountains, less than ten miles from the city, filling it into Gondolas, rowing it over into Venice, and there a line of sturdy men would pass the water from the Gondola by buckets and empty it into a well. At this well, during certain hours of the day the servant girls would go with their pails, pull up the water from the well, fill their vessels, put them on their heads and carry them several blocks through the city, and then up to the residences four or five stories high. When I asked the hotel-keeper why the prosperous city of Venice did not pipe its water from the Tyrolese Mountains and bring it into the city, furnishing it on the top of the highest mansions, the answer was, "Well thus did our fathers, and thus do we, their sons." On my second visit to Venice, however, I did find that the water was taken from the Tyrolese Mountains, brought into the city through pipes, and could be furnished as high as the top of the recently destroyed Campanile. It had taken the Venetians many centuries to make this much required improvement. Is it going to take the inventive genius, the progressive people of America as many centuries to remove the curse of drunkenness from their midst? The true remedy is within reach. It consists simply in the general use of light table wines at their meals instead of tea which

will thus remove the appetite and desire for whiskey. The proof of the efficacy of this remedy is within the sight of all.

In the wine countries of France, Italy and Spain where every man, woman and child use daily light wines at their meals, intoxication is practically unknown. There, strong alcoholic beverages are hardly ever touched, whilst the use of wine is over twenty-five gallons per capita per annum. In this country the use of wine is only one-half gallon per capita per annum, and unfortunately the use of whiskey is one and a half gallons per capita per annum, three times as much as the quantity of wine used by the American people. That accounts for the drunkenness which exists in this country, and the wine used universally by the wine producing countries of Europe, accounts for the sobriety of the people there. The same effect is being produced here. The few families who bring up their children with the use of wine at their tables bring up a family of bright, sober, intelligent citizens.

In the countries such as England, Russia and Holland where wine is

not produced and where it is only a luxury for the rich, there is an excuse for its non-usage, and the result is, however, excessive drunkenness, but in this country and especially right here in California, where wine is now produced in such large quantities of such a superior quality, and when judiciously purchased can be furnished at such low prices as to be within reach of the poorest families in the country, there is no earthly excuse for the use of such large quantities of intoxicating whiskey, and of the small quantity of the healthy beverage of light wine at meals.

Let the good temperance people who have done so much to remove the curse of drunkenness without success try this simple remedy now before them, and I venture to say that in a few years a person will be able to make the same statement which has been made in this city by one of our principal newspaper editors, who stated to me, that he had traveled in Italy and France for six months, and the only intoxicated person which he had met in that period of time was a man in Paris who had been drinking absinthe.

Letter and Resolution, of California's Board of Health and Promotion Committee.

California State Board of Health.

Martin Regensburger, M. D.,
President, San Francisco; Wallace
A. Briggs, M. D., Sacramento; A.
C. Hart, M. D., Sacramento; E. K.
Ainsworth, M. D., San Francisco;
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Moyne Wills, M. D., Los Angeles;
N. K. Foster, Secretary, Sacra-
mento.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.,
Nov., 22, 1905.

MR. A. SBARBORO,
460 Montgomery Street.

My Dear Mr. Sbarboro:—In your paper entitled "Wine or Tea, That is the Question?" you expressed sentiments which I have been advocating for years. If the people of this country were educated from babyhood up to drink wine, alcoholism would be a rare disease, as has been proven in wine drinking countries. It is the forbidden fruit that tempts. In my experience, in families where the wine flows freely, drunkards are the exception, whereas many of the offspring of teetotalers and wine abhorers who have not tasted alcoholics until they almost have grown to be men become drunkards. It would be interesting to

compare the statistics of drunkards in wine and beer drinking countries with those of England and America. Hoping that you will further pursue this question and that I may be able to assist you in a humble way, I remain,

Truly Yours,

(Signed) MARTIN REGENSBURGER.

The following is a resolution introduced at the semi-annual convention held by the Promotion Committee of California, at Santa Barbara, which was referred to a select committee with instructions to present it at the next meeting of the Legislature.

"WHEREAS it has been demonstrated that the State of California can produce as fine quality of wine and when the demand justifies can produce as large a quantity as the greatest wine-producing countries of the world and thus cause the improvement of many thousands of acres of land which are now unproductive, and which will make pleasant homes for over one million of population in the Viticulture industry in this state, and,

"WHEREAS it is a well known fact that in large wine producing countries of the world where the people all use wine at their meals, intoxication is

almost unknown, whilst in the countries where wine is not produced and is not generally used the curse of drunkenness causes more misery than any other evil that flesh is heir to. Now, in order to develop this important resource of the state, and in order that the curse of drunkenness may be gradually removed from the United States, this state should follow the example of some of the other states of the Union which have passed laws permitting the free sale of wine made in those states without the payment of any license or taxes whatever, therefore, be it,

RESOLVED, That this Convention of Counties Committee does recommend to the municipalities and the counties of the state to pass such regulations as will facilitate the free distribution of California wines among the people without the payment of any license or taxes for the sale thereof, and that the Legislature of the State of California be requested, at the next session, to pass a law permitting the distribution and sale of all wine made in the State of California free from the payment of license and taxation throughout the state.

Some Uses of the Grapevine and Its Fruit.

By J. R. Banks.

Perhaps no plant and its products are used in so many ways and for so many purposes as the grapevine and its fruits. Many of these uses are of ancient origin owing no doubt to the fact that few plants grow and thrive under climatic and soil conditions so varied or respond to care and attention more generously than does the grapevine. Thus, we find certain forms of it in the natural state aspiring to overtop the mightiest monarchs of the forest

and single plants overspreading areas hundreds of feet in circumference while other forms are grown under cultivation as mere bushes, 2 or 3 feet in height, yet yielding crops ranging from 11-3 tons to as much as 22 tons of the finest fruit to the acre.

By nature the "vine" is evidently a great Rambler. Pliny states that because the vines in Italy climbed to the top of the highest poplars the grape-gatherers in vintage time

stipulated with the master that in case their feet should slip and their necks be broken he was to order and pay for the funeral pyre and tomb.

The cultivation of the vine was the highest achievement of ancient husbandry, the vine and olive being, in antiquity, the marks, and almost the symbols, of settled and cultured life. Profane history does not reach back to the first plantings or the first wine made from the grape. It is interesting to note that grape seeds have been found with the remain of Swiss and Italian lake dwellers, in Europe—on graves of the Bronze age, and in tombs of the Egyptian mummies. The vine is frequently the subject of metaphor in the scriptures—to dwell under the vine and fig tree is emblematic of happiness and peace. We enjoy the grape in the fresh state or when dried in the form of raisins or "currants;" the unfermented juice and wine are important items in household economy and medicine, while from the grape many other products and by-products are made. The vine itself gives pleasure to the senses by its fragrant blossom, beautiful foliage and luscious fruit; it affords shade and shelter; various parts of it are employed for divers medicinal purposes; and the wood is used for fuel and in the manufacture of furniture and other useful articles. In fact there is no part of the vine or its fruit that has not proven of value for one or more purposes.

In Switzerland the leaves are applied to medicinal or surgical uses. For cuts and fresh wounds they are esteemed a sovereign remedy. Decoctions of the juice of the leaves are used in poultices. An agreeable tea is also made from the leaves which is said to greatly strengthen the nerves. In its use more sugar is necessary than for tea from the tea plant. The leaves are also excellent food for cows, sheep and hogs. The "tears" of the vine, used medicinally, are a limpid exudation of the sap at the time the plants begin budding, and are found on the vine where the slightest

wound occurs to the plant. The liquid is collected by cutting off the ends into the neck of a bottle which will be filled in a few days. The wood and branches are used in the manufacture of caskets, furniture, rustic work, bark for tying material, etc., and when burned furnish pot-ash and salts.

The wood of the grape is said to be of the most lasting nature, very beautiful in its texture. The column of Juno's Temple at Metapont and also the statue of Jupiter at the City of Ayssolonium were made from the wood of the vine. The great doors of the cathedral at Ravenna are made of vine planks, some of which are 12 feet long and 15 inches broad.

Aside from their economic value vines are often cultivated for purely ornamental purposes, owing to their beautiful foliage and the rich coloration they assume, the shade they afford, and their hardihood and longevity. The vine is one of the few plants that can be conveniently grown in cities or towns either as bushes or for making delightful arbors that not only beautify the home but furnish cooling shade and luscious fruit. The more tender sorts can be grown in graperies in many regions with good profits, and when grown in pots not only serve as handsome decorations in the dwelling and on the table, but add one of the choicest of morsels to the menu as well. To quote the language of an enthusiast:

"The grape is the poor man's fruit, especially one who has only a house lot of the smallest possible dimensions. He can plant vines beside his cottage and the roots will extend and profitably occupy every inch of ground underneath it, and from that small space produce all the fruit his family can consume, while the vines afford shade and protection and add beauty to his little home, occupying no space, either above or below the ground to interfere with other interests, and producing more fruit in less time and with less labor and attention than anything that was ever

planted."

As a citizen of California and more particularly Mendocino County, I cannot refrain from speaking of the advantages Mendocino County possesses over some of our sister counties in viticulture. Mendocino County is fast becoming a viticultural county; her climate and soil

conditions are particularly adapted to grapes and fruit. Unlike Sonoma or Napa counties we have no hard-pan or bed-rock to interfere with the roots, nor any alkali. Our water surface is from five to eight feet, giving plenty of room for the roots and therefore there is no blight.

❖ Viticulture and Temperance ❖

By Prof. Frederick T. Bioletti, U. C.

It was Thomas Jefferson who said: "No nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober where the dearthness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as its common beverage." All who have traveled much in Europe must acknowledge the truth of this statement.

Those who advocate the use of wine in the cause of temperance do not claim that wine taken in excess will not intoxicate, nor that men do not sometimes drink more wine than is good for them. They do claim, however, and their claim is supported by abundant and convincing evidence, that throughout Europe the per capita consumption of wine and the percentage of drunkards in the population are in inverse ratio. You may spend three months as I have done in the south of France, where the total consumption of wine is equal to approximately 50 gallons per year for every man, woman and child, and not see a single case of drunkenness. In Scotland, where the drinking of wine is practically unknown among the poorer classes, it is said that half the population goes to bed drunk every night. It is rarely that you can take an evening walk in any town in England, Scotland, or Ireland, without seeing one or more human beings whose condition tempts you to join the ranks of the prohibitionists.

Prohibition, however, never has banished, and I believe never will banish, the worst evils of intemperance, as wine has done wherever it has become the common, daily beverage of the people. All that prohibition can do is to banish all that is good and beneficial in the proper consumption of light wines and beers and leave, nay intensify, the greater part of all that is bad and harmful in the drinking of ardent spirits.

The English word "sober" has no equivalent in French. This does not indicate the absence of the quality among Frenchmen, but rather, its almost universal presence. We have a word to express the condition of a man who has lost his hair: He is said to be "bald." We have no word to express the opposite condition: The presence of hair on the head is so usual, normal and almost universal that it is only the very exceptional absence of hair which requires a descriptive word. The same is true of sobriety in France.

The wife of a friend of mine just arrived from Italy was sight-seeing in San Francisco and being thirsty, accompanied her husband into a saloon. It was with difficulty that I explained to him my alarm when he told me of it. He thought that an American saloon was similar to

an Italian Cafe, where people go to satisfy a natural and normal thirst. He had not yet learned that a large part of the frequenters of such places in America go there to indulge a vicious craving for intoxication.

There is no sufficient explanation of this vital difference between the habits of the French and Italians and those of the Anglo-Saxons, except the use of wine as a common daily beverage by the former.

Differences of climate, or of national temperament will not account for it. The Frenchman or Spaniard who emigrates, whether to a hot or a cold climate, remains temperate as long as he can obtain his usual daily ration of pure light wine. On the other hand, the second and third generations of southern Europeans who have emigrated to America, supply nearly as large a proportion of habitual drunkards as the Irish and Scandinavian additions to our population.

It follows from all this that the most rapid, efficient and permanent work that can be done in the cause of true temperance and in banishing the crying evil of drunkenness is the promotion of the general consumption of light wines as the daily beverage of the mass of the population.

Dry wine should be placed in a category, totally different from that of whiskey, brandy and rum. It should be handled by commerce and the law as part of the daily food supply of the people. If it were placed on a par with sugar and bacon, coffee and baking-powder, and handled with only the same restrictions as to purity and genuineness by the same dealers, a great step in the cause of temperance would be made.

Light wine, a useful, wholesome article of human diet, should no more be lumped with gin and bitters, than with paregoric and porous plasters. Everything that can be said or proved regarding the poisonous qualities of alcohol apply with even more effect to the still more poisonous effects of such sub-

stances as caffeine and prussic acid and have no more bearing on the drinking of light wine than on the consumption of peaches or the drinking of moderate quantities of weak tea.

The question as to whether the human body can utilize a certain amount of alcohol as food or not is extremely interesting, but has little to do with the case. The evils of the intemperate use of alcohol stare every man in the face. The efficiency of wine in banishing those evils is equally patent to every man who has the opportunity to observe it. The producers and handlers of pure light wines, whether in California or New York, are doing a most important service to the republic therefore and should receive the support and co-operation of all friends of temperance and of the public welfare.

In this great work California occupies a unique position. In most states of the Union some kind of grapes can be grown. In many it is possible to make wine. In California alone, however, do we find the combination of climatic and soil conditions needed for the growth on an industrial scale of the true wine-making grape, *VITIS VINIFERA*. Eastern, central and southern states can produce wine from Concord, Scuppernong and similar grapes which are extremely valuable for local consumption but which are quite unmarketable among people who know the wines made from Cabernet or Pinot, unless the latter cannot be procured.

Now California can produce unlimited quantities of grapes of the best varieties cultivated in Europe. All varieties of *Vitis vinifera* can find a congenial home in some quarter of the State, and nine-tenths of the arable soil of the State is capable of producing good crops of excellent wine. There is no question that we can supply the whole of the United States with cheap wine of all the general types, equal in quality to the product of Europe. All that is necessary is to remove all hamper-

ing restrictions on the sale of pure, light wines, and to strictly enforce the correct labelling of all adulterated, sophisticated or factitious wines throughout the United States. The recent pure food law is a great step in the right direction.

The wines which we can and do produce in California can be segregated into two great classes, in each of which we need fear permanent competition from no part of the world. These classes are fine wines and cheap wines.

Of fine wines we can produce on the hill slopes of the cooler part of Santa Cruz, Sonoma and Mendocino Counties, Rieslings equal to the best product of the banks of the Rhine, and Cabernets equal to those of Medoc. Wines of Burgundy and Chahlis types can be produced of unexcelled quality in Sonoma, Napa, Lake, Santa Clara, and other counties. Wines resembling and equaling those of Sauternes can be grown in Contra Costa and Alameda counties. The finest ports and sheries can be found among the cellars of the Sierra foot-hills. Champagne making requires a large amount of technical skill, but the results obtained so far in California are very promising, and indicate that in time we may excell even in the production of sparkling wines of high quality.

The manufacture of fine wines in California has been handicapped by two unfavorable conditions. First, the prejudice of the consumer of high priced wines, who would drink California wine only if he were hood-winked by a foreign label, and, secondly, by a lack of skill on the part of the wine-makers, who were either amateurs who knew nothing of their business, or Europeans who insisted on using the methods of Bordeaux and the Rheingau which were quite unsuited to most of the grape-growing regions of California.

Now, with years of experience, the wine-makers have acquired the necessary skill, and, where needed, devised new methods suited to new conditions and wines as good as the best imported can be and actually

are produced in California. Moreover the consumer is learning also, and the old prejudice in favor of foreign wines is fast disappearing in the best informed quarters.

The production of fine wines is then an assured fact, but the most important aspect of Californian viticulture is the possibility of producing good, cheap wines. While the handling of fine wines worthy of aging and bottling is more fascinating and perhaps more profitable to the individual producer or blender it is in the production of large quantities of good, sound wine, which can be marketed at a low price that the greatest good can be done to the country at large and in which the State of California as a whole will find the greatest profit.

In all wine-growing countries cheap wine forms nine-tenths of the total production of the vines. A cheap wine is not necessarily a bad wine. It should be sound, wholesome and agreeable, and differ from fine wine only in the absence of those finer flavors and aromas which are obtained only with special grapes grown in peculiarly favored locations and treated with minute care and skill. There are millions of acres of land in California capable of producing wines equal, or superior, to the "vins ordinaires" of Southern France and Algeria. Such wines can be produced at a profit for 20 cents per gallons, or less, as the wholesale price at the cellar. Great areas of the richer lands of the coast valleys, and of the great interior valley, can produce such wines and, even though the United States increases to 200,000,000 by 1950, as has been prophesied, and these 200,000,000 learn to use wine as soberly and generally as the French, California can supply it all.

It is difficult to obtain reliable statistics of the present extent of the grape and wine industry of California, but in round numbers the average wine crop for the last ten years has been about 30,000,000 gallons per annum. This represents the crop of about 75,000 acres of bearing vines. The acreage in raisin

and table grapes will probably be about as much; and, if we allow 50,000 acres of young vines not yet bearing, the total area of the vineyards of California will be approximately 200,000 acres. Larger estimates are sometimes made, but they are probably exaggerated. Using this estimate we may reckon the value of the vineyards at \$50,000,000 and that of the wineries, cellars and packing houses at nearly as much. The grape industry of California represents then an investment of about \$100,000,000. This will supply a livelihood to probably 20,000 families, half of whom are employed directly in the cultivation of the vines.

If these estimates are correct, it indicates that, on an average, 20 acres of vines are sufficient for the support of a family. This represents the actual fact of the case. In the more productive districts a good, well cultivated vineyard in full bearing would give an average crop of six or seven tons per acre, worth at least \$12 per ton, which represents an annual gross income of about \$1400. One man can attend to all the work, with the exception of gathering the grapes, on 20 acres of such vineyard. Much better results than this are often obtained, especially with table grapes, but it is not safe to reckon on any more.

In the fine wine districts the crops are lighter and will not average more than three tons to the acre. The grapes on the other hand sell for more—\$20 per ton—on the average. These districts offer other advantages also to the home-seeker, such as pleasant surroundings and a more agreeable climate.

Altogether the growing of grapes in California offers to the small farmer one of the surest, pleasantest and most profitable means of making a sure livelihood and raising a fam-

ily in the healthiest and most agreeable climate in the world.

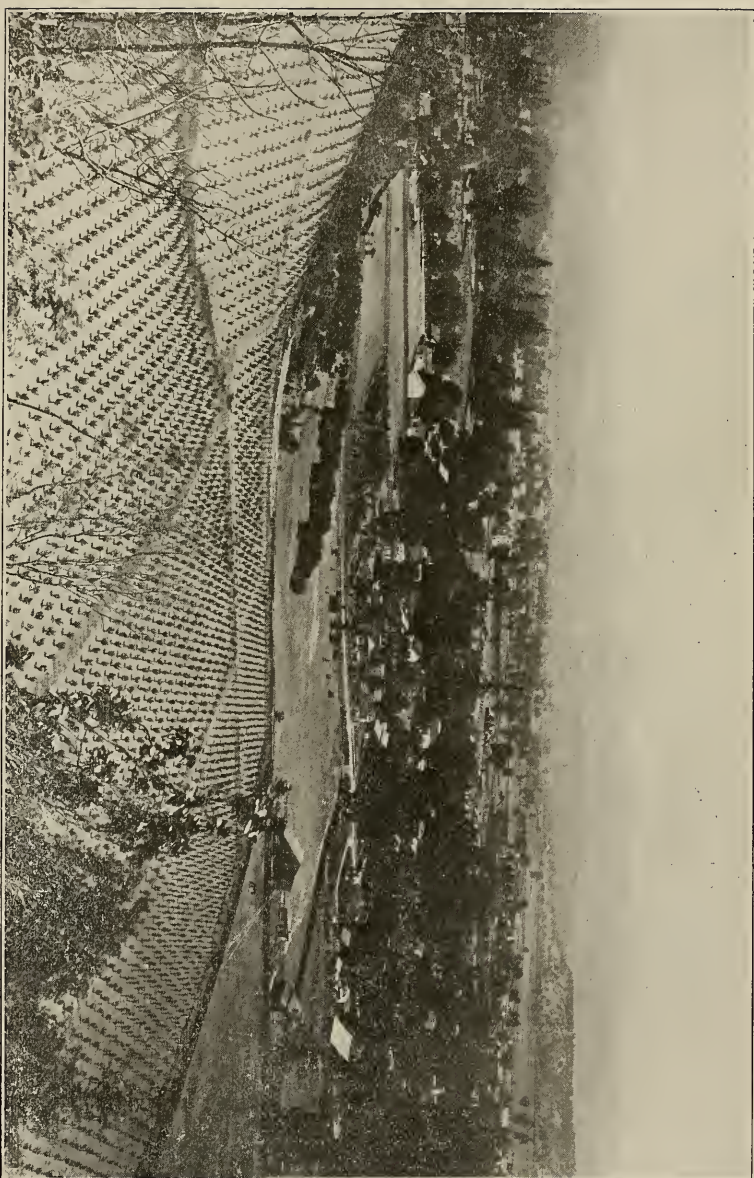
The business of wine-making was formerly carried on by the growers of the grapes. Nearly every vineyard had its own fermenting house and storage cellar. Now, except to a limited extent in some of the older districts, the wine-makers buys his grapes and has nothing to do with the production. Some of the large wine-making companies own vineyards, but most of their supply comes from grape growers who sell their grapes, often under long term contracts at a fixed minimum rate. This separation of the growing of the grapes from the manufacture of the wine, has had a most marked favorable effect in the improvement of the latter. The crop of any particular vineyard varies so much in character in different years that it is impossible for the small grower and wine-maker, in most cases, to establish or maintain a definite and unvarying type of wine.

It is the constancy of character in the general product which forms the main advantage of the Bordeaux wine handlers. They supplement all deficiencies in their local supply by importation of light wines from the Midi or heavy wines from Spain.

In the same way we are able to maintain a wine of constant character by judicious blending of the various types of wine produced in the vastly dissimilar regions where our grapes are grown.

In conclusion: California viticulture offers a most promising field for the energies and capital of the home-seeker and investor where, amid delightful surroundings, he can bring up his family in comfort, cheered by the thought that he is not only making a competent and pleasant living but is aiding in the great work of banishing drunkenness from his country.





Part of the Gobbi Vineyard on the Hills West of Ukiah. [Photo by Carpenter.]

The Blue and the Gray.

The First Decoration Day.

By F. M. Finch.

"The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers."—New York Tribune.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass
quiver,

Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue;
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lillies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broided with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray,

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With and equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are
fading,

No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray,

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of
our dead;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.



True Friends.

By E. S. McGehee.

A loyal man is hard to find,
One that loves you true.
Good friends you often prove
Are very far and few.
But remember one that wrote these lines,
And wrote them just for you.



"Then went Sampson down and his Father and Mother, to Timmath and came to the vineyards of Timmath; and behold a young lion roared against him.

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned * * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating and came to his Father and mother and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE.

Put Responsibility Where It Belongs.

The government is the real offender when it depreciates the *value* of *decency* and puts a *price* upon *crime*.

This our government has done, when it engaged in the *Liquor Traffic* to *increase* the *internal revenue*. The government makes more than a thousand dollars on every man who dies a drunkard. How is that for a traffic in humanity? The government is responsible for this, and will be, until its policy is amended.

Gethsemane.

By Anna M. Reed.

I kneel within the walls of my Gethsemane,
 Above the cold, bare stones a sparrow builds,
 A rose blooms over, and a linnet sings—
 They all are His—
 And so I know, that Paradise *has been*,
 And Heaven *is*.



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A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Viticulture.

**Fruit Juices Are Life to Man. It Is Alcohol That Is
Insanity and Death.**

Grape growing is the most important industry in northern California. The vine, if cared for, will grow and yield abundantly on land totally unfit for the cultivation of anything else. It clothes our hills in beauty. The labor for its care comes at nature's fitting time, after the storms of winter, and the heat of summer have passed. Its pruning and cultivation take place in early spring. The harvest in the days when summer is departing, and autumn stands at the threshold. Therefore, it is a safe and healthful occupation, to plant the vine, and care for it, and gather its grateful return.

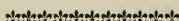
Its fruit is always in demand at a good price, so those who grow the grape will become financially independent.

Whole families may engage in grape growing. There

is in this industry a place for men, women and children. Families may remain united in love and labor and grow richer year by year. Only the maddest fanaticism will oppose that which makes the people of a country happy and successful.

The fruit of the vine is a food, most delicious and health-giving, and wine, if allowed to mature by *natural* processes, without the introduction of drugs and alcohol, to hasten them, is a natural drink for the safety and refreshment of man. We cannot help but think, that it was some such wine as this, of which our Lord approved, and which he honored by His first recorded miracle. And again by leaving it to be the sacred emblem of His precious blood. That which He has blessed for all time, as the medium of the transubstantiation must be the *best* of earthly things.

And the fact that He has done this has inspired us to take up fearlessly the defense of grape-growing and the making of pure wines against the prejudiced and ignorant fanatics who may oppose it.



There are now in Mendocino County 1160 acres of bearing vines. There are 1600 acres of two year old vines. There were 780 acres planted in the spring of 1907.

About 48 years ago, at the place now known as the Standley place, north of Calpella, Jaspar Seward planted about 20 acres of vines. Some 44 years ago 10 acres were planted in Reeves Canyon by Samuel Orr. Jaspar Cleveland planted a few vines at Cleveland's mill at even an earlier date. Among the early planters in Ukiah Valley were L. Gessler and Dan Gobbi, Mr. Gobbi being the first one to engage extensively in grape growing. Upon the hills west of Ukiah, barren except for dwarf growths of manzanita, chemise, and kindred things, he has laid out and planted a vineyard that is a profitable investment, and a thing of beauty, to keep his memory fresh in the minds of thinking people.

He should be numbered among our public benefactors, as he it was who pointed the way to an unfailing source of revenue for Mendocino County, and gave positive proof of the capabilities of our hill land, where soil, climate and conditions insure an unfailing crop, that will increase the prosperity and independence of our people.

Near the Sonoma County line, north of Cloverdale, Charles Edwards has 300 acres in bearing vines. From that point, to Reeves Canyon, 10 miles north of Ukiah, little vineyards, here and there, grow and flourish. An eloquent object lesson, more impressive than words can possibly be, telling that much of Mendocino County, is the natural home of the grape.

CALPELLA.

The hub of the grape growing district of Mendocino County, is at Calpella. Its climate, soil and location could not be improved. The saccharine percentage here is from 28 to 30. One of the best investments in Mendocino County today, is land at or near Calpella, to be planted to grapes. In the years to be, on every foot of land where once the chapparel and manzanita flourished, trim rows of grapes shall be growing, while the long warm hours of summer distill their juices to a strength and flavor more nourishing than intoxicant, and the whole world shall learn that no better products of the grape can be found elsewhere.

More than eight years ago we said this, and more, about Calpella, as may be seen by looking over files of the Press, and time is fulfilling every word then written. Through all the years, since the first planting of the grape in Mendocino, the vines have lived and flourished, and still lived on. And we do not believe that the much dreaded phylloxera will ever attack the vines of this county.

Natural conditions are so excellent, that there is little to alarm the investor. We know that vines have lived, and borne their fruit for 50 years, and are still alive and bearing. Fifty years is more than an ordinary lifetime.

So long a term of the successful cultivation of the grape, would found financial independence for generations yet unborn, while giving peace and plenty to all working to that end.

In this world we should not desire more. Here in Mendocino the man or woman of normal mind, may find an ideal region for a modest investment, and a sure return for honest labor, directed by common sense.

Orr's Hot Springs.

REACHED by one of the most picturesque drives in Northern California, these springs at the head waters of Big River, 15 miles from Ukiah, pour forth a font of healing and delight.

The waters are an absolute cure for rheumatism in all its forms. They vary in temperature from cold to 107 degrees Fahrenheit. So that cure through their use, in bathing and drinking is accomplished with daily comfort and pleasure.

The scenery in the narrow canyon where the springs are situated, is wild and beautiful beyond description. And the surrounding country abounds in fish and game.

Here one may find rest, or recreation, and sanctuary for a time from the wearing confusion of life's busy conflicts, and return strength-



ened and rejuvenated, to take them up again.

We speak from personal experience. There is a peace which passes understanding in the depths of cool, dark, forest shades, where ferns and wild flowers carpet the earth, and the song of running water perfects the restful harmony.

No kinder host than John L. Orr may be found anywhere, so, for comfort, cure and a satisfying trip, go to Orr's Springs.

For particulars as to terms and means of transportation send for booklet.

Address,

JOHN L. ORR,
Orrs Post Office, Mendocino
County, Cal.





Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino County, California.

The Muck Heap.

For Hypocrites Only.

What's the matter with the "Press" and "Times," the District Attorney and the Civic League?

Why don't they say, or do, something about Broback?

He assured us that on the day of that "heinous crime," when an "innocent hired girl" was lured to his den, that he was *right there*, but *nothing was done*. "The Times" insists that *something was done*, if so, Broback as proprietor of the resort, is most guilty, being the eldest person concerned. What of the others there assembled? Several "boys" and other *fallen angels*, were certainly present.

Why are *they* shielded by official wings of mercy while the beak and claws are used for the *intimidation* and *plucking* of another *not so guilty*.

And the Mothers' Club, with their "Tempest in a teapot" reform revival. In the present, as in the past, their abortive efforts seem to result only in a miscarriage of justice.

There was a time when affairs were pregnant with something worth while, in the reforming line in Ukiah. There were men and women in the work, with brains enough to suggest some practical benefit for the public good. The Local Option Bill was born and bred at Ukiah. The idea was conceived during a temperance revival there, years ago. We would fain spare the blushes of The Babblers' Club, but the truth is, that we were its mother and Judge McGarvey the daddy of the idea, and it was certainly as legitimate as many things that have happened since.

Judge McGarvey, soon after its advent, bore our mental offspring safely and tenderly to the Halls of Legislation at Sacramento, to receive its legal baptism. Libations were fitly poured in hearty sanction, by the representatives there assembled, and in triumph he brought it back clothed in the majesty of the law,

What was the result, finally? Consult the files of your weekly papers of that time, and learn. It was submitted to the hands of the people, for a final consecration to the uses of moral and social reform. We depended upon the Holy Howlers to carry it through, the political and religious hypocrites who have never failed to betray

THE NORTHERN CROWN

anyone who stood in the way of their own interest, and selfish ambitions. We will never forget the day when Local Option was submitted to its final fate, in the hands of the people. Worthy women worked all day on the streets of Ukiah, table after table was filled with good things, for the tempting of the prodigal voters, that they might forget their opposition to the measure. The Publicans and Pharisees were ours, the Philistines came from afar off, and were converted, but the lying hypocrites went back on us, and the reign of whisky in Ukiah was assured for all time.

Local Option—the law bred and born in Ukiah, has benefitted many sections of California, but not ours. It came to its own, but they received it not.

Here it perished for the want of the milk of human kindness, withheld by the Mothers in Israel, whose tongues are hung in the middle and forked at both ends.

The vinegar and gall of envious malignity strangled it at birth, and here buried by disloyal ballots, lies the most sensible, fair-minded measure for the public weal, that was ever formulated in the State of California.

In trouble, or sorrow, or need, we would rather call at the gate of doom, and appeal to satan himself, than to expect sympathy or justice from such people.

Their narrow-minded lack of charity is only equalled by their lying hypocrisy.

How dare such people wear the livery of Christ, or claim to labor in His name. He who came to judge no man, and to call the sinners, not the righteous to salvation. Who denounced the hypocrite, but forgave the dying thief. And whose heart is so tender, and breast so ample that every tried soul and tired head may find shelter there, and rest after the unutterable weariness of life.

This "rot" about saloon keepers is simply the capital of *so-called reformers*, used to hoodwink the honest people, who sometimes follow the wolves in sheep's clothing, in the name of reform.

In our youth we were a sincere temperance worker. We denied ourselves clothes, books, and a better education to help in the temperance cause. We earned more than one thousand dollars in benefits for the Good Temper' Home, at Vallejo, only to discover later, that the board who managed it was stealing the money and abus-

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ing the children committed to the care of the Home, one little girl placed there by our recommendation came home to die, after the awful treatment she had received at the hands of the matron. Whipped with a blacksnake, and ice-cold water poured over her naked body, caused an attack of pneumonia, and quick decline followed. We secured the sworn statement of these abuses, and placed them in the hands of Governor Waterman. So this is not "hearsay."

The voters make the laws that license the liquor traffic, it is canting hypocrisy to license the liquor dealer, and then abuse him. It is not just, or consistent to do so, and grates upon our idea of fair-minded common sense.

We have more respect for an honest saloon keeper, than we have for an ordained minister, who unfrocks himself, to enter the lists of money-grabbers to rob his fellow men by unlawful per cent. Who by apparently legal methods forecloses upon the shelter of the widow and orphan, and old and friendless men.

Among the saloon keepers who were side by side with us, in kindness and charity, when we made the fight for Local Option, were Mose Briggs, Johnnie Whelan, and Aleck Perry, and Ukiah never had better citizens.

They respected the class of women then at the head and front of the temperance work. The wives and mothers whose devotion to home and children assured the public safety.

We had chataqua clubs, temperance clubs, and literary clubs, but with such sincere christians as the Rev. Connell and others to lead the work, we were still decent enough to need no Civic League. Our girls were to be trusted. Our boys not tempted by the young vampires or the older hags and harlots who infest our town, and menace the physical and moral health of every ordinary young man.

We have our opinion, and Mendocino County will have its opinion, of officials who take the word of a common strumpet, living in shame with an ex-convict and fugitive from justice, against a young man of clean record, and decent life.

And it will have its opinion of an editor who listens to a contemptible, blab-mouth boy, as authority against his betters.

"Qui Tollis Peccata Mundi."

By Austin Lewis.

SWEET face that never falters, slight form that never bends,
Pleading above Thy altars. The golden halo lends
A radiance all too tender, a beauty all too frail.
Thy triumph and surrender—art stammers in the tale.

Scourged for a jest of rabble, slain for a morning's sport;
Silent amid the babble of Pilate's recreant court;
The purple pride of power, the liar's venom'd breath,
They had their spiteful hour, they sent Thee to Thy death.

Sent Thee! They came not nigh Thee; they looked and passed Thee by,
Sleek Caiaphas to try Thee and send Thee forth to die!
No torture they could borrow, no threat could stir Thy fears—
Thee, with Thy single sorrow, Thy Mother Mary's tears.

This is Thy heaviest burden, Thy proudest claim of all,
Thy everlasting guerdon; nor rood, nor scourge, nor gall
Blazon Thy strength and glory; Thy power is here unfurled,
Told in the simple story, "The sins of all the world."



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Petaluma Edition

The NORTHERN CROWN



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UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

Northwestern Pacific Railroad

The Picturesque Route of California.

An ever-changing Panorama of

Scenic Beauty

Across the Bay and Marsh—
Through the broad and fertile
lands of Sonoma Co.—Along
the beautiful Russian river and
far into the Coast Range moun-
tains—The Mecca of the Photo-
graphic Artist—A Sportsman's
Paradise and the Homeseeker's
Promised Land — Tiburon to
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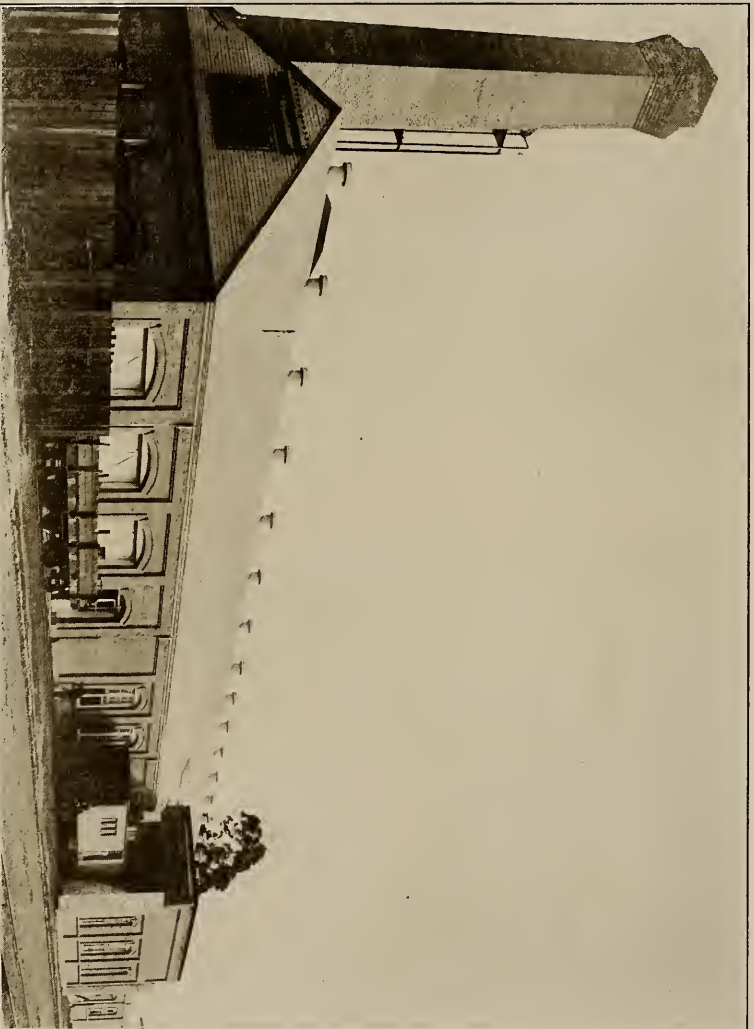


U Street Looking East from Eighth Street, Petaluma.
Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce

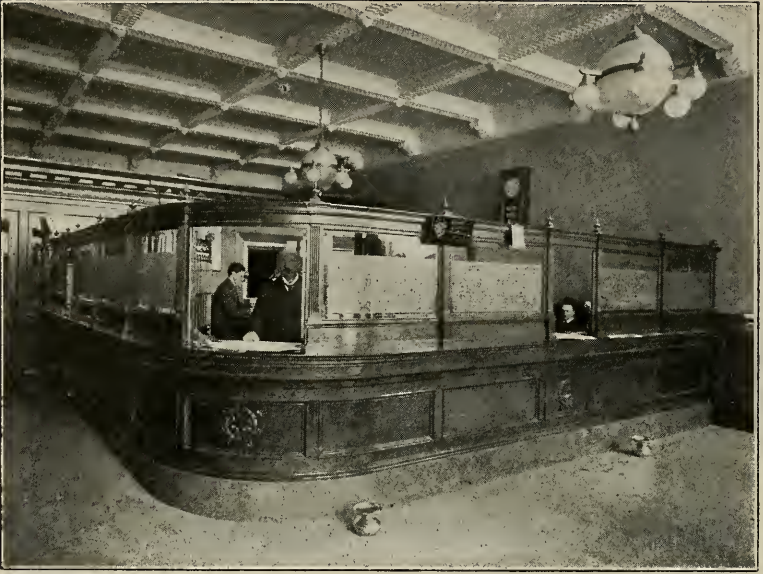


J.W. HORN CO.
REAL ESTATE, PETALUMA, CALIF.

Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.
1. D Street, Walnut Park. 2. Hill Park, Noted for Its Fine Palms. 3. Scene on Washington Street. 4. Lower Main Street Market.



The Plant of The Western Refrigerating Company, Petaluma.



Office of The Wm. Hill Bank, Petaluma.



Vault of The Wm. Hill Bank, Petaluma.



A Glimpse of Some of Petaluma's Beautiful Homes.

Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL. JULY, 1907.

NO. 9.

PETALUMA.

By Professor E. S. Lippett.

The City of Petaluma is situated at the head of an estuary called the Petaluma Creek on the North side of San Pablo bay, thirty-five miles north of San Francisco. In 1823, Father Altemira, on a visit to found a Mission north of San Francisco bay, crossed the stream at a point where the city now stands, called by the Spanish "Tunta de los esteros," but called by the Indians "Chocuali." It was finally called after the name of the rancho granted to General Vallejo, comprising the hilly ground between Petaluma and Sonoma creeks, and signifies in Indian "Little Hills."

It is rightfully named, like Jerusalem of old "it is beautiful for situation" like a perfect character, all its virtues are not seen at a glance. The public entrance into the city by rail and steamer is along the water front, amid the railroad yards, the manufacturing buildings, and the shipping.

It is located on both sides of the estuary. To the east the land rises with a gentle ascent, a beautiful plain to the foot of the Sonoma Mountains. The principal manufacturies are on the east side of the creek. On the west side the city is built upon several small hills, which with the intervening valleys, known as "Mountain View," "Lincoln Heights," "Sunny Slope," "Oak Hill," "Cherry Valley," and "Laurel Avenue," crowned with many beautiful residences, commanding extensive views of the city and surrounding country,

bounded by mountain ranges, or hidden in secluded nooks embowered in roses and flowering shrubs. To the stranger visiting the city, these conditions reveal surprises of splendid vision or some sheltered retreat amid trees and flowers.

The title to the land is perfect being derived from the United States through a land commission of the City Trustees.

The city has many advantages calculated to allure permanent residents and manufacturing establishments.

It has perfect sanitary conditions. Its location permits rapid and complete sewerage and drainage of the city into a navigable stream with a tide of six or seven feet. Thus there is no malaria or malarious diseases in the city. There is a strong breeze from the ocean which is bracing and purifying in its character.

WATER.

There is an abundance of pure water brought by conduits from the mountains and free from mineral substances. It is ample for manufacturing and household purposes, for irrigating and fire purposes for a population of fifty thousand inhabitants, and can be greatly increased by restraining reservoirs in the mountains. It reaches the city in pipes under such a pressure as renders needless fire engines. By attaching hose to the fire plugs the force is sufficient to bring a fire under immediate control, thus effecting a lighter insurance.

TRANSPORTATION.

Communication with San Francisco is by railroad and navigation. Two steamers ply daily between the city and the metropolis, besides numerous schooners and launches. Fares and freights are low by competition. The channel of the creek is to be improved by the Government, an appropriation of \$29,000 having been made for that purpose and an annual outlay of \$4,000 to keep it open for large boats. The annual shipping of this stream is third in importance in the State. The Sacramento and Stockton routes only surpass it in the amount of tonnage.

EARTHQUAKES.

The greatest consideration in the character of Petaluma for manufactures and permanent investments is its immunity from the effect of earthquakes. In all that have occurred in recent years no serious damage has been done in the city. In the last and severest ever felt here, not a single building was thrown down or wrecked. Three and four story buildings stood the shock without damage. In some cases chimney tops were thrown down and fire walls broken. But no household or business was greatly discommoded by the shock and no person was killed or injured.

Scientists, say that the city being built upon a substratum of rock, it follows the wave like crust of the earth, and not the shattering movements of alluvial, porous or spongy soils. The results in other cities of the last earthquake seems to demonstrate the theory. Even San Francisco buildings upon the original foundations suffered no damage while those upon the made lands were wrecked.

The streets of the city are mostly macadamized to the city limits, with sidewalks of concrete thus rendering them passable in all seasons of the year; and in the residence portions are lined with trees. Three large parks well kept adorn the city. The suburban population is large and

many portions of well graded and well built streets will soon be added to the city increasing its population.

These conditions as they become known induce mechanical and manufacturing corporations to invest and build in the city. Already they are numerous and extensive consisting of several tanneries, employing a large number of hands. The silk mill, the only one in the State, employing about seventy-five girls. The shoe factory with seventy employees. The overall factory with over one hundred hands. The Must-Hatch Company that occupies nearly a whole block, making incubators, hatching eggs and selling the young chicks with the brooder.

The Petaluma Incubator Company is the largest factory of its kind in the world. The President is the originator and patentee of the mechanical hatching of eggs and has by a series of patents reduced the work to nearly an automatic system. From a little upper room where he toiled and studied he has steadily developed his system and perfected his plans, until now he has employed from fifty to seventy hands and ships his incubators to every part of the world.

It has two large planing mills; that of Camm & Hedges, being one of the largest on the coast and employing about fifty hands. A large flouring mill turning out 240 barrels of flour per day with many other small manufactories.

After the earthquake and fire in San Francisco, Lachman & Jacobi, wine merchants of San Francisco, whose plant had been destroyed by the disaster of April 18, A. D. 1906, sought a position of greater safety and came to Petaluma as a city immune from earthquakes. They have been a year in the erection of their buildings which are as nearly fire proof as can be constructed. The main building fronts on east Washington street 133 feet extending back along Hopper street 380 feet. Beyond that a bonded warehouse 120 feet by 120 feet. In the same block a boiler house 40 by 50 feet,

a cooper shop 50 by 80 feet, and two additional storehouses, one 42 by 152 feet, and one 84 by 240 feet. All are of brick, two stories high, and occupying nearly the whole block between the California Northwestern R. R. and Petaluma and Santa Rosa railroad, having the advantage of both for shipping purposes. Its capacity is at least two million gallons and the capital stock is one million dollars.

The city is well supplied with churches and schools. It has four Grammar school buildings and one High school. A new Grammar school building has just been completed at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars.

The public buildings are a fine City Hall, new Hill Theatre, a beautiful, up to date Opera House, and the new Carnegie Library, a fine classic structure of stone and white brick two stories high. Its furnishings are all in fine oak and it has a finely selected library of over ten thousand volumes.

Petaluma is the principal emporium of Sonoma County, being at the head of navigation, it has a large commerce with other portions of the State. It is the shipping port for the productions for one of the largest and most flourishing portions of the State, especially rich in fruits and wines. Its business is financially large and increasing. Two large business houses, each do a business of about \$100,000 per month, or over one million per year.

Petaluma is the largest egg market in the world. The chicken industry began about twenty years ago, developed slowly, but now is increasing rapidly. The climate and soil seem well adapted to the business. The shipment of eggs to San Francisco for the year 1906 was

enormous, a total of 4,334,321 dozen eggs and 39,938 dozen poultry. This does not include home consumption, the eggs used for hatching and the many little chicks shipped away directly from the incubators. The gain over the year 1905 was 507,360 dozen eggs and 546 dozen poultry. In fact the business has nearly doubled in the past five years the annual increase being twelve to fifteen per cent. The chicken ranches range from a small lot to 360 acres, and the stock from a few hundred to 20,000, or over, several parties within five miles of the city carry 10,000 laying hens. They are carried for three years and are sold with the young rooster for spring chickens. The white Leghorn are universally used as they proved to be the best layers. The annual profit is about one dollar per laying hen. It is a cash business of about \$30,000 per month.

Petaluma holds the same relation to Sonoma County that Providence does to the State of Rhode Island, but Sonoma County is larger in area than Rhode Island by 300 square miles, with a more fertile soil. Every product is raised without irrigation. We have abundant rains. The mountains are heavily wooded and the valleys exceedingly fertile. It is especially rich in fruits. The grapes and orange growing together. All grains do well and corn and potatoes are planted in May, after the rains and harvested before the early rains in fall.

With this country behind it and its peculiar advantages, with the development of the State, there is every reason to believe that in the future Petaluma must necessarily become one of the large cities of California.

“Rest is not quitting life’s busy career,
Rest is but fitting one’s self to life’s sphere.”



White Rose.

By Ma'rie Coan.

[NOTE BY THE EDITRESS:—It is with creditable pride that we publish this beautiful poem, "White Rose," emblematic of the majestic humility of Christ, by Ma'rie Coan, and hope soon to present other productions of this gifted woman.]

Behold! I am standing, waiting, with a White Rose in my hand;

But the hour of acceptance is late
And thou knowest not its demand.

Through mists of Darkness and Error, 'shrouded by shadow
of sin:

In travail of soul, perchance, and sick with the world's
weary din,

Thou shalt pass and repine,
'Ere this White Rose of mine
Shall thy heart to its beauty incline.

Behold! I am standing, waiting, with the White Rose in
my hand;

A pure and fair symbol as snow—
But thou dost not yet understand.

Though far and wide seas intervene—and long years roll
on and on—

Like message illumined—violets' scent when the flower
has gone:

Shall this White Rose, I say,
On the wings of the day,
Lay its sign on thy heart to obey.

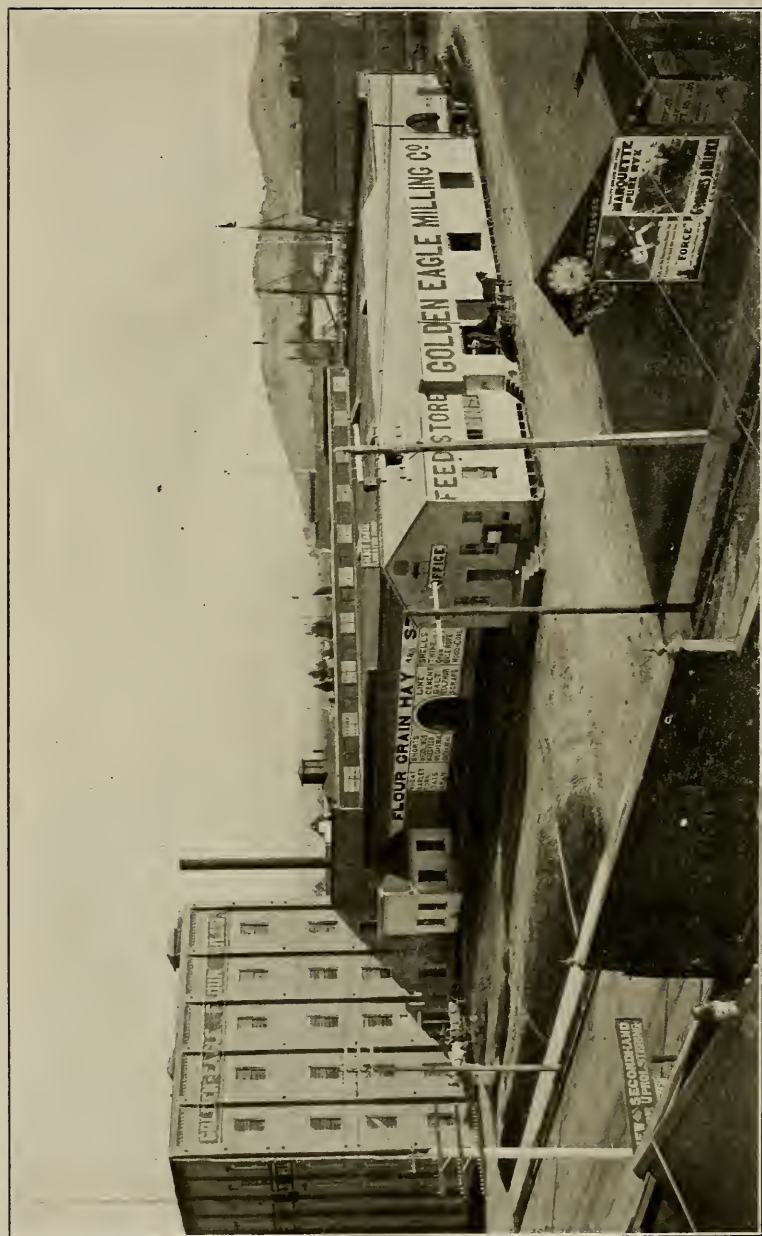




Geo. P. McNear,
Northern California's Most
Brilliant Financier



Thomas MacLay,
President Wickersham Bank-
ing Company.



Plant of The Golden Eagle Milling Company, Petaluma.

THE NEEDS OF PETALUMA

BY DEWEY RAVENSCROFT.

The editor has asked me to write something of the needs of Petaluma. I might say a great many small things of what Petaluma needs, and speak in truth, as the word "needs" is usually interpreted. But I shall confine myself to a statement of the immediate and apparent enterprises that would inure to the benefit of the town and for which many people imagine they see reasonable profits for a good investment for the community.

A First-Class Hotel.

The first thing that seems lacking to the stranger arriving within our gates is a good hotel; a hotel that would impress the new-comer with the fact that Petaluma is a town of importance, a good substantial town, and that he is to get good accommodations while in effecting its peculiar fitness for his desires; a hotel where, should he locate with us, he might feel proud to take his friends and business acquaintances after he establishes himself; a hotel to cost say \$150,000 to \$200,000, situated so that it could afford to have all the adjuncts of a good hotel, including a ballroom, and at the same time suitable for a large class of men who would feel free to come here for a month or six weeks in the summer with their families, and be able to visit their businesses in the metropolis daily, while they were having their summer outing.

Water Front.

A good waterfront is another of

the needs of Petaluma; a large basin with proper landing stages for the expedition and convenience of the river shipping, with room for the accommodation of vessels, out of the currents of the river, and with generous wharves and sheds, to receive freight, and good streets and plenty of room for the many teams to reach it.

Better and quicker communication with San Francisco is almost a crying need. It takes a day's time and tedious discomfort to get to and from the metropolis, only thirty six miles to do an hour's shopping.

A Public Park.

We ought to have a large park with a promenade and bandstand; a park where the summer evenings could be spent in quiet enjoyment by families and strangers.

Another need of this place is a bathing pool where the youth of the city could find the most healthful and invigorating exercise.

An improved light plant would be very welcome to us, as well as an auxiliary power station, so that we could have something to depend upon when the long transmission service is crippled by storms or floods. This is now being built.

Our water system is being improved now, and may be adequate for years to come after it is completed.

Our Social Needs.

One of our social needs is a greater degree of broadmindedness, and a neglect of the constant provincial

criticism, that marks us as a small town.

These are really only suggestions; not crying needs; for Petaluma has no crying needs.

The town is most regularly agreeable in climate. It is solid financially. It is socially a splendid place. It is a responsive town, yielding good and regular profits to earnest industry and intelligent application, and nearly always offering employment to labor and capital. It has every ad-

vantage of good churches, plenty of schools, all the adjuncts, in a modest way of civilization, and the best lot of people on earth. It is located in a rich and productive district, picturesquely situated and artistically and substantially built; close enough to the sea, the bays, the mountains, the forests and the plains and great valleys, and to the civil and commercial metropolis of the state.

It seems almost sacrilegious to say that Petaluma really needs anything.



Hill's Opera House, Petaluma.

❧ ❧ ❧ Johanna. ❧ ❧ ❧

— The Suicide —

.. By Anna M. Reed ..

Life was a burden, and love was cold,
So she lies with her hair like a coil of gold.
Over her breast, and down to her knee,
And people are saying she died for me.

Why? I wooed her when dreams of truth,
Dwelt in the heart of our radiant youth,
And *Time* has broken faith's golden bowl,
As it rent the garment of this fair soul.

Time—and the complex and changing years,
Where laughter is silenced and drowned in tears.
In a world of madness—a world of lies,
Where we follow a mirage of Paradise.

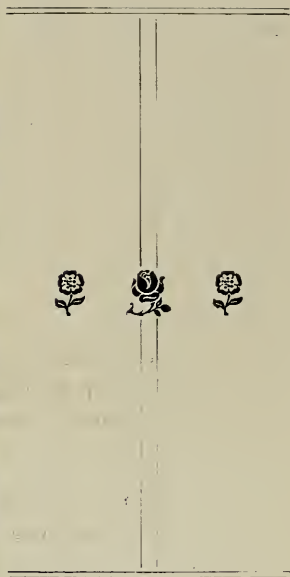
Time—who robs us of everything sweet,
While cowards and slaves we cringe at his feet,
She has defied him, and fled from his care,
And I would follow, but do not dare.

I knew her better than all beside.
And I know the reason that she has died,
What ever is said, or however it seems,
I know she would not out live her dreams.

Fearless she passed, beyond the reach,
Of all heart-hunger, and passioned speech,
Life was a burden she could not bear,
So she lies in the shroud of her golden hair.



Rev. Robert Newton Lynch, Sec., Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.



*** Petaluma Chamber of Commerce ***

.. By Robert Newton Lynch ..

The best expression of the truly progressive spirit of Petaluma has been found in the organization known as the Petaluma Chamber of Commerce. Petaluma, always alive and an active commercial center, did not realize her own importance and influence until the most progressive men of the town "got together" and formed an organization for the public good. This body has been in existence nearly two years, and has

filled an important function of expressing to the outside world the real spirit of the city.

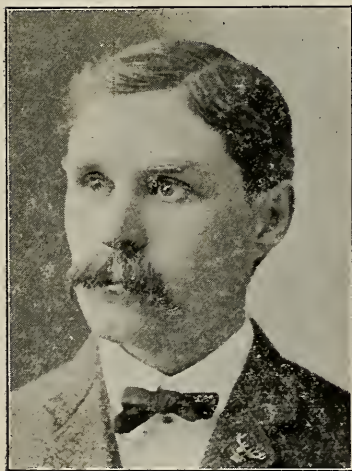
This body is a model of such organizations, both in method and the character of its directors. Men of the largest success and best known in the community have been willing to give their time and energy to its work and the organization not only commands the attention of the outside world but the thorough respect



Henry Schluckebier



F. H. Atwater



J. E. Olmsted



D. B. Fairbanks

Some of The Members of Petaluma Chamber of Commerce
Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.



Brown's Millinery No. 822 Kentucky St., Petaluma.



Interior Brown's Millinery, Petaluma.

and confidence of the community.

Its work has been far-reaching and varied. It supplies to all enquirers impartial and unprejudiced information regarding the resources and business opportunities of Petaluma. It aids and encourages proper manufacturing enterprises; it advertises the distinguished advantages of this section broadcast; it speaks in a larger way to co-operate with the county and surrounding counties in the proper work of promotion; it encourages in the community every proper movement for the public good and seeks to inculcate a loyal and progressive spirit.

Petaluma has succeeded in getting in touch with the very best promotion spirit of the times. Throughout our State there has come to be a higher type, and ideal of development that has heretofore obtained. This spirit of development is not for the purpose of immediate personal profit to any individual or co-operation but has set its mind on the creation of favorable conditions and in realizing in this God-given country the best type of citizenship and the best environment for the building of homes. There has been a notable advance in the character of the men who are engaging in this work and it has the larger significance of the future character of the State that this work should be fostered and continued.

Petaluma seeks this true promotion spirit. It is seeking to attract to its city only the best class of people. She hospitably opens her doors to the desirable home-seeker and investor and asks them to share her advantages and opportunities. The Secretary of this body will be glad at any time to furnish information or literature to the enquirer.

NORTH OF BAY COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.

Some account should be given in this issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN of the work of the North of Bay Counties Association, a central

organization which combines the commercial bodies of the counties of Marin, Napa, Lake, Sonoma and Mendocino. This body was formed through the initiative of the Petaluma Chamber of Commerce and the result of the effort to combine the activities of the commercial bodies in this section of the State. It was felt following the higher ideals of promotion work that there should not be the slightest friction or antagonism through the various commercial bodies which are seeking to develop the Sonoma and Napa Valleys. It was also felt that it would be an economy to have a common representative at Los Angeles or San Francisco who could represent without prejudice the entire section.

This organization has more than fulfilled its purpose and has resulted in bringing into closer harmony the leaders in development work at different points throughout the section. It has also accomplished a very important work of creating Chambers of Commerce in towns where they have heretofore not existed. A representative of fine ability was maintained at Los Angeles for six months and at the present time this gentleman, Francis Hope is located in San Francisco. He lectures daily at the State Board of Trade Rooms, Ferry Building and distributes a large amount of literature of this section.

The North of Bay Counties Association is peculiarly fortunate in having for representatives from every town a man of standing and ability. Santa Rosa is represented by Mayor J. P. Overton, who is President of the body. The Vice-Presidents are W. H. Cameron of Napa and P. I. Lancaster of Willits. The representative from St. Helena is W. A. Mackinder; Calistoga, G. S. Cutler; Ukiah, Mr. J. C. Ruddock; Cloverdale, C. B. Shaw; Sebastopol, A. B. Swain; Lakeport, P. H. Millberry; and Petaluma; Secretary R. N. Lynch.

The North of Bay Counties is taking a deep interest in all that concerns the development of the north

of Bay Counties and and is calculated to encourage promotion spirit throughout the territory. Abundant literature is printed and distributed widely.



Self-Respect.

Cultivate self-respect. One who has no respect for self, will have none for others, and sometimes fails to be what the world calls respectable.—New Thought.



Fragment.

By Anna M. Reed.

In the fading light of a summer day,
 I dream of the years that have passed away,
 It cannot wrong you, or be a sin,
 To say that happy I have not been—
 In this fading light.

But in that light, that on land or sea,
 Never was—and ne'er shall be
 You will know better, my love—and me—
 In that wondrous light.





Governor Gillette has solved the problem: What to do with our *criminal insane*.

It will no doubt be a great relief to the taxpayers. But what about the dignity and consistency of the law? Frank Willard was an insane person, so pronounced by our best medical authority, and lawfully committed to an asylum.

He committed a cruel crime. He was dragged before the courts, tried, condemned, hung. It may have been a good thing but it was not justice, in accordance with law. If so, what about the hundreds of other men, in our asylums today, equally criminal, and equally insane?

A precedent has been established, shall the work go on?

We had hoped that the fearless course of THE NORTHERN CROWN, would scatter the inmates, and close the most disreputable resort in Ukiah. But we see that some of the "old crowd" are returning. We suggest that the District Attorney, the Civic League, and the Mothers' Club, make a raid on the "*Place De Brobaque*," in the interest of the principles they pretend to advocate. *But they do not dare.*

We are under obligations to Dr. F. H. Sanborn of Fort Bragg, for his efforts in behalf of THE NORTHERN CROWN. Had he succeeded, he would have netted us the best day's profit ever realized in advertising. He had better confine himself to his practice, as neither he, nor the Supervisor from the Fourth District, are a success, outside of their usual line of work.

EDWARD SPALDING LIPPITT

✻ ✻ One of Petaluma's Grand Old Men ✻ ✻

— What He Is Today. —

✻ By Anna M. Reed ✻

There has been no stronger personal influence north of San Francisco, along the lines of intelligent effort, in building up the great commonwealth of California, than that of Edward Spalding Lippitt. Always identified as he has been with the best interests of humanity, in mental and moral achievement.

It is not necessary to enumerate the many things he has done, the noted people that he has been associated with in business, and missions of trust and honor. Innumerable biographical sketches recite his early struggle with adverse fortune, the difficulties that he overcame, and the honors he achieved. He was associated at college and in the practice of law with Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward President of the United States. He has been delegate to National Conventions, is an able and brilliant speaker. He had the unusual honor of giving the memorial eulogy for Lincoln, Garfield, Grant and McKinley, successively.

He is numbered among the ablest in law and letters. Is Past Grand Commander of Knights Templar, for California. Having in 1880, obtained the petition for, and formed the Mount Olivet Commandery, K. T. of which he is a charter member.

Yet with all this, he has avoided and refused public and official honor, when possible to do so. His busy life and extensive practice claiming his

time and attention. His qualities and his attainments have kept him always associated with the best that his country afforded. And loyal, earnest and capable, he has not failed her, but lived the life of an ideal citizen, an example to be emulated with credit by all, for all time.

E. S. Lippitt comes from good old New England stock. On his mother's side he is related to Ex-President Cleveland.

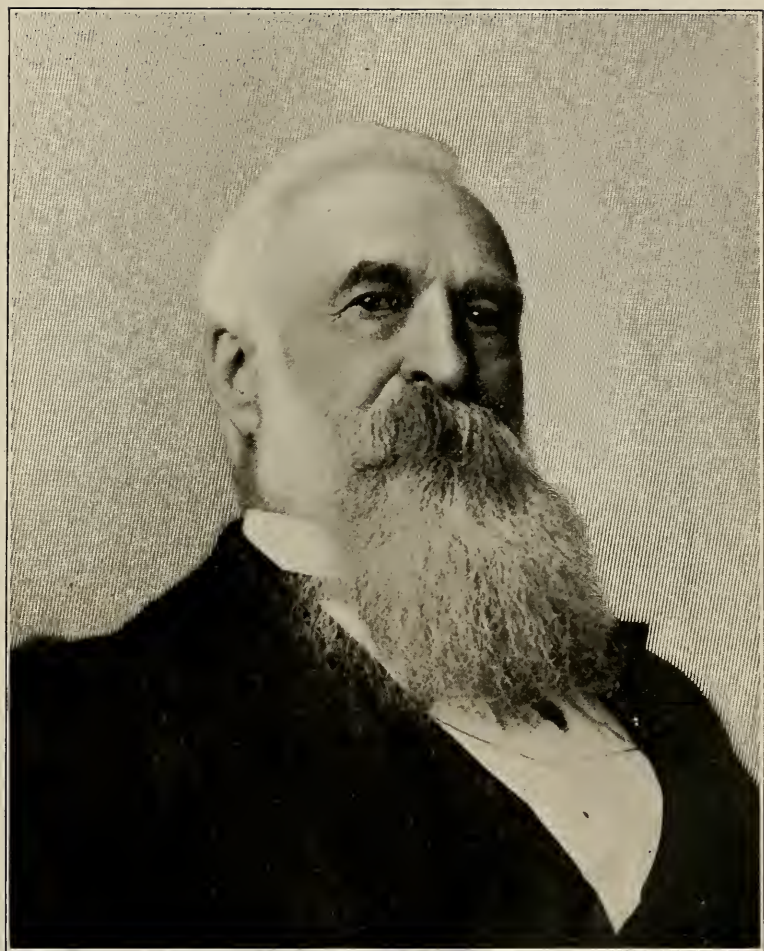
It does not matter so much where a man is born, but to inherit the keen perceptions and adaptability of a clean, strong race, is much.

To know that the current of life has flowed for generations from a source uncontaminated by unworthy impulse, or evil deeds.

Such men belong to the aristocracy of merit and intellect, and no handicap of fortune, or condition can change their high estate. They may be born to poverty, but they will make their own opportunities.

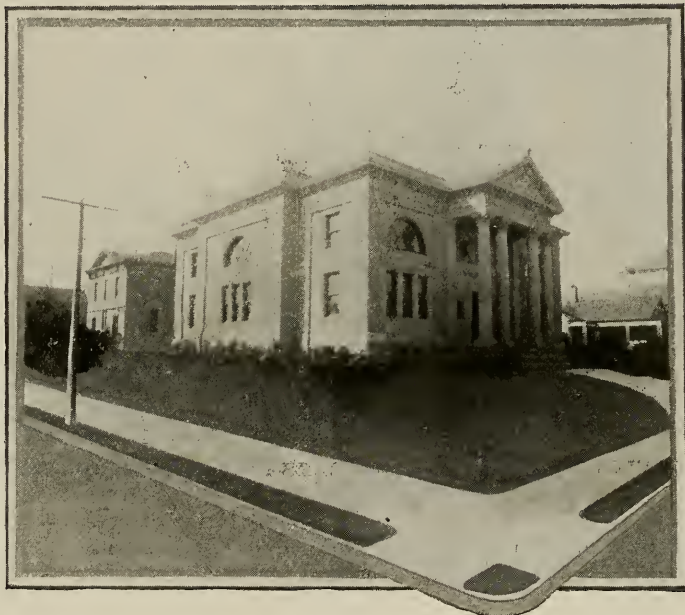
They may meet with adverse fortune, but like the eagle, bereft of his abiding place, they will rise above, on the strong wings of hope and untiring energy, to heights still beyond.

Such a one is Edward Spalding Lippitt, and even time has failed to vanquish his indomitable energy and wonderful faculties. Although venerable, he is able and alert, and at eighty odd, reads and writes without glasses.



E. S. Zippert

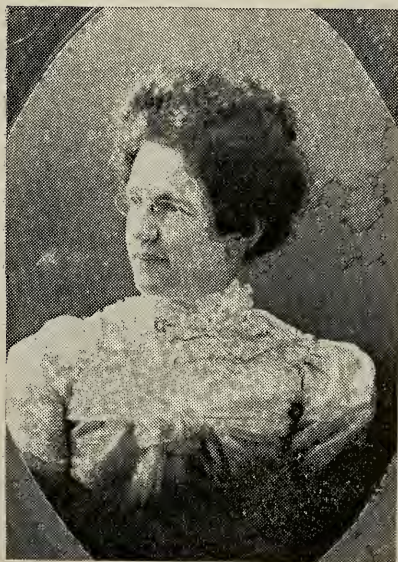
He has lately celebrated his 56th wedding anniversary, and may be found at his desk daily attending to his duties. We are glad to know, that with the exception of the Civil War period, he has always been identified with the Democrats.



(Courtesy, Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.)

New Carnegie Library, Petaluma.

S. J. Hopkins, Tres.; Frank Cromwell, Sec.; E. S. Lippitt,
Thomas Mcclay, W. S. De Turk, Trustees.



Sarah Frances Cassiday,

Librarian.

New Carnegie Library,

Petaluma.



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A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Yellow-haired Sonoma lying in the south,
With the kiss of Summer waiting on her mouth.

Sitting on the grand stand at Agricultural Park, Petaluma, in August, 1891, by the side of Judge Shafter, he said: "The hills of Sonoma are like the hills of France."

The Angel Island Band was playing "Annie Laurie," those yellow hills of Sonoma toward the east were like pale gold in a veil of blue, a glad throng clustered like bees on the sloping expanse of the grand stand, and all gay with bright raiment and waving flags, made up a picture in the kaleidoscope of life, whose light and shade, color and music, left an indellible impress upon the film of memory—a negative that we take up today, to develop the picture that has been perfected by the smiles and tears, of the years that lie between.

We had been honored by the invitation of the Sonoma and Marin District Agricultural Society to deliver the

annual address on August 27th, 1891. For 25 years this Society had met and flourished, with satisfaction to its patrons and founders, and so, on its silver anniversary the innovation of an address by a woman was to be one of its features.

The following extracts are from the press of that time:

“THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

“On Thursday evening the pavilion was filled with expectant people who were anxious to hear what a lady could say about agriculture.

“At the appointed time P. J. Shafter, of Olema, Marin County, in a neat and well-timed speech introduced Mrs. Anna M. Reed, who, in good voice and excellent matter, held the audience for three-quarters of an hour by the magic of her eloquence.

“The address was practical, concise and direct to the point, and elicited repeated bursts of applause.

“The universal verdict was that the address was one of the best ever delivered before the Agricultural Society.

“The readers of the “Argus” are referred to the address itself, together with an excellent likeness of Mrs. Reed, on our second page.”—The Petaluma Argus.

“Mrs. Reed’s speech Thursday evening was well received. A large crowd filled the pavilion to overflowing, and her talk was enthusiastically applauded. It is a new feature to have a woman deliver an oration at an agricultural fair, but we can see no reason why the practice cannot become a custom. The speech will be found in full on the first page of today’s paper.”—The Petaluma Courier.

“The annual address was delivered in the pavilion on Thursday evening by Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, of Laytonville, this county. It was strikingly original and able, and was very well received by the large audience which had gathered to listen to the gifted lady.”—The Mendocino Beacon.

The annual address by Mrs. A. M. Reed, at the Court House, Tuesday evening, was everything that it was expected to be—a masterly address—by a lady, who, though devoted to higher culture, has proven by her address here, and at Petaluma, that she understands the agricultural wants and needs of the State.”—Ukiah Dispatch-Democrat.

One fact, distinct among the recollections of the occasion referred to, would attest to the culture and decency of the large assemblage that we had the honor of addressing. With fifteen hundred people seated in the gallery and fifteen hundred more standing on the floor of the pavilion there was absolutely no confusion, or noise, outside of the occasional applause. Standing upon the platform erected near the center of the pavilion, we could hear the drip of the fountain, and the low chirping of the chicks in the brooder nearby. Under the direction of handsome Jimmie Burdell—that is what they called him in those days—the platform had been decorated with the

various flowering plants on exhibition at the Fair, and the immediate front, was banked with fragrant magnolias, from the beautiful grounds of Mrs. John McNear. Standing in the foreground were the Honorable A. W. Foster and wife of San Rafael, and many other noted people, identified with the interests of Sonoma and Marin, were crowded into the ground floor space of the pavilion. We will never forget the introductory remarks by Payne Shafter. Graceful, eloquent and apt, he made the way easy for the address to follow.

The Shafter's were representative people, they served the State and Nation in places of usefulness and trust.

Some weeks ago, at Westport, on the coast of Mendocino, we met a lady who was once an inmate of the Shafter home at Olema, in an educational capacity. With her we looked at the pictured home and faces of the people whose openhearted hospitality has passed into social history in the fair land of Marin. General Shafter, Judge Shafter, honored alike in peace and war, and genial Payne Shafter, and his lovely wife. They were all people of possessions, but too generous—too kind—too human to be the builders of great fortunes, that would leave others poorer in proportion. But in ability, and character, and service, their history passes with honor, into the annals of the state, and they are the kind of people that it is an honor to have known, and a pleasure to remember.

These first impressions of the generous, fair-minded, public-spirited people of Petaluma, when we were brought before them in that first grand ovation, where gathered the brightest and the best, and in that first association with them, being entertained as we were, in the palatial home of John McNear Sr., and at the country residence of Harrison Mecham, have only been intensified by time.

We know of no city, where to a greater extent the *American spirit* prevails, and this is a compliment to our government and our institutions, for the population has been largely foreign, and this rapid assimilation, and conformation to new conditions, proves the justice and the safety of the American principle, in producing from every class of material, the ideal citizen. Much of this excellence in business and social circles, is due to the sterling qualities of the staunch old pioneers who first settled in and

around Petaluma.

From General M. G. Vallejo, that noble old pioneer citizen, and ablest of all the California leaders, under the Spanish rule, to George P. McNear our present king of commerce and brilliant financier, Petaluma has been fortunate in the men who directed and dominated the course of its progress, in all its affairs.

With the founding of the Mission of San Francisco Solano, the last and most northerly of the Spanish Missions, in 1823 the agricultural and commercial conquest of Northern California began. And to no more worthy or able hands, than to the pioneers of Sonoma, from first to last, has the work of the progress and civilization of this busy world been intrusted.

We have not space to name them all, in fact the names of some are today unknown, but we dwell in the result of their labors. Of such, in the eloquent words of Edward Everet Hale, we may say:

“What was his name? I do not know his name,
I only know he heard God’s voice and came;
Brought all he had across the sea,
To live and work for you and me.

Felled the ungracious oak and from the soil, with horrid toil,
Dragged the thrice-quartered roots and stubborn rocks,
With plenty piled the rugged mountain side,
And at the end without memorial died.

No blowing trumpet sounded forth his fame---
He lived; he died; I do not know his name.
No form of bronze, and no memorial stones,
Show me the spot where lie his mouldering bones.

Only a cheerful city stands, the work of his brave heart and
hands;

Only ten thousand homes, where day by day, the cheerful play,
Of love, and hope, and courage comes. These are his monuments,
these alone;

There is no form of bronze, and no memorial stone.”

One oriental belief pictures the hereafter as a vast sea of perfection, where souls losing their individuality, find peace together, in one great Nirvana. However that may be, in the material results of this existence, this thing is true: the pioneers who first conquer the wilds of this world, who have faith in themselves and the ultimate destiny of a country, and invest themselves, and their fortunes, whatever they may be, to that end, securing safety and plenty for those who follow them, are often lost and forgotten in the oblivion of time.

Here and there the name and history of one stands forth, a monument to their thrift and toil and enterprise, but the names and histories of a large majority are swallowed up in the great sea of prosperity where we voyage today—the Nirvana of a happy and prosperous people.

So thinking of those who first came to the bright land of Sonoma, who founded the fair city of Petaluma, and laid the foundation of her success, we may be sure that known or unknown, they have, and will journey on, beyond the hills of Sonoma, to hills beyond, fairer even than the hills of France.



We wish to thank the business men—and women, of Petaluma, whose generous patronage has made possible this creditable number of THE NORTHERN CROWN. Our advertising section show their names and we are glad to be able to present them to the readers of our magazine, in a manner that may forward their interests.



We call especial attention to the advertisement of the Utility Gate Company. If the Utility Gate, now manufactured by Mason & Son, was introduced over the length and breadth of California, it would be a public benefaction and the greatest labor and temper saver ever invented. Almost all gates are in a chronic state of lock-jaw, and as such wear out the strength and patience of the traveler, and incite the most pious to profanity. A gate that opens itself, and swings either way, and always the right way, is the gate to have, so read the ad., and order one.



There is nothing of more vital interest to the traveler than the roads and highways of the land in which we dwell and circulate and have our being. We have traversed those of Mendocino at all times of the night and day, and in every season, but we had one of our worst and best experiences last June, when reaching Eden valley in a summer storm, we journeyed on, the next day through the black adobe, that sticketh closer than a brother, where not a yard of gravel has ever been laid, on the road to the crossing of the north Eel.

The river was much swollen by the rain, and the

ferryman had deserted his post, and left the boat on the Round valley shore. On the day in question a traveling man, W. J. Hodnett, had reached the river hours ahead of us. He had tried the ford, only to have his buggy overturned and barely getting out with his life. While he was shivering in the cold wind of the river, there fortunately appeared on the scene a stalwart native son, in the person of Tom Farrence. Unhitching his team, he swam the river on one of his horses, without saddle or bridle, brought the boat over, and rescued the half drowned traveler, and also took us over in safety.

It was a lucky chance that brought him to the spot at the right time; but the whole experience was the result of our poor road service in Mendocino. But life and limb, and many other things are but lightly and cheaply held, by some of the politicians of this county.



In the next issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN will appear the brilliant address of Dr. J. W. Milliken, given before the faculty and scholars of the Mendocino High School on the 24th of last May. It is a very able production and we will be glad to present it.



In the advertisement of a very desirable property near Calpella, the acreage of grapes should be *four* instead of *forty*, as printed.

The Mountain Grade vs. the Automobile.

We would not stay the wheels of progress, even when rubber-tired, and the motive power a tank full of gasoline, and a driver full of "booze." But some restriction should be placed upon the numerous infernal machines preambulating our mountain highways, belching forth vile odors easily associated by the imaginative with the goggle-eyed demons who propel them, and striking terror to man and beast.

Whenever people reach out so far in pursuit of their own business or pleasure, that they strike someone else in the face, they are no longer exercising the *liberty* of this

avored country, but the unbridled *license* of power and money.

There is no excuse for the automobile and motorcycle upon our narrow, steep and always dangerous, mountain grades.

The *desire* of the rich and idle class, to loll in luxurious touring cars, at a dangerous rate of speed, through our beautiful mountain regions, is not *sufficient excuse*, for the endangering of the safety of life and limb, of those less fortunate.

In many cases "shank's mare," the French cart, and Pat's wheelbarrow have only been superseded in this generation by the elegant Pierce Arrow, Pope-Toledo or Deere-Clark motor car. And the owners of such should remember the days, when their *near ancestors* plodded on in humble way, as do yet the large majority, to whom the mud and dust and discomfort were, and are today, but trifling, compared to the nerve-racking danger to which the *busy purses*, and *idle pates*, of their descendants subject us.

There is a *time* and *place* for everything, so the wise man has said. But the *place* for the automobile is *not* the *narrow mountain grades* of California.

Those who are introducing it there, are ahead of the *time*.

Motor highways should be provided, wherever the road leaves our valleys, and ascends its breakneck way.

All reasonable people agree that this is true. State aid should be extended, if necessary, to build them.

We are not all able to substitute the automobile for the horse. We are in favor of progress, but not willing to be immolated upon its altar.

The people are all powerful when they assert themselves. Let something be done.



One of Petaluma's Three Large Tanneries.
Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.



L. C. Byce, Inventor of Artificial Incubation.

THE Petaluma Incubator is the pioneer hatching machine. Its introduction and use antedates that of any other incubator on the market, being seven years ahead of any other in the United States, and fifteen years ahead of any other in Petaluma. L. C. Byce was its inventor.

The Petaluma Courier says:

"Mr. Byce can reflect with satisfaction upon the effect of his work set in motion a quarter of a century ago

No institution in our city, or combination of interests has been so instrumental in making the name of Petaluma known around the world, or so productive of good to Petaluma and vicinity as the manufacture of Petaluma

Incubators and Brooders."

Mr. Byce should have full credit for his invention, and its results, and THE NORTHERN CROWN takes pleasure in placing the truth before its readers. L. C. Byce, his incubators and brooders, have made Petaluma famous.

MORROW'S

Ice Cream Parlors and Candy

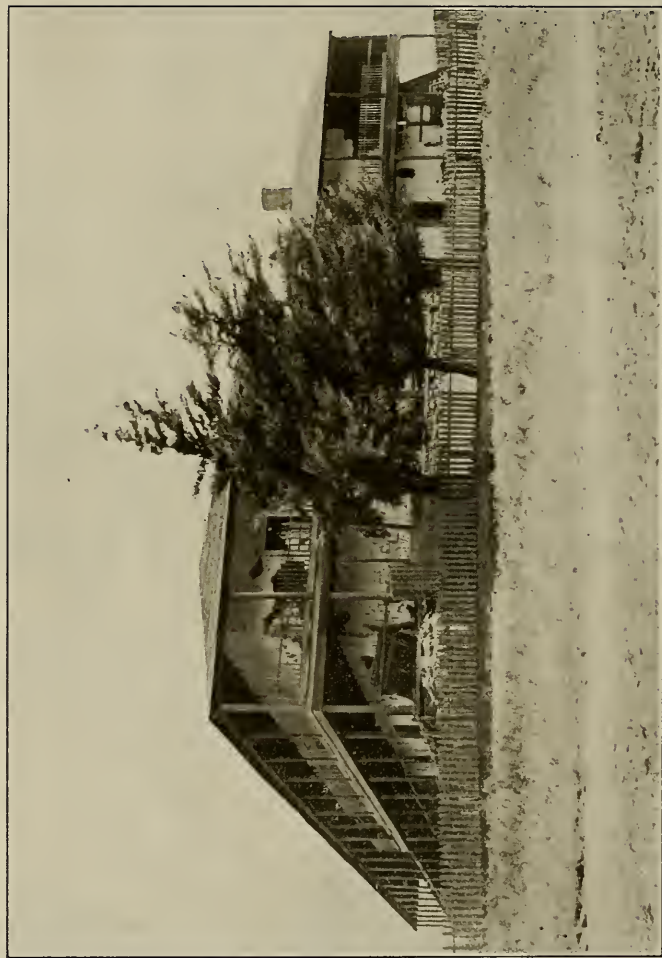
Factory

816 Kentucky St and 906 Western Ave., Petaluma
Ice Creams, Ices, and all sorts of Fancy Drinks. Boxed Candies a specialty. Orders Filled for Banquets, Parties and Families, promptly.



St. Vincent's Convent,
Petaluma.

Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of
Commerce.



The Old Adobe Fort, Built by Gen. M. G. Vallejo, near Petaluma.



New Continental Hotel, Petaluma.



Lobby, New Continental Hotel, Petaluma.



Bar, New Continental Hotel, Petaluma.



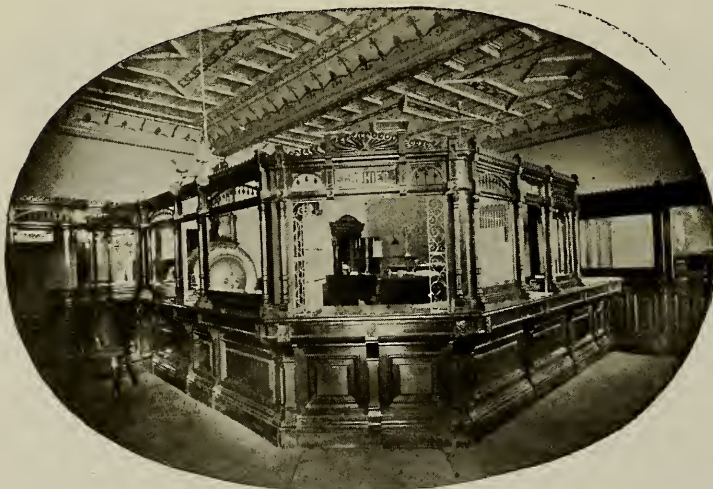
Petaluma United States Brewery, Geo. Griess, Prop.



Dining Room, Continental Hotel, Petaluma.



Petaluma Grammar School.



Interior Bank of Sonoma, Petaluma.

Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.



The NORTHERN CROWN



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PER YEAR, ONE DOLLAR.

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September, 1907.

ANNA MORRISON REED,
EDITRESS.
ISSUED MONTHLY AT THE
PRINTING OFFICE OF
THE NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING CO.
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

Northwestern Pacific Railroad

The Picturesque Route of California.

An ever-changing Panorama of

Scenic Beauty

Across the Bay and Marsh—
Through the broad and fertile
lands of Sonoma Co.—Along
the beautiful Russian river and
far into the Coast Range moun-
tains—The Mecca of the Photo-
graphic Artist—A Sportsman's
Paradise and the Homeseeker's
Promised Land — Tiburon to
Sherwood : : : : :

Take Boat at Tiburon Ferry.

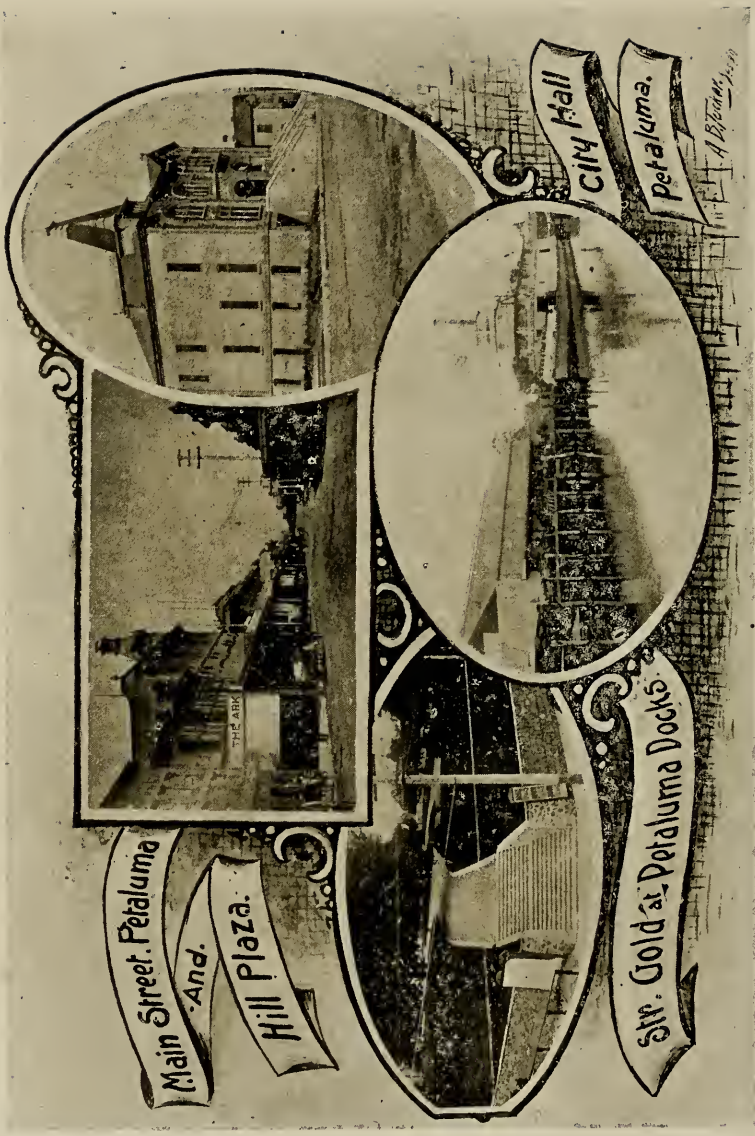
Main Office

James Flood Building
San Francisco.

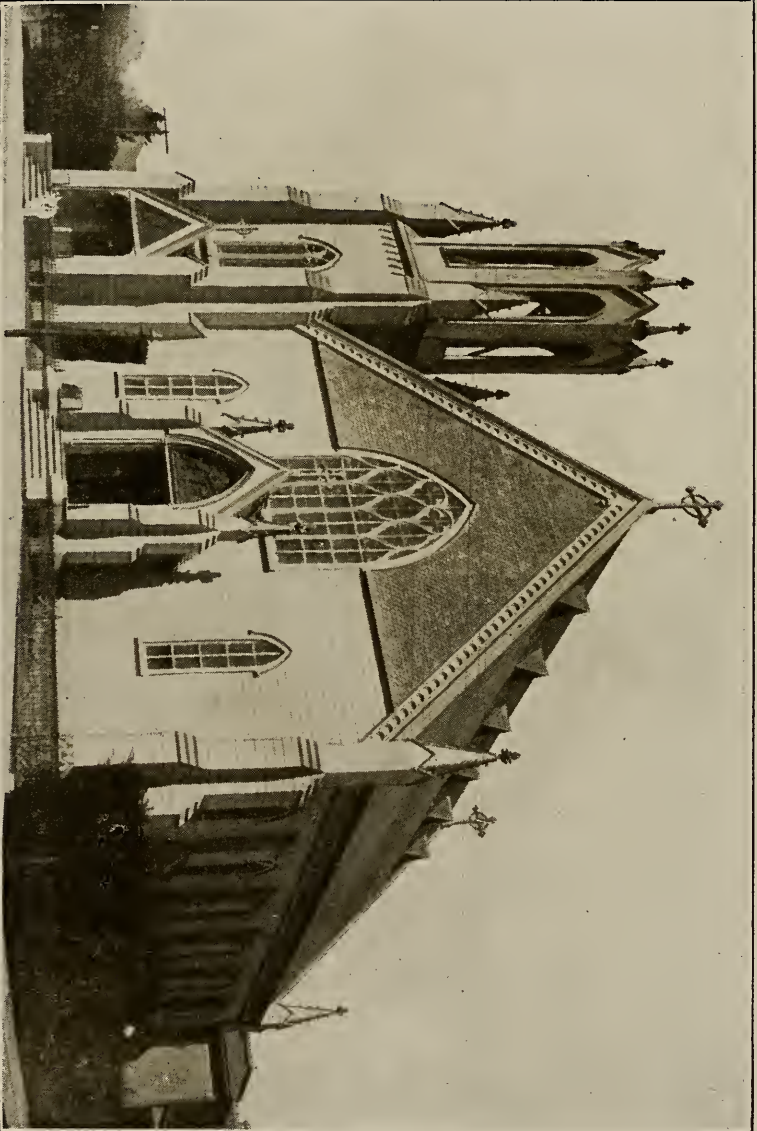
Jas. Agler, General Manager
J. J. Geary, General Pass. Agt.



Picture of the Clerks in the Ladies' Department, taken on five minutes notice, in rear of RAYMOND Bros. Store
Petaluma, Cal.



Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce



St. Vincent's Church, Petaluma



Group of Chicken Ranches near Petaluma.
Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III

UKIAH, CAL., SEPT., 1907.

NO. 10.

CIVILIZATION

By Dr. J. W. Milliken

An address delivered at the Commencement of The Mendocino High School, May twenty-fourth, Nineteen Hundred and Seven.

What is civilization?

Where do we find the highest type?

Are the nations of earth fully civilized?

Or are we yet semi-barbarians?

Send these questions to 100 men and you may get 100 different answers.

The Chinaman claims, with some reason, that he belongs to the only great civilization on earth. He asserts that barbarous nations are always at war, and that semi-barbarous nations make war and the preparation for it their chief business, while China has graduated from this low condition long ago, and that she attempts to keep the peace and treats all nations by the golden rules of Christ and Confucius.

Probably each race feels that it belongs to the best civilization. No doubt the San Francisco grafters feel that way themselves. With all this egoism among the several peoples of earth there has ever been a struggle for better conditions.

From Egypt to Russia men have borne with master and ruler for a season, then banished or killed them.

Recently France has confiscated the property of the church and driven the bishop from his home. Will she be better or worse for this change?

In Russia, peasants are starving, women and children are being slaughtered, and bombs are battering out the lives of the leading citizens.

It is interesting to read the history of the Anglo Saxon race in their march toward civilization. Formerly they were cannibals and lived in caves. Later they became pagans and worshiped many gods. The old Roman, Pliny, speaks of them about as we would of bushmen. But our old barbarian ancestors have slowly climbed to the best civilization of the present. As to whether we have yet reached a resting place no man can tell.

It may be that upon the ashes of our present civilization, a much better and grander one will be built.

For 4,000 years humanity has been blindly grouping in the dark for an ideal civilization.

The priests of Egypt, of Persia and India, the Buddhists, the Jews and the Christians and the philoso-

phers of Greece and Rome have each in turn tried to lead men toward a better life condition.

A prominent New Yorker recently stated that the civilization of the North American Indian is superior to that of the people of his native city. And we can easily pardon his pessimistic assertion when we read of the trials that have occupied the Manhattan courts during the last quarter of a century.

"Colliers Weekly" asserts that the people of New York pay the police force \$15,000,000 per year to be protected from thieves and thugs. And that the thieves and thugs pay \$25,000,000 annually to be let alone.

During 1776 the American people founded a new government in which our fathers had great confidence.

They made equality and freedom the cornerstone. They took away the power of priest and king. They gave the reins of government into the hands of the common people. They built the little red school house on a thousand hills. They leveled the forests, tunneled the mountains, and set the valleys to fruit and flowers—a paradise! we all exclaimed.

But alas! Clouds have arisen, a storm threatens. Our prophets assert that even this glorious civilization is honey-combed with greed and graft, and that we have pulled down the Goddess of Liberty and erected a golden image.

We are sending United State Senators, millionaires and social aristocrats to penitentiaries. In every state in the union goes up the cry: "Down with the grafters. The trusts are worse than the kings."

Whole states are owned by millionaires. Our legislators are bought and sold like cattle. Our politicians give us the glad hand, and sell us out to the highest bidder. Lawson exposes "Frenzied Finance." He shows us how the widows and orphans are trapped into buying watered stock, for \$100 a share, which is worthless.

How the rich man with his millions drives the poor man to a suicide's grave. How the widow with

her little oil factory, is made penniless by the great oil king. How witnesses to the felonies of the great monsters of high finance are sent to sea, and never again heard from.

The last few years of American history has been celebrated as an era of graft and corruption, and we are now attempting to cleanse the "Augean" stables.

"Colliers" and "The Woman's Home Journal," have told us about the cheap whiskey and burnt sugar, palmed off as golden tonics, at a dollar a bottle, and the dirty river water with a few drops of sulphuric acid, sold to the people as a great germ killer.

Then President Roosevelt attacked the railroad and beef grafters. After these exposures, our beef exports fell off to the value of millions of dollars. Later the government of New York got after the great life insurance thieves who were pensioning their uncles and their cousins, and their aunts with money supposed to be in reserve for widows and orphans.

Folk of Missouri, landed many prominent millionaires of St. Louis, in prison for bribery. Then, there are the timber thieves being hunted down by the United States Government. And you all know what Heney is doing in California. There is no doubt that nearly every leading officer in San Francisco deserves to go to San Quentin.

In former centuries the Robber Barons took all they wished by force but today the same class do it by cunning and fraud. The medical profession has been hunting down grafters. Our great wholesale pharmacists have been mixing a little antifebrine and baking soda, and advertising it as a wonderful chemical discovery.

The mixture was worth about ten cents a pound. They charge the poor doctor sixteen dollars—sixteen dollars profit. They paid the leading medical journals fabulous sums for advertising. But today, in nearly every state we have a journal

of our own, which is hunting down these highway robbers. The quack doctor is always with us. He is not modern.

A leading druggist in Oakland told me, that it pained him greatly to sell these quack remedies to poor women.

One St. Louis quack advertises a small bottle of Beechwood creosote as a sure cure for consumption, and charges \$15.00 for his new treatment. The druggist could have furnished the medicine for fifty cents.

But the great metropolitan papers many of them prominent religious weeklies, were all sounding the praises of the quack, so what could the druggist do, but sell what the people wanted. The sad part of this story is, that most of these grafters have been well educated in American schools, reared in American families, and many of them are leading members of churches.

Under such conditions is it any wonder that anarchism, and socialism are trying to crush the present political and religious systems, and found a new civilization.

There are many reformers who think they have a true remedy for our moral infirmities. Some claim that children with criminal tendencies should not receive mental culture. Other assert that great wealth should be taxed out of existence, and that the state be permitted to monopolize all great financial operations.

For fifteen years, state ownership has been tried in New Zealand. The mines, the banking, the telephone and insurance business, the export and import business, are all controlled by the state, at cost, for the benefit of the people.

The prices of goods, and wages are fixed by the government. And anyone who overcharges, or undersells is haled into Court. All idle men are set to work, building roads or clearing land for the state.

So far this has done away with tramps, sweat shops and labor strikes.

Grafters are not permitted to charge the people 40,000 of profit.

They have done away with political parties.

The names on the ticket are placed in alphabetical order. Any good citizen can have his name upon this ticket, so that you vote for men instead of parties. Everybody is watching this new departure. It is possible we may have to go to New Zealand for instruction. Already President Roosevelt has made orders in line with its political principles. Practically this new form of society illustrates socialism.

Socialists deny this, and assert that it is the very opposite. All nations are moving towards democracy. Socialists claim that the only true democracy is outlined by Carl Marx, the Father of socialism. In the future socialism is to be reckoned with. It now polls the largest vote of any party in Germany. It is also an increasing force in France and England.

It numbers among its workers many of the great literary figures. Its principles are being discussed by our leading monthlies. Father McGlynn of New York, was excommunicated by the Pope, for advocating some of its tenets. Socialists are poor, but they are workers. Their literature is being spread broad-cast, regardless of labor and expense.

Says a socialist: "The war we are waging is not for brutal conquest, nor empty glory, but for the civilization of the whole human race. It will require the bravest warriors that ever gave up their lives in the field of battle, and they will be known as the world's greatest heroes, and rest in the blessings of a thousand generations yet unborn."

This is the kind of inspiration that is being scattered all over the world, by socialists. Socialism is like a religion. It appeals to distress, to the down trodden, to those who are heavy laden. It attracts the same old democratic crowd that has always been the under dog and envied the aristocratic cur, with his silken

blanket, and fur-lined kennel. Socialists are the greatest propagandists that have appeared since the apostles went out from Jerusalem.

They have no beliefs. They know that what they teach is true. Whether we like it or not, socialism is a coming force, and we must prepare to investigate the subject. There are many good men and women who think they possess, in theory, the true remedy for modern ills. But the historian sees failure so often, and success so rare, that he is rather skeptical as to any of the new-fangled notions. Students of greek life admit, that there is no present civilization which is superior to that of ancient Athens. As we read history it does seem that in many ways, mankind has degenerated.

It is difficult to find a greater civilization than that of ancient Egypt. Greece was indebted largely to Egypt for her great place in history. It was an Egyptian who founded Athens, and Lycurgus traveled extensively in Egypt before organizing the Spartan Democracy. Some of the best and happiest conditions of society are very ancient. Plutarch asserts that Rome for 500 years lived in an ideal state. Possibly the secret of this was that Paganism ruled without hindrance, although it ruled with a cruel hand. Sinners were buried alive.

The pagan Priest was in full control of society and government. No soldier went to battle, no sailor went to sea, without consulting a pagan Oracle. Their religion contained much superstition, but it is a fact, that many of the noblest characters who have lived, were reared by pagan mothers, and educated under pagan influence. While this does not hold any force in favor of their ancient religious dogmas, it does show that the grandest civilization of the past, has flourished where religion of some kind ruled society. Even a cruel superstitious religion affords better results than Infidelity.

Paganism possessed unity and power. It was not composed of hundreds of religious sects. Its

edicts were obeyed. Criminals were banished from home, buried alive, or burned at the stake. While there was lack of liberty, there was respect for the Church and the Oracle. Plutarch states, that for 500 years Rome never had a divorce case in its courts. And that the first couple who separated were driven from the city by the disgusted inhabitants. Some have contended that education will cure our troubles. But we so often find good people who cannot read or write, and many of our worst criminals graduated from our best colleges, that this proposition falls of its own weight.

It rather seems that the worst thing we can do for society, is to educate a thief. Ignorant he remains a pick-pocket, educated he becomes a felon too shrewd to be caught. The evolutionist believes that everything is alright, that men have developed from protoplasm lizards and frogs etc., and that they possess the qualities of their ancestors, and will slowly, by a weeding out process, reduced the frog and the hog element in their natures.

The socialists assert that the whole trouble is due to the ignorance of the masses, and the shrewdness of the thieves, our masters and rulers, and we have only to read and think, eject king, priest, judge and employer and presto, all will be happy.

Socialists assert that international brotherhood will civilize the world.

International brotherhood means that the Golden Rule will be established between every race, color and creed. It means the golden age. The millenium which John saw in a vision on the isle of Patmos. It means Plato's Federation of the world, Christ's universal kingdom.

If socialists can accomplish this result, they surely will receive the blessing of "thousands of generations yet unborn." International brotherhood is a grand name. It heralds joy and peace and rest. It breathes of birds and flowers and running brooks. It reminds us of the golden city, where the lion and the lamb shall lie down together.

In other words it is the same old slogan that has inspired sage and prophet, priest and poet, of all religions, through all the ages. There has never been any trouble with the principles of all great religions. The trouble has been to get those principles into practice. Socialists have merely taken those principles into practice. Socialists have merely taken the essential principle of all religion, and nailed it to their political flag.

Every religion, so far, has been shattered, at times, by faction and schism. Has socialism any remedy for faction in its own ranks? Has socialism the power to transform men's minds and make them work in harmony. If priest and prophet have failed, through what power can socialism succeed, and harmonize discord, and make men good?

International brotherhood thunders in Tennyson's,

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrow lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand years of war,

Ring in the thousand years of peace."

International brotherhood, peace and good will among men, was a dream of the old saints and martyrs.

Has socialism any remedy for race hatred, lust and greed, which have drenched the world with blood and tears? Burbank believes that the family can be improved the same as plants and flowers. He thinks that the child needs the mother's love and care until ten years of age. And that sunshine and fresh air are better than school life until that age. He claims that heredity and environment are of equal importance, and that a mixture of races, develops some of the best people, and many of the worst.

He asserts that America has the opportunity of originating the noblest civilization that has ever been known upon earth, and that the home life, the mother love and our schools are the important factors.

Extravagance is probably one of the greatest evils of modern civilization. The waste in dress, in drink, in gambling, in social and society buildings, in armament for war, in useless luxuries of an infinite variety is so enormous, that if saved, it would abundantly relieve all the distress of earth.

"Colliers Weekly" asserts that the expense of the harmful drinks of the Russians, if saved, would relieve her 20,000,000 of starving people ten times over. The simple life should be practiced by all lovers of progress.

Many of our richest American women are leading a reform of vital importance as to this matter. We can all agree with the evolutionist, that mankind, for the most part, is a brute proposition. To read the history of our immediate ancestors fills us with disgust. And even today, there is about as much brute, as brotherhood. See how all the nations treat China, because she is unwarlike, and inoffensive.

Japan, Russia, France, Germany and England, have built a wall about these people, and say to them: No, you cannot leave. Starve in your own home.

England forces upon them the most inhuman traffic that has ever disgraced the world, since the Africans were brought in ship-loads to Virginia. Twenty millions of these poor souls are today subsisting upon leaves and grass, and they are dying by thousands.

Our recent earthquake was a summer picnic, compared with the flood in China. If the nations were fully civilized, they would cease building battleships, and be ready to relieve such distress wherever found. Under present conditions the brotherhood of man is a bubble. It bursts when the white race needs its practical application, or the black or yellow come begging a crust.

See how the American congress treats the helpless Filipino. We adopted him as one of the family, and then shut out his few small products by a prohibitive tariff, to save a few pennies for the sugar

trust. Character seems to be what we lack in modern civilization.

Religion and morality were made the principal studies in the old Jewish schools. To become a teacher and a prophet was the highest aim. The pagans made religion and moral philosophy their chief studies. Lycurgus observing the danger of great wealth, made it impossible for any Spartan to become rich, and diverted his mind toward physical, mental and social culture.

I agree with many who believe that our good citizens are too much divided into societies. Every state and city could be ruled by honest men, if the honest men of all societies would pull together. We have the strength if we would cast aside petty prejudices, and unite.

When the good men of the Catholic, Protestant and social world divide, the boodlers unite and gather in the spoils. American society is divided into financial sets, social sets, reform sets, lodge and religious sets. Could some great leader unite the better element of all these classes, there would be no difficulty in suppressing crime. It is the way and the only way. Unless something like this is done, Anarchism is sure to gain strength here, as it is doing in Russia, France and Germany.

In recent times we have been turning down old truths, and adopting new theories. It has been said, that of 100 new ideas, only a few prove good. Great men, with grand ideas are not born in every century.

We are more apt to follow the new theories than the old and tried facts. The medical wisdom of Hippocrates can never be excelled. I am inclined to have more faith in Aristotle, Plato and Socrates, than in the modern philosopher.

It is impossible to find more devoted Christians than Erasmus and St. Francis. It is a noted fact that recent theories are often false. Age is their only test. The opinions of Lincoln and Douglas can be more fairly judged today, than before the civil war. It takes centuries to

demonstrate the truth of many things. The microscope has revealed the theories of the ancient Jewish Talmud.

A recent Yale professor has put forth a theory, that there is no soul in man, and that we are mere machines. Of what value is such rot?

How vastly more reasonable the instruction of Socrates. I often feel inclined to favor the old principle of the unity of church and state. In practice the principle has in a measure failed, owing to the rigidity of religious dogma, and unwarranted persecution. But let the church be sufficiently liberal, to grant its members liberty of opinion on questions that can never be reasonably settled, but rigid in the punishment of crime detested by every civilization, and we might arrive at a supremely excellent social condition, as Greece and Rome did under paganism.

Why quarrel over questions which no unprejudiced court or jury on earth can settle? The great hindrance to the attainment of the golden age of which prophets dream, and poets sing, is the lack of unity among those who seek to improve civilization. This universe is so broad and wonderful, that it is impossible for the human intellect to discover the whole truth about anything. Should a man travel on the wings of light from star to star, for ten thousand years, he would learn very little about creation.

For 4000 years men have been studying the human mind, and we are yet ignorant of its functions. We all know that we know but little.

Why clash over a little we think we know. We had better spend our time in studying the vast sea of undiscovered knowledge.

For centuries we accused Divine Providence of afflicting us with yellow fever. Now we know it to be a mosquito and sewer filth, that is to blame. Our future civilization will depend largely upon the teacher and students of our schools and colleges.

Upon them will fall the responsi-

bilities of conducting this glorious unity of states to a more sane and healthy moral condition. It is for them to sift the new ideas, the true from the false and place within our statutes the nobler aspirations of the good and the great, from every source—Christain, Jewish or Pagan.

Because of the criminal tendencies of some of our people, we need not despair as to the future of this republic. Nations are like children. As they grow from youth to age, their earlier faults should be corrected. In every state, reform legislation is being enacted, and the people are awaking to their responsibilities. This country is young. It was an experiment.

England was more than 500 years in reaching her present condition. We have much to learn and a glorious variety of schools in which to study. Our trust must be placed in the teachers and students of these schools.

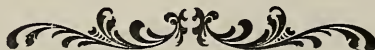
May they be wise. Sift the false from the true. And gather from the base and crude knowledge, the priceless gems of wisdom, that the red, white and blue may continue to be not only the emblem of peace and plenty, hope and safety, to all the struggling sons of toil, from every race and clime, but for all the world, the flag of a higher civilization.

Light.





By Francis W. Bourdillon.

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.



Geo. W. Rodehaver

  One of Petaluma's Representative Men  



Geo. W. Rodehaver.

fire or accident insurance, or to secure a loan on short notice, they will save time and worry by going to Geo. W. Rodehaver.

It is a refreshment to meet him in a business interview, and you will not go out of his presence feeling that you should apologize for being alive, but hopeful, helped by intelligent suggestion and full of faith in the busy world about you. If more men had the qualifications and characteristics of Geo. W. Rodehaver, Petaluma would be second to no city of its size in the union and we would be glad to dwell therein. When you desire to invest, or are in doubt about what you need in the way of business, or a home, call at his office, tell him about it, take a run in his automobile and look at the lovely outlying districts around Petaluma, and you will find what you want.

INTELLIGENCE, energy, courtesy, and kindness, distinguish George W. Rodehaver and mark him for success.

No one holds better the business situation of the city whose interests he understands, and represents. At his well equipped office 804 Main street, Petaluma, it is a pleasure to seek and receive information.

Taking up real estate and insurance as early as 1884 no one is better fitted for the work in which he is engaged. If one needs a policy for life,



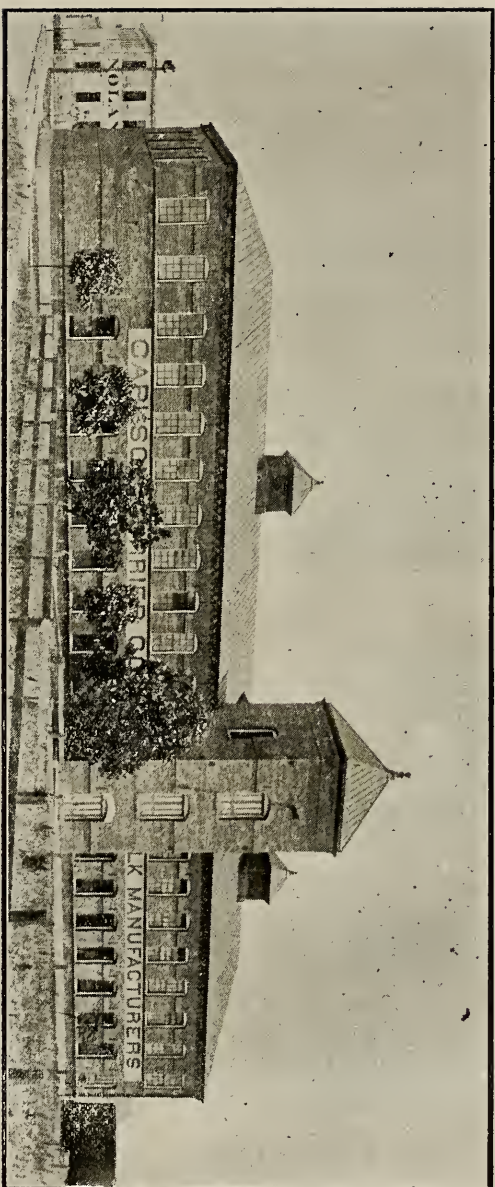
Wharf and Warehouses of the Golden Eagle Milling Company.



The Washington Street Frontage of Lachman & Jacobi's Winery.
 Courtesy Petaluma "Argus "



Scene on Petaluma River, Petaluma, Cal.
Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.

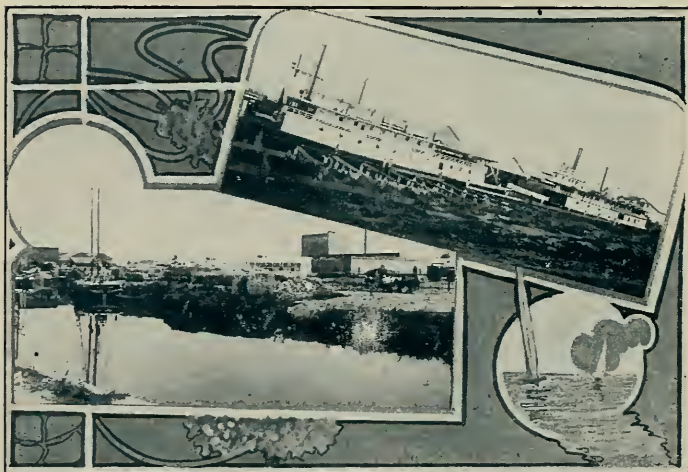


Carlson, Currier Company's Plant. The only silk mill of the west. Petaluma, Cal.

Greatest Petroleum Chamber of Commerce



Lower Main Street, Petaluma.



Steamers and Landing, Petaluma.

Courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce

For Clothes.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

THANK God for clothes!
Not that they shield us from the
winter rude,
Not that they foster social rectitude
And cloak deficiencies—for none of
those;
But for the warm uplift that furbelows
Can kindle in this sorry human clay—
The glory and the strut of fine array;
Thank God for clothes!

Thank God for dress!—
That through the darkest day can send
a gleam,
When some long-pondered frock comes
home a dream;
That glorifies the marriage rites, and
yes,
Lends to bereavement craped becom-
ingness;
That gives us courage to confront our
fate—
Illusions shattered, but our hat on
straight!
Thank God for dress!

Thank God for frills!
Let others praise for house and food; I
praise
That still there lurks enchantment in
my days
While shops are bright with raiment;
that the thrills
Of purple and fine raiment nothing
kills;
That though I die to music, drama, art,
Still will a silken rustle rouse my heart!
Thank God for frills!



"Then went Sampson down and his Father and Mother, to Timnath and came to the vineyards of Timnath; and behold a young lion roared against him.

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned * * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating and came to his Father and mother and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE.

To note such names as Louis Glass and Tirey L. Ford among the accused in recent criminal proceedings, makes for some of us a travesty of life, and an irony of much of its pleasant remembrance Tirey Ford has served the state, in many ways, was noted for his ability, public spirit, and admirable qualities.

Louis Glass, affable, able, genial Lou—looking back to a life time of pleasant acquaintance, it does not seem possible that he can be convicted of the things of which he is accused. The following letters are reminders of a past, concerned with them, that was much of its pleasanter part.

In spite of argument, judge and jury, we could not believe them guilty, had not our own personal experience, with a man now on the Appellate bench, proved what some will do through cupidity, and other ignoble ambitions. That he covered his tracks better, and did his work by apparently legal methods, makes him no less guilty, and we have faith that his day of reckoning will come.

Headquarters Executive Committee, California State Mining
Exhibit.

California Midwinter International Exposition

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 19, 1893.

Hon. John F. Kidder, Grass Valley.

Dear Sir: Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, the bearer, has been employed by the Executive Committee of the Mining Exhibit of the Midwinter Fair, to travel through the mining counties in aid of the California Mining Exhibit. We would be pleased to have you pass Mrs. Reed over your road and extend to her such courtesies as you can.

Sincerely,

TIREY L. FORD.

Spring Valley Mining & Irrigation Company

Location of Mine, Cherokee, Butte Co.

CHEROKEE, CAL., Dec. 26, 1879.

My Dear Mrs. Reed: I am ashamed to return this paper with so scanty a list, but nearly all the old residents have gone from Cherokee—some to the grave yard on the hill, others to younger and more prosperous mining camps, and in their places have come a host of laborers who are not literary in their tastes.

I hope you may obtain a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant the publication of your book, and also that it may contain your little poem of long ago, "Dreaming Among the Flowers," which still floats dreamily in my memory whenever I hear your name. With pleasant recollections of years gone by, I am respectfully your friend.

LOUIS GLASS.



Pepper Kindegarden, Petaluma California.



EDITORIAL

A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

We hope that our patrons will forgive an occasional delay in the appearance of THE NORTHERN CROWN. As soon as our plant can be supplied with power, we will set a regular date of issue. Until then be lenient and we will see that each subscriber receives twelve copies for the dollar. It is no light task to supply a monthly circulation of nearly two thousand copies, by hand, on a job press, and this is what we are trying to do. Our facilities will not be so limited much longer, as the business calls for, and will justify more help and proper power. We are the only monthly periodical advertising Northern California, and we depend upon the co-operation of all the fair minded, public spirited people of that region.



We have given much space in our last two issues to Petaluma, and its interests. To those who have helped to make this possible we wish to give full credit to all con-

cerned. We have found none more generous among the business men, than Raymond Brothers. The picture of the help employed by them in their ladies and childrens department, speaks for itself, and tells the story of the business done by them. So large a force of efficient help, is employed by no other firm in Petaluma.



We again commend to our readers Dr. J. W. Milliken's able article on civilization. We are proud to claim such talent for our county. Dr. Milliken's article will make people think. And to make people think, is the highest mission to humanity.



The following report of a recent musical event at Petaluma, was not credited to the writer, so we reproduce it:

The Petaluma Music House gave an opening on Friday evening at the new store, 833 Kentucky street. The following program was rendered: Selection, "Metropolitan Echoes." Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Keller and Prof. A. W. Stephenson.

Piano solo, "Song of the Alps." - Miss Genevieve Farrell.

Vocal solo, "Queen of the Earth." Miss Orlean Park. Miss Nellie Graham, accompanist.

Piano duet, "Charge of the Uhlans." By C. Bohm, op., 213. Misses Nellie Graham and Marie Meninan.

Vocal Solo, "Charmed Cup." George Ott, accompanist Mrs Geo. Ott.

Violin solo, "Notturmo en Sol." (Golterman Tirindelli.) Professor A. W. Stephenson, accompanist, Mrs. E. A. Keller.

Piano solo, "The Palms." - - - Miss Dorothy Rodd.

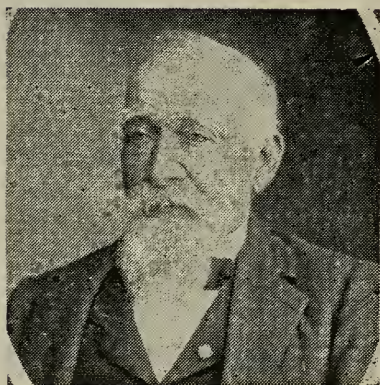
Vocal solo, "Till Death." Mrs. C. Young. With violin obligato by Prof. Stephenson. Accompanist, Miss Alice Graham.

All the numbers of this excellent program were well rendered, but especially that by Professor Stephenson and the vocal solo by Mrs. Young.

The exquisite execution by Prof. Stephenson proved him the master of his instrument. And the tenderness, and delicacy of expression of the singing by Mrs. Young have not been excelled. The music hall was very tastefully decorated with virginia creeper and scarlet dahlias, the color scheme being the silent symphony of a glorious autumn.

Everything was conducted with taste and elegance, and reflected much credit upon A. McDowell, the efficient proprietor. At the close of the program each lady taking part was presented with a lovely bouquet of flowers, and all repaired to Town's ice cream parlors for refreshment.

So closed an evening of song and music that marked a period in the circle of higher taste and culture in the fair city of Petaluma.



J. B. Lewis.

Collector of Prehistoric Indian and other Curios.
Petaluma, Cal.

J B. Lewis came to California in 1849, and settled near Petaluma in 1856. Of the 360 passengers who came with him only 3 are left, which shows the havoc of passing time, on earthly existence. To gather up a collection of curious things, has been a fad with Mr. Lewis, and in the course of his long life, he acquired some of the most valuable Indian relics, and curios.

The city of Petaluma would have done well to secure the more unique of these as a feature for a library. But no particular interest being shown in such an intent, Mr. Lewis is gradually disposing of his entire collection to private buyers.

Not again in California can such a number of mortars and pestles, arrow and spear heads, and ceremonial stones be collected together. The supply is in a measure exhausted, and in these Petaluma has lost a priceless treasure, not to be found again.



— Bohemia —

By Louis Smith.

There is a land, a shadowy realm.
Yet laved in roseate beams,
We first catch glimpses of its shore,
Only in golden dreams.

The way that leads toward that land;
Fanned by a whispering breeze,
Is apart from the dusty ways of life,
Then over the golden seas.

Blest are they, who catch one gleam,
Of that enchanted land.
Or hear the cadence of silvery waves;
That wash its silvery strand.

Only one step from the path of right,
Then the way is lost from view.
For wrong cannot dwell in that
domain,
Where the values of life ring true.

There are many, who seek that
peaceful realm.
But are lost in the ways of ease;
And falter and fail and are broken
in hope,
E're they sail on the golden seas.

What joy, must it be, when you walk
the paths,
Of that delectable shore;
When all your youthful golden
dreams,
Are golden dreams, no more.

When the temple doors of the mys-
teries,
Swing back, and are opened wide,
When the past is a dream and a
glorious dawn,
Breaks forth, as you pass inside.

Adored Bohemia, forever fair,
To those who kneel at thy shrine,
Or to those who rest in thy shady
groves;
Or bask in thy smiles, divine.

Thrice blest are they, who catch one
gleam,
Of that enchanted land.
Or hear the sound of silvery waves,
That wash its silvery strand.

Plant Them Now!

Have you seen the brilliant Tulips, the sweet scented, wax like Hyacinths, or have you envied your neighbors fine bouquets of Daffodils and vowed that you would have some yourself next spring? If so now is the time to place your order. I have the best Tulips, Hyacinths and Daffodils that come to this coast and my catalogue tells you how to grow them.

My specialty is native bulbs of this coast, which I send all over the world, but I also grow and import the finest Dutch bulbs. I will mail you the following fine bulbs:

12 Fine Tulips but not named	- 25c	Or 6 the same	- - - 75c
12 Poet Narcissus	- - - 25c	12 Lepord Lillies (Often called Tiger Lillies	- - - \$1.00
100 very fine Daffodils mixed	- \$1.50	12 Daffodills Golden Spur, the finest deep yellow	- - - 60c
These are the best bargains I have:			
12 superb Hyacinths single in all colors	- - - \$1.50		

Money must accompany order and stamps are accepted.

CARL PURDY, Ukiah, Cal.

Bank of Point Arena

A General Banking Business Done

 Your patronage solicited 

President J. C. HALLIDAY
 Vice President L. O'BRIEN
 Cashier P. W. HAGGREN
 DIRECTORS: J. C. Halliday, W. Hanen, C. M. Curley, C. Queen, L. Shibley, A. Stornetta, L. O'Brien.

Point Arena - - - - - Cal.

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GO TO

The Magnolia Shaving Parlor

R. Lee Horrell & A. H. Miller, Proprietors.

110½ Standley Street - - - - - Ukiah, Cal.

CALIFORNIA
STATE

The NORTHERN CROWN



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PER YEAR, ONE DOLLAR.

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November, 1907.

Mendocino

LOWER COAST

ANNA MORRISON REED,
EDITRESS.
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PRINTING OFFICE OF
THE NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING CO.
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

Northwestern Pacific Railroad

The Picturesque Route of California.

An ever-changing Panorama of

Scenic Beauty

Across the Bay and Marsh—
Through the broad and fertile
lands of Sonoma Co.—Along
the beautiful Russian river and
far into the Coast Range moun-
tains—The Mecca of the Photo-
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Train Load of Tan Bark on the way to Bourne's Landing. Picturesque Gualala

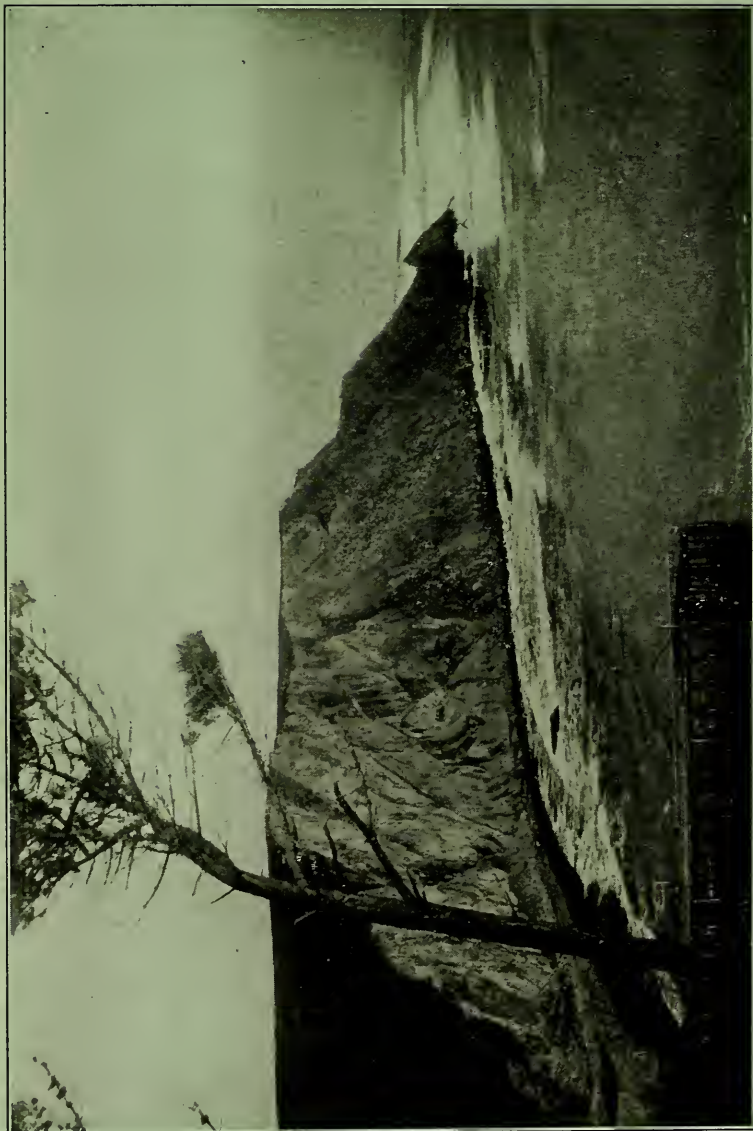


Scene near Fish Rock, Coast of Mendocino.



Point Arena Light House.

(Photos by Fairbanks)



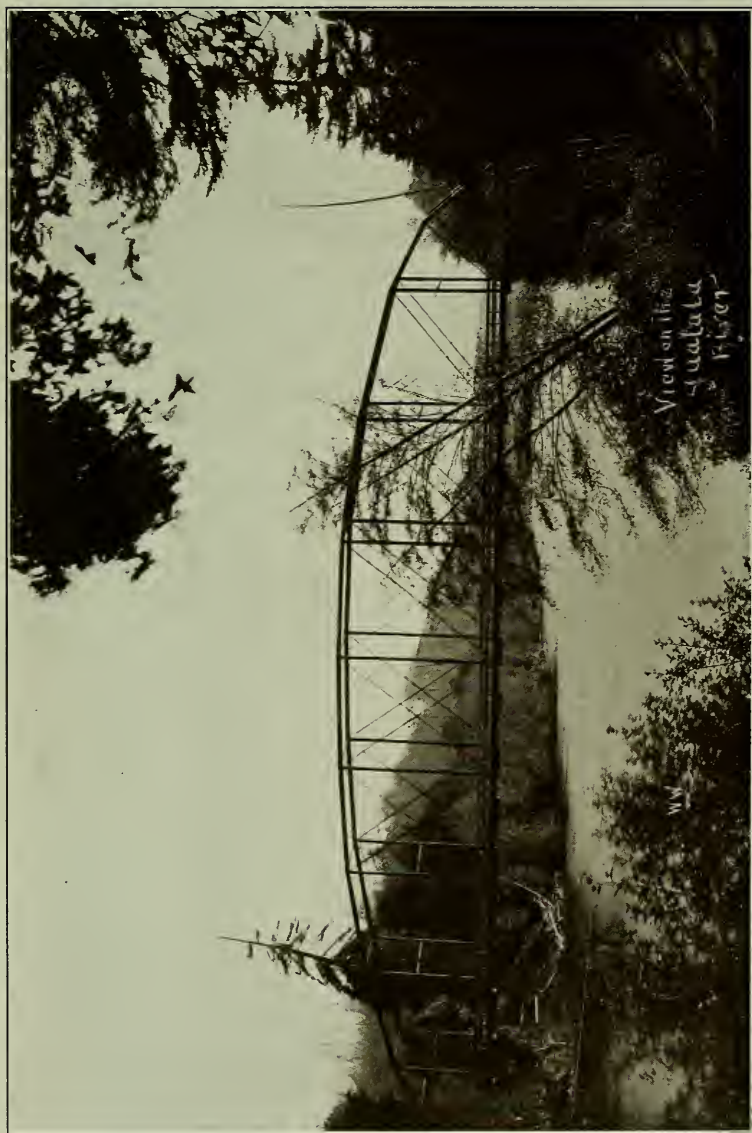
Point Arena Harbor.

(Photo by Fairbanks.)



Hotel at Point Arena Hot Springs

(Photo by Fairbanks)



Gualala Bridge, Gualala River Boundary between Sonoma and Mendocino.

(Photo by Fairbanks)



Photo by Etch

Redwood Lily

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL., NOV., 1907.

NO. 11.

POINT ARENA

Its Early History, Settlement and Growth.

By W. W. FAIRBANKS.

TO WRITE a history at all complete of the section of coast country around about Point Arena, since its first settlement by our people half a century ago, together with a description of the country, its topography and general characteristics, would require a good sized volume, and so in this brief article the writer is compelled of necessity not only to abbreviate, but leave unwritten many interesting facts. For the greater number of facts contained in this brief sketch the writer is dependent upon his memory and an intimate personal knowledge of the conditions and the events spoken of as well as of the changes which the passing of many years has wrought. And while for reasons above stated this record may seem incomplete, it is yet hoped that the reader will find at least a little that will interest and instruct.

TOPOGRAPHY

Should one glance at the map of our state he would notice along its western coast line at exactly the twenty-ninth parallel, a point of land projecting far into the sea. The early Spaniards gave this the name of Punta de Arena and as such it appeared on all the early maps of the country.

This name signified Point of the ring or circle and should one have

any doubt as to the title being appropriate he should climb to the summit of the mountain range on the east. With the great Pacific far below and every curve and angle of its coast line plainly visible, one discovers that to the north of this bold headland, the shore line swings far into the east in the form of a semi-circle of which Point Arena is the extreme southern point. From this same altitude, some 2500 feet or more one can look down upon a scene both interesting and beautiful.

Immediately, below are the tops of the great redwoods. Lower down the timber line and foothill country meet, while further on between the foothills and the sea are thousands of acres comprising the rich dairying and farming country, adjacent to Point Arena, and its neighboring settlement of Manchester, five miles to the north. This land was all originally part of a Spanish grant, owned by one Rafael Garcia and its value as a stock range even away back in the fifties first attracted the attention of the early settler. Immediately north of the Point the Garcia river enters the sea. Its south bank a bald bluff, on the north a long stretch of sandy beach extending to Alder creek and reaching inland for some distance, forms a large tract of sand dunes or bar-

rens.

Between the town of Point Arena and Alder creek the mountains swing to the east, forming the broadest expanse of open farming land to be found on the Mendocino coast. South from Point Arena harbor the coast line runs nearly south east and is formed by high rocky bluffs and bold headlands projecting far into sea. No more picturesque section can be found on the whole California coast, than that extending from Point Arena to the Gualala river which forms the southern boundary of Mendocino County.

Early History

To those who have come after, the early history of a country, when fifty years have passed, reads like a romance. But in the late fifties, the little body of settlers who had literally hewed their way into what was a wilderness, found nothing but the sternest of conditions to face, and hardships and privations at this day unknown. The rudest kind of homes were constructed only after much labor. A few acres of land under cultivation meant incessant toil in the clearing and constant vigilance afterwards, should the crops survive the attacks of wild animals. Deer were so plentiful and bold that they could be seen on the open hillsides during the day time and at night they destroyed the ranchers crop of growing vegetables.

Grizzly bears were so numerous that every bit of brush or jungle seemed to contain one or more, and they had a bad habit of shuffling along the trails and roads in the day time scaring small boys into fits as the writer well remembers. At night time they would pay a hostile visit to the hogpen. The country was literally alive with coyotes, wild cats, foxes coons, panther and every conceivable beast that was ever designed to make the life of the early pioneer wretched and unhappy.

Lack of easy transportation was one of the first great hardships. Steamers were not making regular trips to this coast in the fifties or sixties. Settlers had to catch a chance schooner going to or com-

ing from San Francisco. Failing that, they could either walk or go on horseback, both methods of travel were frequently employed. Schooners were sometimes chartered at great expense, to bring the settler and his family to this place, and often the voyage up from San Francisco, in the face of a head wind would occupy weeks. With the approach of winter the schooners ceased to make thier trips, for the storms were severe and the coast uncharted and dangerous. If sufficient groceries and provisions had not been laid in by fall to last until spring, the settler had to borrow from his neighbors or else live on short rations until spring. The country was made to supply the needs of the settler as far as possible, nothing was bought that could be raised from the soil and the abundance of game and fish helped out to a great degree. In those days, herds of elk as well as deer could be frequently seen grazing on the open lands adjacent to the sea coast anywhere between Point Arena and Greenwood.

Of the very earlist settlement of this section by the whites there is no authentic history. In the early fifties a few Spaniards only were here who had charge of the herds of stock grazing upon the open lands where Point Arena, Manchester, and Bridgeport now stand. It is doubtful if there were any white settlers located here earlier then 1855 and few if any even at that date. A few families known to have been among the first, came in 57 and 58. The late fifties were the days of the real pioneer while in the sixties the country had advanced in settlement to a degree that those coming then could hardly be classed as those who first blazed the trail.

EARLY ENTERPRISE.

Those were days of strenuous effort on the part of the pioneer. All things were yet to be. Roads were simply pathways cut hastily through brush, jungle and swamp.

In the winter time this roadway was filled with brush to prevent the unfortunate traveler from dropping out of sight in the depths below. Of

bridges there were none, which did not matter so much during the dry summer months, but when winter came with its rains and floods and every stream was a raging torrent it was bad indeed.

There were no saw mills in the late fifties and the first house was built with lumber sawed from the tree by hand or that which was washed as wreckage upon the sandy beach. There were no school houses nor churches, and settlers camped under the shelter of trees for months until some sort of a house could be built.

Everything however was moving onward with a rush. People were full of public spirit and enterprise and there was no hanging back. School houses were built and maintained at private expense, churches were established, roadways improved and bridges built and many enterprises and industries founded.

The large bodies of redwood timber in this vicinity first attracted the lumberman, and sawmills were erected in every timbered gulch and on every stream. Nearly a dozen saw and shingle mills were in operation within seven or eight miles of Point Arena during the late sixties or in the seventies. Scarcely a trace of any of them now remain, their work long since finished. In the seventies a large paper mill was in operation on Brush creek a mile or so from where Manchester now stands. For years it was a lively and interesting place, with its small army of workmen, but its period of usefulness soon ended.

Shipping facilities were of urgent need. Supplies for the rapidly increasing population must be shipped in and the products of the country go out to their market places. Vessels were for the first few years loaded and unloaded in Point Arena harbor by means of lighters or large floats, towed back and forth between the vessel and the shore. Later on the wharf where it now stands was built and has been in constant use ever since. Other landing places were soon erected along the coast to the south wherever a schooner could

safely approach in fair weather, the shore, these served their purpose for the time but nearly all at this day have disappeared.

In the sixties a number of schooners were built and launched in Point Arena harbor. A tannery and a brewery were also among the enterprises of those early days. The first building erected where the town of Point Arena now stands was constructed by L. Wilsey in 1859 and used for years as a general store. It was located not far from where the present Odd Fellows block stands and was made of rough boards white washed.

Not long after it passed into the hands of A. W. Hall, well remembered by all old timers.

The first school house in Point Arena was located out on the east side of the Windy Hollow road about half a mile from town. This building was lately destroyed by fire. Few of our people here today are aware that the oldest building standing in Point Arena township still stands as it was built on the north side of the Garcia river and a short distance to the west of the public road. This is the old Dr. Morse house and was erected by the pioneer physician and the writer's father in the fall of 1858.

The lumber used was sawed by hand and it stands today as built, its weather beaten walls and its shingled roof worn thin by the storms of half a century.

The first steamer making regular trips to Point Arena harbor was the old Mary Taylor which came in the early seventies. She was so small that she would have a heavy list to starboard whenever her passengers would all crowd on that side. Her machinery was composed chiefly of scrap iron and every few miles she would "lay to" for awhile, while the engineer and the cabin boy doctored up the machinery with a hammer and a monkey wrench. She never ventured out to sea when the wind was blowing and if the wind arose while she was on her trip, one never could tell as to where she might land. The fare between Point Arena

and San Francisco was ten dollars and it was worth it in the way of experience.

When our worthy Uncle Sam first recognized this as a part of his own land of freedom, he inaugurated a mail service. It came in on horseback from the south every two weeks at first. Later on it came weekly, then in the early seventies came a four horse stage, three times a week, bowling along through a cloud of dust in the summer and dejectedly picking its way through the deep mud in winter time. This first mail stage of ours caused more excitement and consternation all along the road than the automobile does today.

THE POINT ARENA HOT SPRINGS

Deserving of more than a passing notice are the Point Arena Hot Springs located some fifteen miles from town in the redwood timber belt and on the bank of the Garcia river. This beautiful resort is yearly becoming of greater importance to this section both socially and from a financial standpoint. Some six or seven years ago the property was purchased and opened to the public by Mr. Frank Kelly of Caspar and Dr. McCornack of Fort Bragg.

Crude and primitive in the beginning, the ever increasing demands of the public and their full appreciation of a place so beautiful in its natural surroundings, have been liberally met by the proprietor who has expended a large sum of money in the development and improvement of this resort. Now the baths, fine hotel, large social hall and all surroundings are such as to attract hundreds of guests during the season who find it in every way an ideal outing place. This resort has now passed into the hands of the McCollum brothers, well known on this coast, for a period of five years, and with the energy and ability, possessed by these young men there can be no question but what this resort will enter upon a season of prosperity such as it has never before known. The tourist travel to this section is yearly becoming larger and is now an important factor both socially and financially.

CLIMATE AND SCENERY

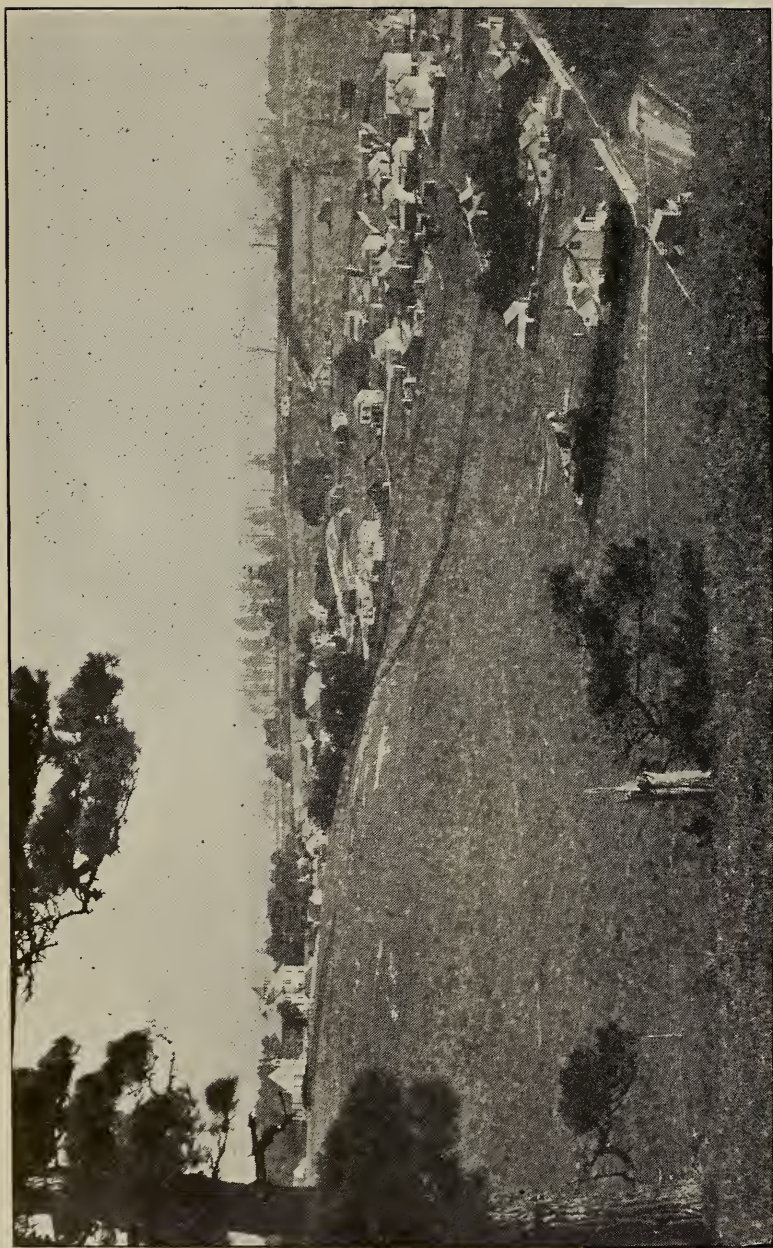
Nothing, perhaps, pertaining to this section of coast country is so unfairly and unjustly criticised as its climate. The chief complaint seemingly because of the fog and the coast winds that are at certain seasons quite prevalent.

As opposed to those who would complain however, are others who have spent many years in other and various sections of the globe and who are capable of making intelligent comparison. By these we are told that the coast climate in its entirety is the best to be found the world over. The writer fully concurs in this belief and is willing to produce facts and figures in proof of it to any honest seeker after knowledge.

Briefly it maybe stated that no section of this state considering its size, is more universally prosperous than this, considering the size of its territory, no section can be found better adapted to the dairying industry. And nowhere can a climate be found more universally healthful than this.

Because of these same fogs and winds conditions prevail upon which the chief industries of the place are founded, and too, because of the same winds and the same fogs the atmosphere is cool and no disease germs can live. It would not be fair to close without a word as to the beauties of nature which exist all around us. No part of our great state is more favored in this respect. Every turn and bend of the roadway as we journey along brings an ever changing landscape or some new bit of scenery to charm the eye, or standing upon some hill or mountain top and looking off across the hills and the valleys lying between, one is impressed by nature's handiwork.

On the east the coast range of mountains with their vast forests of redwood, rise to meet the sky. While in the west is the great Pacific and its rugged coast line. Bold headlands reach far into the sea and the waves beat at the base of their rocky cliffs, while here and there, sandy beaches intervene



Town of Point Arena

(Photo by Fairbanks)

upon which the surf gently breaks.

Full fifty years have passed since the foundation was first laid for the civilization and the prosperity which is ours. Changes have come, we feel that we are in a measure out of the woods and upon the open highway.

Electric lights brighten the pathway at night. The telephone is in nearly all our homes and the "honk, honk" of the automobile is heard in the land. There is, however, work yet to be done if we would be deserving of all our surroundings.

Nature has done much for us but somehow has failed to implant within us a full appreciation of the many advantages that are ours.

In our town and throughout the surrounding country there is room for much in the way of growth and improvement. And none of us should by word or by deed discourage enterprise or advancement but all be willing at all times to put their shoulder to the wheel and work for the individual and for the common good.



The Morse Homestead, oldest house standing in Point Arena Township.

(Photo by Fairbanks)



POINT ARENA



By Wm. Hanen



THE town of Point Arena, nestled between surrounding hills, is one of the oldest on the Mendocino coast, and has always been noted as a shipping port; not because of its magnificent harbor, but for the vast amount of produce that passes weekly over its wharf. In early days Point Arena was the center of a large lumber region, but since the woodman's ax has denuded the near by forest, the lands have been cleared and converted into pasture lands.

Although thousands of acres of fine redwoods still stand, the immediate vicinity is no longer classed as a lumber producer. There are four sawmills within a few miles of the town, and as the timber is cut away the industrious farmer takes the land. In a few years tangled masses of underbrush and stumps become grazing land. Thousands of acres have been cleared, supporting great numbers of cattle.

Point Arena is far famed for its excellent butter. When the name is mentioned abroad, you will hear the exclamation, "Point Arena? Ah! that is where the butter comes from," and the emphasis might rightfully be put upon the "the." From Bridgeport on the north and from dairies south butter is shipped to various parts of the state. At Manchester, five miles to the north, and at Point Arena there are two large co-operative creameries, besides the private creamery of the Jersey Dairy Farm, owned and operated by Charlie. E. Bishop and Ross' private creamery, Point Arena creamery butter is eagerly sought after by the commission merchants, who ship it to Alaska, Japan and other distant places. The uniformity of temperature on the coast and skill-

ed workmanship has made Point Arena butter famous.

Point Arena is an all-the-year-round town and will continue such as long as people eat butter and babies drink milk. It is a thriving community in every sense of the word. Money is plentiful, made so in no small measure by the thousands of dollars monthly put out by the creameries. Three first-class blacksmith shops, three very large general merchandise stores, three well conducted hotels and numerous other business houses are witnesses to the remarkable busy life of so small a place. A weekly paper endeavors to do its share in promoting the welfare of the community.

Two years ago some enterprising citizens, feeling the need of a bank in the transaction of business, established the Bank of Point Arena. From the outset the confidence of the people was warranted, and the number who avail themselves of the safe place in which to keep their earnings are growing daily. The institution is conducted along conservative lines, and Cashier P. W. Haggreen gladdens the hearts of the Bank Commissioners because of the efficient way in which he keeps his books and accounts and attends to his duties generally.

Many years ago Francis Drake was sailing along the coast when his attention was arrested by the white cliffs, which so much resembled those of his beloved England that he called the country, New Albion. These cliffs still stand and upon one of them Uncle Sam erected a lighthouse, which has since guided the mariner on his voyage along the rocky coast. Then the government increased its possessions and estab-

lished a life-saving station near the port and one mile from the town. A crew of eight sturdy surfmen, captained by a master in the service, keeps a close lookout for the safety of sea-faring men. Weekly practice on land and occasional manoeuvres on the waters of the bay are interesting spectacles and keep the boys in readiness for any emergency.

In civic societies Point Arena fares well. Flourishing lodges of Native Sons, Foresters, Masons, Fraternal Brotherhood, Workmen, Yeomen, Odd Fellows and Encampment are to be found here. The Odd Fellows are just completing a splendid two-story reinforced concrete building, in which Friendship, Love and Truth will be nourished upstairs and a general merchandise store conducted below.

Along educational lines Point Arena is more than abreast with the times. Finishing touches are being put on a fine new grammar school

house, which would be an ornament to a community of much greater pretensions. A union high school was established here a little more than three years ago, where all who merit and desire the higher education and commercial courses can obtain them. These schools are presided over by the best teachers obtainable.

The Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches are self-supporting and are doing good work in holding up the banner of the cross. Each have a Sunday school and a young peoples society, giving a moral uplift to the rising generation as well as the adult.

Living in Point Arena is more reasonable than in most country towns. Being only 110 miles from San Francisco and two steamers a week plying between the two places no corner can be secured on the necessities of life.



From the Cliff near Point Arena Harbor.

(Photo by Fairbanks)



"Then went Sampson down and his Father and Mother, to Timnath and came to the vineyards of Timnath; and behold a young lion roared against him.

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned * * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating and came to his Father and mother and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE.



Death of President Garfield.

A Monody

Read in Ukiah, California, Monday, September 26, 1881

By Anna M. Reed.

MRS ANNA M. REED then stepped to the front and read the following eloquent and most beautiful monody on the death of him who has gone from earth's scenes of toil and trouble to the realms of everlasting life, where "the wicked cease from troubling," and the "weary be at rest;" there where "the small and the great" are gathered. The reading was almost faultless, and the impression made was one of deep solemnity. The sentiment are those of a truly Christian heart, and the pathos therein contained awakened the tenderest emotions.

—Ukiah Dispatch and Democrat.

Toll all the bells! a great soul's passed away
 From clouds and shadows to the perfect day;
 The wasted garment that is left behind
 Must be to ashes and to dust consigned.
 The tears of suffering death has wiped away,
 But who shall dry the eyes of those who stay--

THE NORTHERN CROWN

The aged mother and the faithful wife,
The children wailing for that ended life,
The nation calling for the leader slain,
Who long weeks languished on his bed of pain?
Toll all the bells, beat low the muffled drum;
In long procession mourning millions come
To honor him who, in a land of laws,
By lawless hand has died, without a cause.
Beside the ocean, that with measured surge,
Chanted his first and grandest funeral dirge—
Sublimest minstrel at the feet of God;
It still sang on, while fell the mystic rod
And moaned a requiem for the parting soul
Soaring beyond this little world's control.
No human voice may sing of him so well,
Nor all the grandeur of his history tell;
But to his memory, out of many lands,
Will struggling genius lift aspiring hands
To him who fortune's darkest frowns withstood
And kept his every aim still great and good,
Who reached the summit of the hill of fame
With life unblemished and unsullied name,
A grand rebuke to every weaker heart
That tempted, turneth from the better part;
Reproaching those who, like the one of old,
Their birthright for a 'mess of pottage' sold.
His mind, untrammelled, was as broad as earth;
His heart was centered at his family hearth—
He made his home a type of all things seem
Of which the honest Christian soul can dream,
Fit emblem of that home in fairer lands
Where mansions wait, not built by human hands.
The annals of the past one truth repeat
Of those whose lives with greatness were replete,
This fact more eloquent than all beside,
Whate'er their history, they all have died.
Sceptre or crown, the pride of place or power
To frail mortality loaned but for an hour,
When death had pointed to the solemn bier,
They learned the mockery of all things here;
Sowing that others might the harvest reap,
Along the wayside they have gone to sleep---
Tired of the treasures that the years may rust,
Tired of the things that are but sordid dust,
Tired of the gold that thieves break through and
steal,
Tired of the wrongs successive years reveal---

THE NORTHERN CROWN

The graves of such, like landmarks, strew the sod,
Pointing submission to the will of God.
But though the souls of men like him we mourn
On waves of mystery are beyond us borne,
A grateful world their names perpetuate,
And well may strive their deeds to emulate;
For though they drift beyond the tides of pain
We feel indeed they have not lived in vain.
A proud inheritance has this one left
To all his loved ones and the land bereft,
His pure example may the world defy,
His glorious principles can never die;
Nor that so blessed and so heaven-sent,
On which its authors based our government,
Where earnest manhood by its simple worth,
Depends not on the accident of birth,
By honest labor, without gold to buy,
May earn and reach its stations proud and high.
Oh! let the flags droop low---toll all the bells,
We lay him down amid our last farewells,
Under the earth, with loving tributes dressed,
Do we resign him to his lasting rest;
And to Columbia, still safe and free,
We trust the honor of his memory;
As turns his sacred clay to kindred sod,
His martyred spirit finds repose with God.



West Menton, Ohio.
May 31st 1899.

My Dear Mrs. Reed,

You will pardon me that I waited to reach home before writing an acknowledgement of your little volume. After I saw you in San Francisco my time was so occupied, and until I reached home, that not only did the poem for which you gave it to me remain unread but the acknowledgement unmade.

Pray now accept my thanks for your beautiful lines, and my deepest gratitude for the sentiment of esteem expressed by them for the nobility and worth of General Garfield's character,

Yours---

Lucretia R. Garfield.





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A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

REFORESTIZATION.

Now that forest reserves are a topic of public interest, we would suggest that the United States Government buy up a few thousand acres of our cut over redwood lands, reserve them for the quarter of a century, and allow them to repair by natural process, the devastation they have suffered. Nothing is more vital than a redwood tree. You cannot kill it by any ordinary method. Live it will, in spite of ax and fire. Stumps produce new trees by the dozen. Logs grow on, after they have been felled.

It is but right that our children's children should see the beauty of the redwood, and have some share in its value and utility. Twenty-five years restores a forest, with new timber fit for the market. This seems a sensible solution of reforestation. Why not act upon the suggestion?



THE NORTHERN CROWN presents with this issue, the first picture ever published by any magazine, of the Redwood Lily (*Lilium Rubescens*) the most exquisite thing that grows in the redwood region.

PERSONAL MENTION.

It has been a source of general satisfaction, and a gratification to his many friends, that Mr. B. C. Cosgrove has been induced to continue his management of the Hotel Cecille.

The Hotel Cecille, formerly the Grand Hotel, was always intended for a first class hotel, from the day that George Mathers built it with the money furnished by the late John S. Reed, whose wealth and public spirit made possible, the erection of this first important building in the town of Ukiah. But under the plan carried out by George Mathers, it fell far short of the original intention of its promoter. Until remodeled by its present owner, Henry Marks it never reached the excellence suggested in the first place, by the man who furnished the capital for the venture.

But now, remodeled and refitted, and under the management of Mr. B. C. Cosgrove, the only perfectly qualified landlord, that Ukiah has ever had, except B. S. Hirsch, it presents to the traveler, the tourist and the guest, every modern comfort and convenience, and a table unsurpassed in California. There is nothing that impresses a visitor to any part of the world, so favorably, as an up to date hotel. Nothing has so retarded the growth of Northern California as its miserably equipped stopping places. No town can take its proper place in the march of progression without a first class hotel. The Hotel Cecille is all of this, and reflects credit upon its owner Henry Marks and its efficient and courteous host, Mr. B. C. Cosgrove, whose untiring energy and attention to every detail, has brought it to its present excellence.



Emmet P. Gillmore in the fifth supervisorial district, is giving general satisfaction, under many difficulties, and a trying term of office. His friends know the conditions that have delayed the building of the Navarro Bridge. And it is to be hoped that when built the former mistakes in construction will not be repeated. And we know that they will not, if Mr. Gillmore has his way.

No other district suffers so much from storm and flood as the one Mr. Gillmore represents, and the force of the late earthquake seemed to center there, shaking the foundations of all the bridges, and preparing them for easy conquest by the floods to follow.

Every bridge in the district was either wrecked or badly twisted, and the hills moved out bodily or cracked and sliding were washed away in the floods last spring, making such havoc with roads and grades, never before seen in the county.

Mr. Gillmore has no enviable task to repair all this damage, with little or no public funds at his command.

But the work could not be managed by one more competent, and willing, and we look forward to greatly improved highways in the fifth district.



For an all around white man Joe Rushing of Fort Bragg certainly "beats the dutch". His successful management of the Windsor Hotel has made it so popular that there is not room for its increasing patronage, and a large addition is to be made to the building, where new, commodious and tastefully finished and furnished rooms will delight the travelling public.



If you wish to be treated with fairness and courtesy, deal with Grant and Gibson. They keep a line of fresh and excellent groceries. In holiday goods, they display a most valuable line of Marseilles assorted German china, with high class decoration. Some of the most beautiful articles ever seen in Ukiah. Be sure to look at them before purchasing your Christmas gifts.



Some unique things are to be seen, in bronze and silver at Joseph's Jewellery Store. No display like it has been presented in Ukiah. One need not visit the larger cities to make a selection of something exquisite and valuable as a holiday gift.



George Holt of Fort Bragg manufactures ice and delivers it the year round. He owns the only refrigerating plant in Fort Bragg, and should have had a special mention in our coast number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, last spring.

But his name was left out of the list that was handed to Mr. Fitch, whose excellent descriptive and historical sketch gave general satisfaction. The omission was entirely unintentional, and no one is to blame and we mention this in justice to Mr. Holt, who has long been a subscriber to THE NORTHERN CROWN, and he should have been one of the first, to be named and numbered among Fort Bragg's deserving citizens in trade.



THE NORTHERN CROWN, Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed's clever magazine never fails to interest. The September number contains an instructive paper entitled "Civilization," by Dr. J. W. Milliken; "Light," a poem, by Francis W. Bourdillion; "For Clothes," a poem, by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins; "Bohemia" a poem, by Louis Smith, and the usual editorial and miscellaneous matter.—Californian

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Petaluma, Cal.

vol 3

CALIFORNIA
STATE

The NORTHERN CROWN



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A Fallen Giant.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. III.

UKIAH, CAL., FEB., 1908.

NO. 12.

Can We Save the Boys

By J. D. SCOULDER M. D.

Superintendent State Reform Schools, Pontiac, Illinois.

(From the Report of W. C. HENDRICKS to the Penological Commission of California, 1886.)

Men and women who never have had any boys can always best tell how to save them. I have some of my own, and a great many belonging to other people, and, therefore, should know very little about the subject. The plan was once tried of having men "ready made," without the boys. The man was such a failure that the experiment has never been repeated. Men are only overgrown boys, some of them hardly that. There are three classes about whom we naturally ask, "Can we save the boys?" The first class will be saved without much trouble or trying. The second class will be greatly benefited and improved by efforts in their behalf. The third class is IN ARTICULO MORTIS, morally dying or dead.

Members of the first class you may have read about in good little books, or, it may be, you may have met them in every-day life, if you have kept your eyes and, more particularly, your ears open. They never gave their mothers a heartache since birth. Their thoughts and feelings and actions seem always modified by a halo of old age. Their whole character is rounded off. No ugly,

scraggy scars deface their symmetrical reputation. The mold in which they were cast must have been perfect. They love to read the lives of saints and martyrs; they never smoke cigars, chew tobacco, or drink liquor; never were seen at a horse-race, or playing a game of baseball. Ninety per cent of this class die young. The remaining ten per cent, if they grow to manhood, must be those critical, complaining, inoffensive old bachelors, who "need no repentance."

The second class of boys is what, in æsthetical society, might be called rather fast boys, with too much life, yet good-hearted boys. They will get into a fight now and then, with the result sometimes of a black eye. Some of them will even run off from school to see a horse-trot, or to visit a circus, if they know that Jumbo or Barnum will be on exhibition. They will jump into the river to save a drowning kitten, and yet rob a bird's nest. This is the class whose eyes dance when they read "Jack, the Giant Killer," and wish they had his sword of sharpness, and his cap of knowledge, that they might set free all the beautiful lady captives

of all the Bluebeards in the world.

From this class come our best business men, our best teachers, and our best preachers. In fact, the stamina, the backbone, the fiber of the world, are in it. The pushing, energetic, "no-such-word-as-fail" men, the man whose pocket is always open, and whose heart is ever softened by suffering, are from this class. Your heroes, who marched with unwavering step up to the loaded cannon's mouth, and died with victory's shout on your battle-fields; the men who, with disease on one hand and death on the other, but with the "good news" in their souls, have pierced the thickets of Africa and climbed Abyssinian mountains, to carry the bread of life to dying men and women, are from this second class.

Sometimes, a few of them drop down into the third class, and get into prison and disrepute. Somebody did not do his duty, or they might, they should have been saved.

Now, we come to the third class; the boys who will make our criminals, who will be our law breakers; the boys who love the world, the flesh and the devil. A few of them get into the reform school, and the rest are good raw material from which to make politicians and criminal lawyers.

The boys who prowl the streets at midnight, whose hands are too soft for manual labor, who are too young and delicate to work, belong to this class. The streets at midnight and no work will damn the best boy that ever a mother nursed. These boys for whole nights will not be at home. They are very positive that the principal of the public school is not fit to teach; and, as like produces like, the parents generally sympathize with their promising boys. These are boys who only attend Sabbath school about the time of picnics; and then they can attend all in town, if the hours are suitable. Solomon says you may "bray them in a mortar among wheat with a pestle," but you will only damage the wheat. These are the boys who hold truth such a precious jewel that they keep

it locked up safely at home, and never carry it abroad with them; boys who can, on the street corners, curse and blaspheme their God as early in years as there are letters in their oaths; who can smoke and chew and drink; can push their caps on one side, and leer at passers-by when only children; who pore over those five-cent pollutions called novels; who think that Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and Jessie James are heroes of heroes. These are the boys who will make the thieves and criminals of society; who will fill our reformatories, our prisons, our jails, and penitentiaries.

We have now diagnosed the three classes. What is the prognosis?

The first class is out of danger. The second class fevered, but with careful nursing should get well. The third class almost past redemption, not very much hope.

Of the first class, we have nothing to say. All is well with them. Of the second class, we say they should be saved. Our Sunday schools, our public libraries, our social gatherings, our sacred songs, our preaching, are for such boys. To save them is the work of noble men and women all over the land. Our churches and Sunday schools should try to bring them in, cry to them to come in, press them in, draw them in by example as well as precept. When they are in, you should teach them that, when they think they are too big for the Sunday school, there is another school a little higher up, the house of God, and, God helping, they should be saved.

You may not be able to make all of them saints, but you can make them honest, law-abiding men. From twenty to thirty per cent of this class will drop down into the third class. The rest are like clay in the potter's hand: they can be molded into the fashion of men.

This is the class where efforts for their salvation will return a rich harvest in the day when God makes up his jewels.

But we must be honest in our work. It will not do to preach to a

boy meekness, and then get angry; or patience, and be petulant; or firmness, and be wavering like the wind; or honesty, and the next day cheat your neighbor in a trade; or faith, and yet take every step by sight alone; or total abstinence, while your breath smells of whisky. You may preach all these virtues and moral excellences to men, but you cannot do it successfully to boys. Their critical side is always uppermost; and their conclusions, drawn from their own premises, are always favorable to their own side of the case, without using the reason of maturer years.

You tell a boy he must walk in such and such a way, his actions must be on the square, if he ever expects to be strong or wise or beautiful. Your lesson is ended, and you forget your own theories; but that boy watches, and sees the first step you take out of the road you pointed out to HIM. Your lesson has lost its power, and the boy has lost for you his respect. Boys are like women—think rapidly, come to conclusions quickly, and generally they are not far from right. Boys demand honest teaching, honest practice, otherwise they would better have none.

So far, I have spoken only of boys who have been blessed with parental care. Many of the Arabs belonging to the community have no such care. They are left to fight the battle of life alone, the world for their step-mother; sorrow their only school-master. It takes far more innate virtue for a boy under such circumstances to grow into an honest, God-fearing man than it does for a boy who is kindly watched and cared for; and, for this very reason, the more loudly comes the Macedonian cry, "Help us! help us!"

"What can I do for you?" a lady once asked a weeping orphan. "O ma'am, you can aye speak a kind word to me; for I have no mother like the rest," If there be no help nor kind words for such boys from good men and women, then may "God hear the voice of the lads," and rouse us to our duty. The sav-

ing of such boys is a work, not a myth; a fact, not a theory; a privilege as well as a duty.

Sir Humphry Davy was once asked for a list of his greatest discoveries. He answered, "My greatest discovery was Michael Faraday." He found him, a poor boy, washing bottles in his laboratory. He lifted him up, till he became one of the world's greatest men. The Christian worker who discovers a good mind and soul, though amid poverty and rags, is among the greatest of modern discoveries.

Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, one of the fathers of ragged schools, was once at a meeting where a speaker described Dr. Guthrie's ragged school children as "the scum of the country." When the doctor's turn for speaking came, he seized a sheet of writing paper lying on the table, and, holding it up, said: "This was once the scum of the country—once foul, dirty, wretched rags. In it now, white as the snows of heaven, behold an emblem of the work our ragged schools have achieved." The harvest truly is plenteous, but some of the laborers have lost their reaping-hooks.

We now come to the third class. I have had some little experience with this class; and I am convinced, after no little thought, that the State should demand the guardianship of the children of all parents who, either from their criminal proclivities or actual transgressions, are unfit to manage their children other than raise them as lawbreakers or vagabonds. The State should take them when they are young enough to be susceptible to moral lessons, if there be any moral soil to plant on. A man found sowing thistle seed on another man's farm or scattering firebrands in a city should at once be punished. Yet this nation, founded on democracy, whose very existence depends on the virtue of its members, suffers a criminal class to grow, whose whole aim and object is to undermine the confidence of the community and to weaken the strength of the Commonwealth. The State has

a right in self-defence to seek to control and try to subdue all influences tending to weaken its powers; and the State, in trying to save itself, might be the means of saving many boys, who otherwise would go to destruction.

The boys of this third class are not all from the criminal ranks. We find, on examination, that there may be perhaps twenty per cent from respectable and well regulated homes, thirty per cent from the careless, undisciplined, but not necessarily criminal, families, and fifty per cent from the criminal classes of society.

"How are we to save them?" For six thousand years, that interrogation has stood practically unanswered.

We can find as many theories from men and books for the social and moral redemption of this class as there are patent medicines for the cure of physical diseases, and experience proves that the one has about as much potency as the other. The criminal bred and born can, in my opinion, be cured only by stopping production. You cannot change a scrub into a shorthorn or a lion into a lamb all at once, even if you take charge of them when young. Non-production is the only radical salvation I know of, both for the criminal and the security of society.

How hard the task is to save such a class!

Yet sometimes from just such families springs a boy or girl who stands out like a beacon light on the dangerous, rugged seashore. The storm has blown over. Still, with steady light they shine, while all around is ruin, wreck and death.

Save the boys? It is the MEN and WOMEN, the FATHERS and MOTHERS of the land, whom we must save, or separate the boys from such influences.

I hear some one say: "You can change the leopard's spots. Pray for them." Another says, "Preach to them." "Love them," says a third. "Show them they are on the broad road to ruin. Call to them: 'Turn

ye! turn ye! why will ye die?' Christ will wash away all your sins, and make you whiter than snow." No person knows better what to do with bad boys than those who never had any experience with such. What wild and mistaken notions some good people have of what they could do with this class of boys!

Dr. K. was visiting our school on a mission to try to do the boys some good. He had visited jails for several years, and talked to the inmates every Sabbath. He was a simple, good-hearted man. He began in a very confidential manner. "Boys, if I could have only seen you, and told you what I am going to tell you to-night, not one of you would have been here." The boys were all attention at once, evidently thinking it was some new dodge to beat the Judge and jury who committed them. Then he began to read, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I"—By this time, you could hear, soto voce, "Its a sell," "Tell it to the marines," etc. The doctor might understand the organic stomach; the spiritual organ of digestion in a bad boy he never had dissected. Evidently, he imagined they had never heard that story before.

One of our own Livingston County Sunday School Superintendents, when visiting the school one day, after being through the shops and school-rooms among the boys, says: "Doctor, what these boys need is praying for. You cannot tell me anything about boys. These are no worse than others. I have taught too many Sunday schools not to know boys when I see them." He feels in his pocket for his handkerchief. Gone! "Say, R., did not I put a handkerchief in my pocket before I started for the school?"

"I thought you did; but never mind, here's mine."

"Ah! Oh! I'll bet [Sunday school teachers should never bet] the little devils have stolen it.

A poet has said:

"One man may look into the skies,
And see ten thousand angels smiling
down

Another looks, and sees as many demons frown."

A twenty-five cent handkerchief changed the very angelic smiles of these boys to demon frowns in a very short space of time. From very good little boys to very bad little devils (especially by one who knew boys so well), all in the same breath, is what might be called instantaneous CONVERSION. The unrighteous might call it AVERSION.

The Sabbath service in a reform school is of great importance. It is often very difficult to find preachers who can combine common sense and theology. Many years ago, a Superintendent of a very large prison informed me that he had thirteen different preachers follow each other in succession on Sabbath day with the prodigal son evidently impressed with Dr. K.'s idea, that they never had heard it before.

In the State Reform School at Pontiac, Illinois, in the spring of 1881, we had a layman give an excellent talk on the prodigal son; the following Sabbath, ditto by a preacher; and the third Sabbath I trembled with fear lest we, too, were in for an epidemic of prodigal, and I must say the most brilliant man of them all gave us a talk on the prodigal son for forty-five minutes. On the fourth Sabbath, one of my teachers whispered to the minister, as he entered the chapel door, "Talk to us on anything but the prodigal son;" and, but for that warning, we should have had an address on that matchless story. Washington's little hatchet and the prodigal eating husks are the bugbears of reform schools. The boys don't believe the hatchet lie; and some of them think husks are not so bad, if the roasting ears are underneath.

When I was Assistant Superintendent in the St. Louis House of Refuge, we were often visited on Sabbath day by members of the "Praying Band," a company of noble men and women, whose only aim was the good of the community and the glory of God. One of the ladies, named Mrs. R., was very anx-

ious to secure a situation in the Refuge. "If I were an officer," she said, "I could show you a better way to govern these boys, doctor—more Bible and less whip." Ultimately, she was employed as a cook. She gave up her keys—had no use for them—left the pantry unlocked, so that "trusting" the boys would make them honest. She got Bibles, and leave to have family worship in the morning as an experiment. Hams disappeared, pies took wings and flew away; and I found, on investigation, always during prayers. I told the boys they must give her a chance, she was working for their welfare. I cautioned her to see that the boys did not steal from her. She was very indignant that I should even suspect such a thing.

"Doctor, that is the very way to make boys dishonest. These boys are wonderfully improved. Some of them now are almost under conviction for their sin."

There was soon so much stealing from the pantry that I determined to bring the whole thing to a focus. One morning, with great caution, a position was obtained, commanding a full view of the battle-field. After kneeling in prayer (which was the outpouring of at least one good honest soul), all the boys with one consent and without invitation made for the substantials in the pantry. Everything comes to an end. So did that prayer; but the boys knew the ending, and were leaving the pantry to take their humble position beside their teacher, when an awful statue, with index finger pointing straight toward that pantry door, stopped their further progress. The first boy (colored) who appeared at the door had, in his hurry, put his head into a milk-pan and lapped the milk, as heroes before him did water, and the sight he met deprived him of power to wipe away the evidence. Another behind him had pockets full of doughnuts; some had one thing, some another. Eight boys trying to get through a two-foot-ten door, with a horrible ogre in plain sight ten feet away. It must have been only fancy, but, if the colored boy

was not white for a few moments, then he never will be. When the prayer was ended, and Mrs. R. rose to her feet, the scene was worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. She then learned more of human nature in ten seconds than in the previous forty-five years of her life. Not one word was spoken. The next time I saw her, she was engaged in breaking off branches from a peach tree for some purpose.

"Well, Mrs. R., how do you get along with the boys now?"

"Pretty well, doctor, pretty well. I think I'll manage them as long as the peach tree lasts."

I used to call it Mrs. R's conversion from BIBLE to PEACH TREE salvation. There is one thing I have found out, and that is, that between the Bible and the PEACH TREE there is a great gap, which ought to be filled with common sense.

At a convention of ministers in our city, seventeen of them came to the school to visit us. We assembled in chapel, and many of the clergymen were very anxious for an opportunity to speak to the boys. It was finally agreed that each man should not talk over five minutes. Some of them talked very well. One man said he never had had such an opportunity in all his ministry to speak a good word for the Master. Seven of them talked in the same general strain—"You are bought with a price; you do not belong to the State, not even to yourself." The eighth preacher, by his manner of speech and his shade of egotism, was anxious to impress on the boys' minds the full theological significance of the work of redemption. He thought he could make it so very plain that the runner—yea, even the bad boy—could read it in his haste. He would illustrate, a dangerous quagmire to travel through with bad boys. He took out his watch, which, of course, was his own, as he had bought it. What a powerful illustration he could make of that fact!

"Boys, what is this I hold in my hand?"

Chorus: "A watch."

"What is it good for?"

Chorus: "To keep time."

"Now, where do you think I got it?"

Chorus: "Stole it."

That speech was the shortest of all, and also the last. Not another man would speak. You can imagine how much he had improved on the others in his illustration of redemption with a stolen watch. Every one of these teachers was a zealous, earnest worker for the Master. They were "harmless as doves," but not "wise as serpents." They would do for the first or second class, but for the third class of boys they were only beating the wind.

How, then, are they to be saved? It is one of God's modern miracles to save such. God works miracles even in these days. Pearls are very beautiful, but before they are ready for the necklace some one must have gone down into ocean's depths, braving death for the pearl oysters. Then he brings them to the surface, and spreads them out in long troughs in the sun that its warm rays may crack them open; and there, among the slush and decaying matter, he feels carefully for his pearls till he finds them. So is it with this class of humanity. You feel away down in the slums of vice and crime, in the dark prison cell, amid the wrecks of decayed hope and broken hearts, and sometimes you will find a pearl, a pearl of great price.

Is it worth the work, will it pay for the trouble? asks our pessimistic friend.

The eminent educator, Horace Mann, when delivering an address at the opening of a reformatory institution for boys, remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost, and care, and labor of establishing such an institution. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him, "Did you not color that a little when you said that 'all the expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one

boy?" "No, sir; not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply. Every one of this class of boys, though in the depths of sin, though seethed in guilt and crime, is somebody's boy. Some father called him MY BOY; some mother on bended knees may now be sobbing out her heart's prayer--

"Where is my wandering boy to-night?
Go search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."

The largest portion of this class use stimulants of some kind, though many of the worst and smartest are sober and cautious, their peculiar work requiring a cool head and a steady hand. There are many boys in this class who are not criminals by nature. The habits of society, the companionships they form, or the warped and narrow-minded discipline of the paternal home, may have had much to do with their fall. This portion of the third class, even in their most degraded hours, has yet a small spark of manhood left. Honor and gratitude the hereditary criminal never comprehended. I never yet met a born thief or property criminal who knew the meaning of honor. Their souls are as impermeable to gratitude as the granite slab to the rays of the sun. They are always innocent of the crimes charged against them. The fellow who did the deed generally escapes. They have always complaints to make--"not used as they should be;" "everybody down on them."

Away up in the Splügen Pass in Switzerland there is a clear crystal stream tumbling down the mountain side. It flows on through the meadows and shady woods; it moves slower and slower, till at last it retains so little of its original force that it has to be pumped into the Northern Sea at Rotterdam. Such is the beautiful Rhine, born on the hilltops among the eagles' nests, yet in old age vigor gone, and without tide-power enough to empty itself into the sea. How often in life have we the same result? Boys start out from Christian homes, from loving fathers and mothers, pure in

thought and feeling, as the Rhine water is pure amid the rugged hills of Switzerland. Yet we find them down in this third class, wrecked in their prime on ruin's beach. Down, down, manhood gone, good resolutions gone, their will-power in subjection to the devil. Yet they are somebody's boys and worth saving. I have said that the habits of society, companions, and home discipline were often the causes for their fall. Bad companions and drinking intoxicating drinks, habits formed before maturity, have often laid the way for deeds of crime and blood.

In regard to home discipline and the mistaken notions of good men, I must say, in many cases that I have seen, such discipline has only produced evil. A fine business man in Illinois had a boy in the Reform School. The boy did well, and was granted a ticket of leave, and then pardoned. I visited him, when his father told him, in my presence, that the first slip he made in his conduct, the very first error, he might as well leave the house, he would not tolerate him any longer in his folly. There was to be no baseball, nor circus, nor theater, but Sunday-school and church as often as he liked. Had this been a boy of the first class, or even the second, he might have been all right. He was not, and both the boy's conduct and that of his father were not what they should have been. You cannot make cast-iron rules to govern a family. Temperaments are not all the same, inclinations not all alike. Some of the family may inherit a little of the original savage. What is to be done with such? If you cannot get the boy up to your plane, you must come down to his and help him up to yours. Do not call down from the heights of exalted position, "When I was a boy like you, I never did this or that." Do not overrate your past goodness, and overrate your boy's present badness. That business man in Illinois was as far removed from his son, in feeling and sympathy, as the east is from the west. He wished to make his boy a saint or nothing. He must be

a model of goodness, and not like any common boy; otherwise, his father would wash his hands and say, "I am clean of this boy's blood." The ESSENCE of salvation in a worldly sense is the same, but there is a difference in DEGREE. There are many steps in a ladder, so there are many degrees in salvation. In the discipline of families, this fact of degrees in virtue has been overlooked, often to the damage of all concerned. If you can civilize the savage, you do well; but, if you will not civilize him, because you cannot Christianize him, then you do wrong. If you reform a drunkard, and make a sober man of him, and a better member of society, you have done a good work. If you will not do so, unless you can make him join some church, then you are not doing your duty.

Do not expect all your boys to stand on the top step of the ladder. You may find it hard work to get some of them out of the mud on to the lowest step; better there than in the mire. There are many inside of the church, even teaching others how to walk, whose shoes still show the traces of the clay and struggle to reach even the first round. I passed the store of that man I have mentioned, some time ago; and he did not even answer my nod. Years before, I had told him what I am now telling you---that he could not allay his boy's spirit by curbs and halter. Punishment may maintain a rigid discipline, but punishment PER SE never reformed a man or boy. I advised him to try to be a companion as well as a father; that he might even take his boy to the circus, go out with him when he went to take a walk, rather go with him to some place of amusement than let him go alone, until the Bohemian spirit of the boy was broken into the harness of a quite life; and that he might at least make his boy a law-abiding member of society, if he was not able to make

him a saint. He thought me worse than an infidel, and thinks I am a dangerous man. I told him some men would have to answer for more sins than their own. As I looked at him, in his own imagination on the topmost round of the ladder, tapping at the heavenly gate, I asked the question, Hast thou, my friend, yet taken the first step with the Man of Sorrows---the first step in the path of Him whose feet were washed by a sinner's tears and wiped with the hair of her head---of Him who said, "Go, sin no more?"

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And mount to the summit round by round."

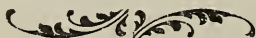
That man's case was not different from many I could mention, perhaps not unlike many that others have seen.

When our boys sink down to eternal ruin, or drink the dregs from the cup of moral death, let us ask our own souls if we have done what we could to set their feet on the "Rock of Ages," where boys and men are safe from the storms of time and eternity.

On that great day when you and I shall stand before the Judge of all the earth, it will not be any excuse to say, I was too busy on my farm, or in my store, I had too much to do on "Board of Trade," or in my counting-house. We can find time and money for our own pursuits, to gratify our own ambition, while some of our boys are on the broad road which leads to eternal death.

It was a beautiful baptismal benediction, that of the Arab priest: "My child, as you came into the world weeping, while all around you smiled, may you so live that you may leave the world smiling, while all around you weep."

If we could only live such lives as this, our boys would be better, the world purer, death serener, and immortality more glorious than ever angel sung.





Panorama of Petaluma from the Resident of Wm. King.
(* courtesy Petaluma Chamber of Commerce.)

Old Year, Good-bye.

By M. Eldridge Clay.

Old year, dear year, good-bye,
Regretfully I watch you pass from time,
Back to that mystery from whence you
came,
And yet, you were not kind to me, I wonder
why,
I sadly mourn to see you go, old year.

But dear, I will not chide
Though late, the gifts you brought my
weary heart,
The earlier years, in coming, did not bring;
The thorns your summer's roses failed to hide,
I will forget the pain they caused, old year.

Old year, you will not grieve
Nor deem me fickle, if I strive to greet
The bright new year, with happy smiles,
And cease to mourn your loss and leave,
You with the cold dead past, old year.



"Then went Sampson down and his Father and Mother, to Timnath and came to the vineyards of Timnath; and behold a young lion roared against him.

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned * * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating and came to his Father and mother and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE.



A Poem and a Letter.

Her King.

By Anna M. Reed.

A WINSOME maiden planned her life—
How, when she was her hero's wife,

He should be royal among men,
And worthy of a diadem.

Through all the devious ways of earth
She sought her king;

The snows of Winter fell before—

She walked o'er flowers of vanished Spring
Into the Summer's fragrant heat;

She bent her quest, with rapid feet,

Then saddened; still she journeyed down

The Autumn hillsides, bare and brown,

Through shadowy eves and golden morns;

And lo! she found him---crowned with thorns.

No. 110 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., 20th JAN. 1891

DEAR MRS. REED:

I esteem it a privilege to be the first eastern publisher to whom you have sent your verse, and shall have great pleasure in presenting "Her King" to my subscribers in an early number of my POPULAR MONTHLY. I greatly enjoyed the sketch of your life, which I return, as I know the value of such articles. The photograph, however, I shall retain to add to my collection of friends—for such I feel assured we shall be, when some happy chance brings us together. Meanwhile pray believe me,

Faithfully yours,

FRANK LESLIE.



No religion is TRUE except where it is consistent with Divine DIRECTION or INSPIRATION.

A God who had never so revealed himself to humanity would be no more than an image of wood or stone, and an appeal to His mercy, forgiveness or protection, would be as unavailing as that to any other insensate image.

—A. M. R.





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A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

THE Printing Press today is the only safeguard of American liberty. Through it one may appeal directly to the people, and they, *if they understand*, Thos. W. Lawson to the contrary notwithstanding, will always uphold the cause of right and justice.

Especially is this seen where after long sufferance, the law is taken into their own hands, and quick and retributive punishment is meted out to the offender.

Mob law, much as is may be condemned, is better than law perverted, and outraged by those who hedge themselves about by legal technicalities to defeat the ends of justice.

Although earnest men, backed by millions of money are trying today to bring order out of chaos in San Francisco, we do not believe they will succeed, until the history of the Vigilance Committee of 1856 is repeated.

Men who respect neither God nor man, who hold nothing sacred that stands in the way of their lust or greed, can be checked but by one thing—death.

The history of the graft ring of San Francisco, is the shame of California, and the recent decision of the Appellate Court the consummation of that shame.

We believe that decision was dominated by J. A. Cooper, just as he dominated the Court of Mendocino, and the board of directors of the Bank of Ukiah, during his career here, where he left but misery, humiliation and hardship for those he dealt with.

We reproduce in this number of THE NORTHERN CROWN our open letter to the Supreme Court, where is told the story of his rascality in dealings with a life-long friend, to whom he owed his first appointment to a position of responsibility. The letter was published two years ago, but we reproduce it because the occasion demands it.

An Open Letter to the Supreme Court of California.

Reproduced from THE NORTHERN CROWN of January 1906.

“Who, then, is to Protect the People but the Press.”

---Cosmopolitan Magazine.

IT is most fit, at this season, when good resolves and measures for the relief of the individual, and the mass of humanity, fill the minds of many people, that the writer should begin the year, by a protest against wrong. Silence may be the only defense of the slave, but in a land where free speech is a part of the foundation of the governmental structure, one may at least be heard.

I am an American—and recognize no aristocracy but that of merit and intellect, and character as the only valuable possession. The honor which attaches to such bodies as your own, exists in the fact of your own integrity, and that you are the choice of the people who trust in you, and not from the fact that money or influence may have helped you to your high station.

You are where you are to protect the sanctity of the law, and prevent its perversion by unprincipled attorneys who manipulate it to their own profit, and the undoing of the helpless, the ignorant and the unsuspecting.

The aged, the uneducated and the trusting are but victims in such hands. "The law is good if a man use it lawfully," and it is your high office to see that this is done. It is a reflection, not upon you, Most Honorable Sirs, but upon conditions that now exist, that you have been forced by circumstances to place your seal of finality upon a flagrant wrong. The laws of my country do give me the right of speech, and the right of protest against wrong, and the truth of what I shall say, lifts it above all vulgar presumption. Every word addressed to you in the recital of this crime is hedged about with the dignity of the wronged.

If this alone is not sufficient to claim your patient courtesy, I ask your sufferance in the name and in the memory of him, whose every judicial act was an honor and credit to this state, and to the Court over which he presided—my loved and honored relative Robert F. Morrison, who died Chief Justice of California.

For the sake of his long service and the true dignity of the law as upheld by him, as attorney, Judge of the fourth Judicial District Court, and Chief Justice of the State, through years of life, free from the stain of private or public wrong. I know that you will consider what I may say, although the power to help me, has passed from your hands,

I refer to the case of Anna M. Reed vs. Bank of Ukiah, in which my appeal from a default obtained by fraud, was denied in Department One of the Supreme Court, as was my petition for a rehearing before that Court. Had your Honors granted that appeal, and allowed me a day in Court, to set up my defenses, all that I say here—and more—could have been proved.

The default taken against us was not agreed to either by Mr. Reed, or myself. Mr. Reed's signature was written by T. L. Carothers, upon the statement of J. A. Cooper, Bank's attorney that Mr. Reed had agreed to a default. Mr. Reed was 50 miles away at the time. The attorney of the bank wrote a stipulation in the office of T. L. Carothers, and Mr. Carothers taking his word that Mr. Reed had agreed to it, signed it. The stipulation in the handwriting of J. A. Cooper, and the signature in the handwriting of T. L. Carothers, stands today upon the Judgment Roll.

Mr. Carothers in former years had been Mr. Reed's lawyer, but at the time mentioned was not retained by fee.

and held no power of attorney from Mr. Reed. He has given his sworn testimony that he was not retained by Mr. Reed at the time, but was acting as a *friend* in the matter between Mr. Reed and the bank. He has sworn that he signed the stipulation for default, upon the statement of J. A. Cooper the attorney of the bank that it was "*all right*."

I personally never agreed to a default, as it has been represented, or signed one. The only place on the Judgment Roll where my name appears in my own handwriting, is where I *acknowledged service*, and so little did I know of law, at that time, that for many months I believed this was the 'Default' to which they claimed I had agreed.

The property involved was ten thousand acres of land in Long Valley Mendocino county, three hundred and sixty acres of redwood timber, three lots in the city of Ukiah. The gas works and right of way franchise through the streets of Ukiah, nearly four thousand sheep, more than one hundred head of cattle, a hotel property at Little River and \$5,000 00 worth of bank stock in the Bank of Ukiah. This bank stock was afterwards bid in by J. A. Cooper for \$1,700.00 to make it fit the claim. There was no claim against any of this property, that would have stood the test of a careful investigation. The investigation that was shut off by a lapsed default.

Early in the year 1890 Mr. Reed had his bank book posted. He did not owe the bank one dollar, in fact there was money to his credit. He left his bank book with the bank, we have never seen it since, though repeated demands were made for it.

Mr. Reed was one of the founders of the Bank of Ukiah. He had been its president, and a director for more than sixteen years. His connection with the bank covered an ordinary lifetime. I have letters in my possession, proving that Mr. Reed once saved this bank from great embarrassment and possible disaster, by his private fortune then on deposit in San Francisco, and which at a critical time was switched to the credit of the bank.

Both the cashier and the attorney, J. A. Cooper, virtually owed their positions to the kindness and influence of Mr. Reed.

During the fall of 1890 or -91, Judge McGarvey, president of the bank, was making his campaign for re-election. He visited with his daughter, the home of Mr. Reed. During his stay Mr. Reed asked him if arrangement could be

made to draw some three thousand dollars, to buy the Nelson & Traber sheep, from an adjoining ranch and allow the over draft to stand, until the mutton sheep were sold.

Judge McGarvey told him that the arrangement would be satisfactory. A short time after, I wrote the check for Mr. Reed for three thousand, eight hundred and fifty-odd dollars. Not very long after this a Mr. Crabtree bought our mutton sheep. The sale amounted to over three thousand dollars. When he asked Mr. Reed in what name to make out the check, he replied, "in the name of the Bank of Ukiah." To my remonstrance he paid no heed and the check was so written, and forwarded to the bank.

We have never been able to find that it was credited against the overdraft, and have every proof that it was not so credited. Mr. Reed was in failing health. His mental condition at times had so alarmed me, that I wrote to the attorney of the bank who had ever professed the greatest friendship for me and my family, and told him I was very uneasy about Mr. Reed's condition.

As time went on Mr. Reed went no more to Ukiah to attend to the wool sale, and other business. His wool was shipped *in the name of the bank*. It was sold by Mart Baechtel one of the directors, usually to Marks & Co. The checks were handed to the attorney of the bank, and I hold Mr. Baechtel no further responsible. Checks for the sale of sheep and cattle at the ranch were made out in the name of the bank.

The bank paid the taxes, and in fact transacted all the business that Mr. Reed should have attended to personally, or trusted to an attorney of his own. This state of affairs went on for four years. At the end of that time we received a notification from the attorney of the bank, J. A. Cooper, that Mr. Reed's overdraft amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, and demanding a mortgage on the ranch of ten thousand acres.

To make evident to your honors, the mental state of Mr. Reed at this time, allow me to tell you that he ordered me to send the mortgage back to the cashier of the bank, with the request that *he acknowledge it for him*.

In the spring of 1894, a letter came from the attorney of the bank, J. A. Cooper demanding Mr. Reed's presence in Ukiah. He arose from a sick bed to go. During that visit to Ukiah he was taken into the office of the attorney

of the bank J. A. Cooper and there without counsel or advice from anyone else, signed two, at sight, notes and mortgages. These were acknowledged by the bank's attorney J. A. Cooper as notary, although at the time he was both stockholder and director of the bank.

These mortgages were blank when signed. They were afterwards filled out from the assessment lists of Mendocino county—one with all Mr. Reed's outside landed property, the other with his sheep and cattle. I know that this statement is absolutely true, because Mr. Reed told me it was only a printed blank he signed, and he did not know *what* was included in the list of mortgaged property. At the time of signing he received no money or compensation, the paper read: "as further security etc."

One also mentioned one hundred and thirty-three dollars *which was not received*, as consideration for five thousand sheep and one hundred head of cattle. The following spring another letter from the bank's attorney J. A. Cooper demanded the sum of two thousand dollars which must be paid, or foreclosure proceedings would be commenced.

I went immediately to Thomas Hopper of Santa Rosa, told him the situation, and asked him to buy Mr. Reed's bank stock. This he was willing to do. He wrote a letter to his attorney, J. A. Cooper, who was also the attorney of the bank, telling him if it was all right, to have Mr. Reed's bankstock transferred to him, and place the price agreed upon to Mr. Reed's credit. The attorney wrote a letter in reply, advising Mr. Hopper not to buy the stock, and we were shut off from that relief.

I saw, and read the letter spoken of and know this to be true. I then inquired of the attorney of the bank, J. A. Cooper, why the payment of the two thousand dollars was urged before woolsale, as but little revenue comes in between seasons, on a stock ranch. He told me that the *stockholders* were complaining about the overdraft. I immediately started on a trip through Mendocino and Sonoma counties, interviewing all the principal stockholders who *denied* that they had mentioned Mr. Reed's affairs to the directors, and sending me back with a petition to them, asking that Mr. Reed be granted time to adjust his affairs.

The following January papers were served upon Mr. Reed in the foreclosure proceedings. A demurrer was entered, and after a meeting with some of the directors, it

was agreed that *all business relative to the foreclosure should be dropped until January 1897*. Here begins the securing of the default by fraud. Without any notification to Mr. or Mrs. Reed, the papers in the case were transferred to Sonoma county.

One of Mr. Reed's daughters saw something in a newspaper, which she did not understand, she told Mr. Reed and at his direction she wrote to the attorney of the bank, J. A. Cooper.

He replied that the case had been transferred to Sonoma county, as Judge McGarvey was disqualified, but *no action would be taken, "per agreement," until January 1897*. The fact was, that at the time the letter was written *the default had already been taken, and in a short time would lapse*.

In January 1897, Mr. Reed appeared at the meeting of the directors, and asked an extension of time, to make his settlement, to which they agreed. The next morning he called at the office of Judge McGarvey then president of the bank, and asked him if he was sure that time would be given him, as agreed upon. He assured him that it would, and that no further action would be taken until he was notified.

In the following September, during sheep shearing, the sheriff of Mendocino appeared at Mr. Reed's door, with papers to serve, declaring that a judgment had been taken in Sonoma county. The sheriff had been instructed to *advertise the sale of the personal property, as he came through the town of Laytonville, before the papers were served*. At the same time the advertisement of the lauded property appeared in the county papers. The day before sending the sheriff the attorney of the Bank, J. A. Cooper, took out of the hands of James Stitt, some four hundred and seventy dollars, money due Mr. Reed for tan bark cut from his redwood land. He was also the cause of having an attachment placed on the wool, for a trifling balance on a store bill.

The undue haste, and peculiar method of procedure, against people for whom the attorney professed the warmest friendship, and with whom the president of the bank, and the cashier had been on intimate terms of friendship for nearly twenty years, must appeal to your Honors as something out of the ordinary.

Mr. Reed and I started immediately for Ukiah. Called at the home of the president of the bank, in reply to our questioning as to why we had received such treatment, he replied: "before God, I did not know of this, or that your property had been advertised, the whole matter has been for months in the hands of Mr. Cooper." This was the statement of Judge McGarvey, and I believe him.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the long conflict that followed, the work, the mental anguish, the vain effort to open the lapsed default, that for seven long years has shut me away from peace or rest. It is the opinion of some of the ablest jurists of California, that Judge Daugherty of Sonoma county should, upon our showing, have opened the default, and his failure to do so, made those following, helpless in the effort to secure justice.

It being necessary to earn the money to carry on the litigation, by some mischance we were a few days late in filing an appeal, and the confiscation of our property, and an eviction followed, cruel and uncalled for as ever occurred in any part of the world.

The shock of all this resulted in the death of Mr. Reed, whose age and infirmity, made it impossible to rally, from the grief and wrongs imposed upon him, by those whose gratitude and friendship should have been his, by right of common human decency. To make evident the truth and consistency of my statements, as to the crooked dealings employed against us, I will call your Honors attention to a document here copied from the records of Mendocino. When my last appeal was made before you, the bank was represented by John L. McNab.

He was once my attorney as this document will show you, in a suit with the same bank, over some of the same property involved, and as my attorney, received, before witnesses, my full confidence in regard to my affairs as connected with this case. He surely had no right to appear against me in your honorable Court, and in my opinion his appearance there should have been challenged at the time.

Anna M. Reed, Plaintiff

vs.

Bank of Ukiah, a Corporation, Defendant.

NOTICE.

To Messers Heller & Powers, Johnson & Thatcher, and
JOHN L. McNAB, Esq.

Attorneys for Plaintiff:---

You will please take notice that judgment has been duly entered and recorded on the 4th day of May, 1898, in the above entitled action, in favor of the defendant, and against the plaintiff, in accordance with the verdict of the jury rendered in said action on the 29th day of April, 1898.

J. A. Cooper,
J. Q. White,
Attorneys for Defendant.

Dated this 4th day of May, 1898.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
County of Mendocino. } ss.

County Clerk's Office, July 13. 1905.

I, Hale McCowen, County Clerk of the County of Mendocino, State of California, and Clerk of the Superior Court of the County, do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copy of the entry of Judgment in the case of Anna M. Reed vs. Bank of Ukiah, a corporation and the indorsement thereupon with the original records of the same remaining in this office, and the same are correct transcripts therefrom, and of the whole of said original records.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Seal of said Court, the day and year in this certificate first above written;

HALE MCCOWEN

County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the Superior Court of Mendocino County.

ByDeputy Clerk.

4978.

SUPERIOR COURT County of Mendocino	Anna M. Reed, vs. Bank of Ukiah, a corporation.	NOTICE OF ENTRY OF JUDGMENT	Due service and receipt of copy of the within. Notice admitted this 4th day of may, 1898. Heller & Powers, per Thatcher. Attorney for Plaintiff.	Filed May 4, 1898. Hale McCowen, Clerk.	J. A. Cooper and J. Q. White. Attorneys for Defendants.
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So has the sanctity of the law been outraged—the sanctity which you Sirs, guard with your sacred honor.

After the claim was made against us for an overdraft of fifteen thousand dollars, we have never been able to get an intelligent, itemized statement from the Bank of Ukiah. Although they admit charging ten per cent interest compounded every thirty days. And we have positive evidence that large sums of money paid by us into the bank, were not properly credited. Able as your Honors may be, and honorable as may be your Court, a woman so deeply wronged, may without offense, appeal from you, *to the power that made you*—the people of California.

Through you, to them, I submit for consideration the main facts of the greatest crime ever committed in the name of the laws of California. It was simply the confiscation of a magnificent property, because advantage was taken of a man, whose affairs were in a solvent condition, but he himself helpless, in what he believed were friendly hands.

In justice to the Bank of Ukiah, I will say, that the board of directors, were at the time partially incompetent, and dominated entirely by one man—a man, able, industrious, and unscrupulous. His cupidity and a motive even worse—personal revenge upon one whom he had failed to dominate, led to this crime. Conditions and circumstances made it possible, and deserving people have suffered.

Is there no remedy in the courts for such perversion of law and justice—no penalty for the outlaw who robs the helpless by legal methods? If not, it is time that the hush of assumed dignity should be broken, and the people hear the truth.



The President Says Criticise the Judges. Nevertheless, if the judge clearly fails to do his duty by the public in dealings with the law-breaking corporations and law-breaking men of wealth, he must expect to feel the weight of public opinion; and is this but right, for except in extreme cases this is the only way in which he can be reached at all. No servant of the people has a right to expect to be free from just and honest criticism. —**President Roosevelt**, in his Message to Congress.

"JUSTICE" COOPER MAKES NEW RECORD AS PENMAN.

Figures Indicate He Wrote Schmitz Opinion in Longhand
in Less Time Than Stenographer Took to Type It.

In writing his now famous opinion in the Schmitz case, Presiding Judge J. A. Cooper of the District Court of Appeals has established a new record both as a jurist and a penman.

In less than seven hours Cooper wrote in long-hand the decision of the Appellate Court, a document of 12,000 words in length, which it took his stenographer twelve hours to typewrite. Either those must be the facts or else the Justice wrote his decision before the District Attorney's final brief on the instruction had been filed and the case formally submitted.

These are the facts: On November the 22, the attorneys for both sides appeared and argued their case before the court; the appellant Schmitz was given ten days to file a brief on instructions, and the respondent People ten days to file a reply brief. Counsel for Schmitz failed to submit their brief until December 28, and the District Attorney filed a reply after 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The decision was filed with the clerk on Thursday (yesterday) morning at 11 o'clock.

Not until the District Attorney had filed his brief at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon had the case been finally submitted, and yet the 12,000 word opinion, which Stenographer Tucker spent twelve hours in typing, was ready at 11 o'clock the next morning. The lightning-like jurist had written in long-hand the entire decision after looking up his authorities and handed the decision to W. F. Tucker, at the latest, by 11 o'clock at night. But Tucker, who had been chosen for his position as court stenographer, where speed and accuracy are needed in order to take down the ordinary conversation of two or more persons, never missing a sentence, could not equal the work of Cooper. It took him twelve hours to type-write the opinion so that it was ready for filing this morning; the opinion that Justice Cooper had written out in long-hand in less than seven hours.

"It took me twelve hours to type write that decision," said Tucker this morning. "It was unusually long---12,000 words. Justice Cooper's original was in long-hand. I cannot tell you when it was handed to me to write, as that would be going into matters of the court."

The opinion of Justice Cooper barely touches on the correctness of instructions objected to by defendant for the reason, as Justice Cooper says, that "in view of the holding as to the indictment it would serve no useful purpose to discuss them." Notwithstanding the holding as to the indictment, however, the opinion discusses many rulings on points of evidence and procedure which also, in view of the holding as to the indictment, it was unnecessary to discuss.

--San Francisco "BULLETIN." Jan. 10, 1908.

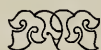


The San Francisco "Bulletin," has always stood for the interests of the people, and against corrupt leaders. The murder of its able and fearless founder, James King of

William, by the ex-convict supervisor Casey, who was hanged by the Vigilance committee, seemed to consecrate the "Bulletin" to the cause of honest journalism. Through change and time its policy remains the same, and the people of California appreciate its brave and honest work.



We have been handed the poems of Martha L. Hoffman, for review. This book in blue and gold, will be a valued possession to the friends who knew the gentle, gifted life of the author. An extended notice with one or more poems from its pages will be presented in the next issue, as time and space forbid in this.



The ladies of Petaluma and vicinity will do well to call at the millinery depot of O. U. McKinney, 161 Kentucky street. Where courtesy and reasonable prices, make an inspection of beautiful things a pleasure and satisfaction. All are treated with fairness and attention. So look before purchasing elsewhere.



The photograph used as our Frontispiece was taken by A. O. Carpenter.

The latest issue of the Northern Crown is the Point Arena number, being an exposition of its early history, settlement and growth. The magazine is full of beautiful colored illustrations and altogether is an exceedingly attractive number. There is the usual miscellaneous matter, poetry and prose.

—The Californian

Mrs. Anna M. Reed, editress of "The Northern Crown," a handsomely illustrated and ably conducted magazine published at Ukiah, was in Kelseyville yesterday. The magazine is devoted to the interests more particularly of Northern California, along the development line, rather than literary and sentimental, and presents monthly grand views and write-ups of the several counties. The last number is a gem and the illustrations are artistically tinted, the entire work being done in her office at Ukiah. Mrs. Reed was in town yesterday gathering up photographs of views of Lake county, and soliciting patronage to assist her in having cuts made to illustrate a number, which she will issue about May, devoted largely to our county. Every public-spirited citizen should assist this energetic lady to do our section justice, as her magazine reaches many readers, who, perhaps, would gather their first impressions of this wonder-land in that manner.

—The Kelseyville Sun

For City Marshal of Ukiah City.

Frank C. Deyoe

Election April 13, 1908.

For City Treasurer of Ukiah City

Warren DeMerritt

Election April 13, 1908.

For City Marshal of Ukiah City

Bert H. Miller

Election April 13, 1908



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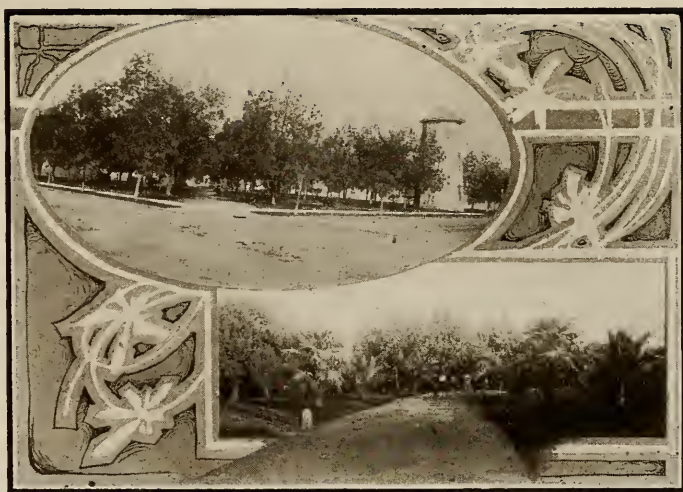
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A Glimpse of Petaluma's Parks.

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Union Lumber Company. Monadnock Building. Phone Temporary 2260.

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